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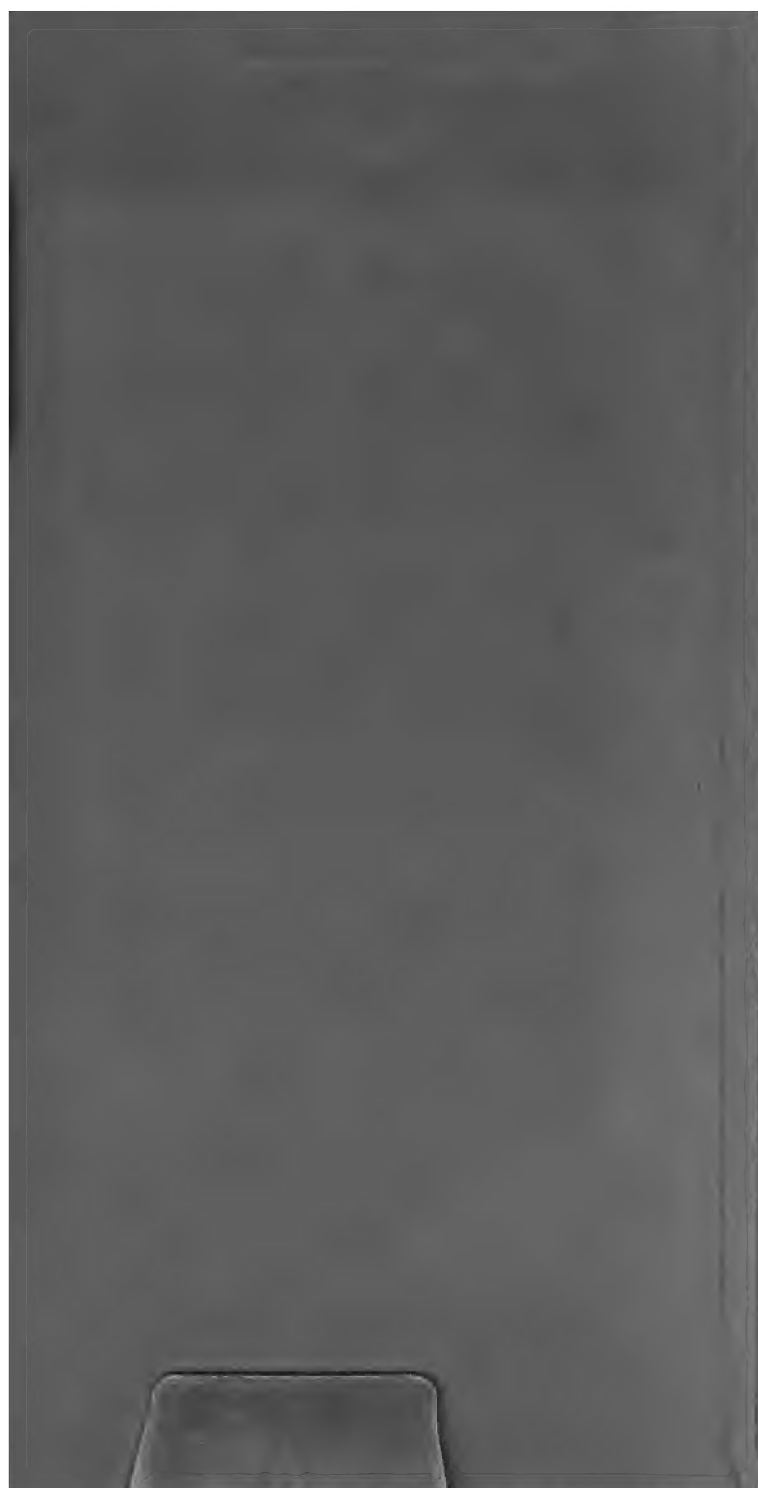
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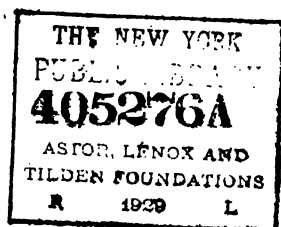
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INTERESTING
ANECDOTES,
MEMOIRS,
ALLEGORIES,
ESSAYS,
AND
POETICAL FRAGMENTS,
TENDING
TO AMUSE THE FANCY,
AND
INCULCATE MORALITY.

BY MR. ADDISON.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

1797.



XEROY WEBB
CLUB
XEROY

COLLECTION

OF INTERESTING

Anecdotes, Essays, &c.

ANECDOTE.

A CERTAIN Nobleman, high in office, had once a number of his friends, mostly people of rank, to dine with him ; and great elegance and hospitality were displayed on the occasion. Amongst the company, there happened to be a Reverend Divine, of worthy character and great learning, but alas ! he was only a *Curate* at 30l. per annum ! He happened, amidst all the profusion of a well spread table, to be in want of one of the first necessities of life, and not chusing to call *aloud* (which he feared might be infringing on the privilege of his rich neighbours) he inclined a lit-

tle back in his chair, and in a half whisper addressed a footman in a laced livery, "*I wish I had a little bread,*"—"I wish you had, Sir," returned the other with a haughty air, and bustled about from one great Lord to another, without vouchsafing any further notice. The poor Curate, being a man of extreme modesty, made no more applications.

A Gentleman of some humour, who sat next the Clergyman, and had observed the transaction, either through compassion, or for the entertainment of the company, made the affair public.—The master of the house, roused with proper indignation, ordered the fellow to be called; and after a severe reprimand for his insolent behaviour, told him to go immediately and seek *his own bread* elsewhere. Then turning to the abashed curate, he said, "Sir, I am ashamed of what has passed; but in order to make amends for the ill treatment you have experienced at my table, it shall be my endeavour to provide you *better bread.*"—He kept his word, and in a very short time, presented the Clergyman with a comfortable living.

(3)

A N E C D O T E

O F

J U D G E J E F F E R Y S.

A T a contested election for a member to serve in parliament for the town of Arundel, in Suffex, government strenuously interfered, and that so openly, as to send Sir George Jefferys, then Lord Chancellor, with instructions to use every method to procure the return of the court candidate. On the day of election, in order to intimidate the electors, he placed himself on the hustings close by the returning officer, the Mayor, who had been an attorney, but was retired from business, with an ample fortune and fair character. This officer well knew the chancellor, but for prudential reasons acted as if he was a stranger both to his person and rank. In the course of the poll, that magistrate, who scrutinised every man before he admitted him to vote, rejected one of the court party; at which Jefferys rising in a heat, after several indecent reflections declared the man should poll; adding, " I am the Lord Chancellor of this realm." The mayor, regarding him with a look of the highest contempt, replied, " Your ungentlemanlike behaviour convinces me, it is impossi-



ble you should be the person you pretend ; were you the Chancellor, you would know that you have nothing to do here, where I alone preside : ' then turning to the crier, ' officer ! ' said he, ' turn that fellow out of court.' His commands were obeyed without hesitation ; the Chancellor retired to his inn in great confusion ; and the election terminated in favour of the popular candidate. In the evening, the mayor, to his great surprise, received a message from Jefferys, desiring the favour of his company at the inn ; which he declining, the Chancellor came to his house, and, being introduced to him, made the following compliment : " Sir, notwithstanding we are in different interests, I cannot help revering one who so well knows, and dares so nobly execute the law ; and though I myself was somewhat degraded thereby, you did but your duty. You, as I have learned, are independent ; but you may have some relation who is not so well provided for ; if you have, let me have the pleasure of presenting him with a considerable place in my gift, just now vacant." Such an offer, and so handsomely made, could not fail of drawing the acknowledgments of the party to whom it was made : he, having a nephew in no affluent circumstances, named him to the Chancellor, who immediately signed the necessary instrument for his appointment to a very lucrative and honourable employment.

GRA-

G R A T I T U D E.

OH! how amiable is gratitude! especially when it has the supreme benefactor for its object. I have always looked upon gratitude as the most exalted principle that can actuate the heart of man. It has something in it noble, disinterested, and, (if I may be allowed the term) generously devout. Repentance indicates our nature fallen, and prayer returns chiefly upon a regard to one's self. But the exercise of gratitude subsisted in Paradise; when there was no fault to deplore; and will be perpetuated in heaven, when God shall be all in all.

DEMOSTHENES said; it becometh him, who receiveth a benefit from another man, for ever to be sensible of it, but him that bestowed it, presently to forget it. He is unjust, said Socrates, who does not return deserved thanks for any benefit, whether the giver be a friend or foe.

THERE is no vice nor failing of man, that doth so much unprinciple humanity, as ingratitude; since he who is guilty of it lives unworthy of his own soul, that hath not virtue enough to be obliged nor to acknowledge the due merits of the obliger.

It is as common a thing for gratitude to be forgetful, as for hope to be mindful.

Without

Without good nature and gratitude, man had as well live in a wilderness, as in a civil society.

HE who receives a good turn, should never forget it, he who does one, should never remember it.

IT is the character of an unworthy nature, to write injuries in marble, and benefits in dust.

HE that preaches gratitude, pleads the cause both of God and man, for without it we can neither be sociable nor religious.

IT is the glory of gratitude, that it depends only on the goodwill: if I have will to be grateful, says Seneca, I am so.

If gratitude is due from man to man, how much more from man to his Maker? The Supreme Being does not only confer upon us those bounties which proceed more immediately from his hand, but even those benefits which are conveyed to us by others. Every blessing we enjoy, by what means soever it may be derived upon us, is the Gift of Him who is the great author of good, and Father of mercies.

GRATITUDE, when exerted towards one another, naturally produces a very pleasing sensation
in

in the mind of a grateful man ; it exalts the soul into raptures when it is employed in this great object of gratitude ; on this beneficent Being who has given us every thing we already possess, and from whom we expect every thing we hope for.

Ungenerous the man, and base of heart,
Who takes the kind, and pays the ungrateful
part.

Anecdote of a Farmer.

MR. BALLENTINE, a wealthy farmer in Middlesex, justified a bail in the court of King's Bench, and upon being asked by Mr. Serjeant Davy, if he could produce no more deeds of his ability to bail the action, replied, " there is an Indian bond for 100*l.* and if that would not do, here is a note 5*l.* 9*s.* 11*d.* $\frac{1}{4}$ that a great counsellor gave to his butcher, and which has been due upwards of two years ; I think the great lawyer's name is Mr. Serjeant Davy, or some such name, perhaps Mr. Lawyer you may have heard of such a one," addressing himself to Mr. Davy ; which set the whole court in such an immoderate fit of laughter, that Lord Mansfield declared next day, such another *bout* would certainly put a period to his life.

FRIEND-

FRIENDSHIP.

IN young minds there is commonly a strong propensity to particular intimacies and friendships. Youth, indeed, is the season when friendships are sometimes formed, which not only continue through succeeding life, but which glow to the last, with a tenderness unknown to the connections begun in cooler years. The propensity therefore is not to be discouraged; though at the same time, it must be regulated with much circumspection and care. Too many of the pretended friendships of youth are mere combinations in pleasure.—They are often founded on capricious likings, suddenly contracted, and as suddenly dissolved. Sometimes they are the effect of interested complaisance and flattery, on the one side, and of credulous fondness on the other. Such rash and dangerous connections should be avoided, lest they afterwards load us with dishonour. We should ever have it fixed in our memories, that by the character of those whom we choose for our friends, our own is likely to be formed, and will certainly be judged of by the world. We ought therefore, to be slow and cautious in contracting intimacy; but when a virtuous friendship is once established, we must ever consider it as a sacred engagement. We
should

should not expose ourselves to the reproach of lightness and inconstancy, which always bespeak either a trifling or a base mind. We should not reveal any secrets of our friend; but be faithful to his interest, forsake him not in danger, and abhor the thought of acquiring any advantage by his prejudice or hurt. In the choice of friends, principal regard should be had to goodness of heart and fidelity. If they possess taste and genius, that will make them more agreeable and useful companions. To those who deserve the name of friends, we should always unbosom ourselves with the most unsuspecting confidence. An open temper, if restrained but by tolerable prudence, will make us upon the whole; much happier than a suspicious one, although by it we may sometimes suffer. Coldness and distrust are but the too certain consequences of age and experience; but they are unpleasant feelings, and need not be anticipated before their time. We should never disclose the secrets of one friend to another. They are secret deposits which do not belong to us, nor have we any right to make use of them.

BON MOT of a Countryman.

A GENTLEMAN lately riding through a village in Hertfordshire, where a painted board over the door of a low house had the following notice:—J. and M. Grainge, midwife and sexton;—was induced, from the oddity of the circumstance, to ask a countryman that was passing if he knew the people? Know them! aye, replied he, every body in our parish knows them, their names are the first and last in every body's mouth here. Why so, says the gentleman; Because, answered the clown, she brings every body into our village, and he takes them out.

TO S T E L L A,

March 23, 1723-4.

By DEAN SWIFT.

*[Written on the Day of her Birth, but not
on the Subject, when I was Sick in Bed.]*

TORMENTED with incessant pains,
Can I devise poetic strains?
Time was, when I could yearly pay
My verse on Stella's natal day;

But

But now, unable grown to write,
 I grieve she ever saw the light :
 Ungrateful, since to her I owe
 That I these pains can undergo.
 She tends me like an humble slave,
 And, when indecently I rave,
 When out my brutish passions break,
 With gall in ev'ry word I speak,
 She with soft speech my anguish cheers,
 Or melts my passion down to tears :
 Altho' 'tis easy to decry
 She wants assistance more than I,
 Yet seems to feel my pains alone,
 And is a stoic to her own.
 When among scholars, can we find
 So soft, and yet so firm a mind?
 All accidents of life conspire
 To raise up Stella's virtue higher;
 Or else, to introduce the rest
 Which had been latent in her breast.
 Her firmness who could e'er have known,
 Had she not evils of her own?
 Her kindness who could ever guess,
 Had not her friend been in distress;
 Whatever base returns you find
 From me, dear Stella, still be kind:
 In your own heart you'll reap the fruit,
 Tho' I continue still a brute;

But when I once am out of pain,
 I promise to be good again.
 Mean time, your other juster friends
 Shall for my follies make amends;
 So may we long continue thus,
 Admiring you, you pitying us.

The C A M P;
 OR THE
SOLDIER by COMPULSION:
 A MORAL TALE.

WILLIAM BENSLEY, the son of an honest and industrious farmer in B—shire, having been taken from his parents by his mother's brother, a carver in London, was brought up by him in his own business; in which he made so rapid a progress, that he became very useful to his uncle. In consequence of the pleasure which he received from his nephew's general behaviour, as well as particular diligence and activity, Mr. — gave him leave to go down to his father and mother, whenever he could spare him.

In the course of these journeys, young Bensley became intimately acquainted with the daughter
 of

of a farmer in his father's neighbourhood, one of the prettiest and most deserving girls in the whole country: but as her father was able to give her something handsome, as they called it, he did not dare to make any public pretensions to her; especially as his own father, having met with misfortunes, and had a large family to provide for, could not afford to give him any thing towards the accomplishment of his wishes. However, though William only declared his passion by his intelligent eyes, Nancy Covell gave him all modest encouragement to communicate with his lips what passed in his heart, according to the observation which she had made on the *language of looks*; for sometimes decretion, and, it may be added, generosity of sentiment, chained up his tongue. At last, prompted by the most powerful of all passions, and the kind reception which he met with from the dear object of his sincerest affection, he said to her, one day, upon her expressing a regret at his being obliged to return to London, " You are very condescending, Nancy; but I cannot wish you so much harm as a connection with me, as I am much afraid I shall never be in a situation to deserve your love.

This pathetic acknowledgment of her consideration for him, and the discovery of his sincere affection

fection for her, soon brought them to a better understanding. He now freely confessed his warm attachment to her, and she with equal freedom avowed her tender regard for him; telling him, at the same time, that she thought her father could make no reasonable objection to a man in so ingenious a branch of business as that to which he was brought up.

“ It is true, my dearest girl, (replied he) it is an ingenious branch of business, and it *was* an advantageous one before this destructive war with the Colonies, and the assistance afforded them by the French, which has made commerce so hazardous and expensive, that many people from the increase of taxes, and the dearness of provisions cannot afford to employ artists in the ornamental way at least, nor to pay them the worth of their labour.” Nancy sighed, dropped a sympathetic tear, and said, “ What a pity ! ”

When William returned to his uncle, and found him exceedingly ill, partly from vexation upon the decline of his business, and partly from the number of considerable debts which he had no hopes of discharging, he, with the true spirit of gratitude, took every method in his power to console him under the pressure of his losses and disappointments,

ments, and to promote the restoration of his health. But all his laudable and affectionate efforts were inefficacious: his uncle died in a few weeks, and left scarce enough to pay the expences of his funeral.

The loss of so dear and so kind a friend, added to the difficulties with which his attempts to get into a new employment were attended, gave William such a disgust to London, in which his love for Nancy had, probably, no small share, that he returned to his father, intending to try his fortune in some other occupation near him.

He found his father dangerously ill of a fever, by which he was carried off in a few hours after his arrival, leaving a wife and seven children, besides himself, for whom their mother was utterly unable to provide, being in a bad state of health, and incumbered with debts.

Poor William was unspeakably distressed by this addition to his sorrow. Nancy shared his grief. Covell perceiving that his daughter had set her heart upon a man he looked upon as a vagabond, having at that time no visible means of subsistence, and perceiving also that his family were likely to come to the parish, insisted upon her marrying a substantial

substantial grazier, who being old and amorous, had for some time discovered a willingness to take her without a six-pence.

Nancy, who would sooner have perished than forsaken her William, peremptorily refused to listen to this antiquated admirer, and spent all the hours she could steal with the mother of her lover, whom she strove to assist and comfort by every method in her power. This behaviour of her's so enraged the old man, that he was determined to remove William, if possible, out of his way: and as his mother had quitted the farm, of which she was unable to pay the rent after the death of her husband, he prevailed on the Justice of the peace to take him up as a vagabond, and get him entered as a recruit. This being done, he was carried to one of the camps, and compelled, much against his inclination, to become a soldier.

He did not want courage, nor a disposition to serve or defend his country, in case of an unjust invasion, attack, or a scarcity of men; but as he had been bred up in a very different profession, and, upon the failure of *that*, determined to look out for another near his mother, and her helpless young family, in order to contribute towards their support, he could not endure the thoughts of being

forced to bear arms, of being torn from all that he held most dear in this world, and of being prevented from pursuing a more lucrative, as well as agreeable employment. The small pittance of a common foldier would not, he was feelingly sensible, permit him to spare any towards the maintenance of a family. Nancy and his mother were equally afflicted, when they heard that he was under a necessity of withdrawing from them, and deprived of all hopes of entering into another way of business, which might encourage her to look for the hand of her lover, enabled not only to make her happy, but to be serviceable to his surviving unfortunate parents.

Upon Mrs. Bensley's falling dangerously ill, in consequence of the acuteness with which she felt her misfortunes, Nancy, ever attentive to the mother of him on whom she doated, flew to her with all the money she had, and begged her to be comforted, telling her that she would marry no-body but her son, who would, she hoped, be discharged, when the old grazier found that nothing could make her consent to be his wife. Mrs. Bensley, sighing, replied, " I shall not live to see my son again."

Nancy, prompted by *her* tears, and her own wishes, dispatched a note to William, to acquaint

By

him

him with his mother's pitiable situation; requesting him to get permission to make her happy with the sight of him before she died.

The poor young man, distracted at this intelligence, hastened to his officer, told his tale with a pathetic simplicity, and begged he might be allowed to take leave of a dying parent. His request met with an absolute refusal, from a supposition that it arose entirely from his wanting a pretence to quit the army.

Stung at being accused of what he had not at that time, the smallest idea; shocked at having been forced into a profession which made him a prisoner in his own country, which deprived him of the sight of his friends, though at the distance of a few miles; and feeling most acutely for the agonies of an expiring mother, rendered still more insupportable from his compulsive absence; he could no longer support the sensations he endured from what he could not help calling an act of injustice; but determined at all events, to see his mother, if he died for it. Accordingly, he stole away early in the morning, staid with her a few hours, gave her hopes of getting his discharge and prepared to return.

Just

Just as he was on the point of returning, the old grazier, ever on the watch, immediately sent intelligence to the camp of his having *deserted*. He was secured within a mile of his mother's dwelling, forced back to his quarters, tried, and sentenced to be shot.

Nancy, poor unhappy Nancy, as soon as she heard of her William's situation became almost frantic with despair. Instantly leaving her father's house, she flew to the old dotard who had been the cause of all this misery. The moment she saw him, she with a wildness in her air which struck terror into him, exclaimed, "You have found the way to gain your purpose. If you *can* and *will* save William's life and procure his discharge, I am ready to be married to you, and will promise never to see him again. If this is in your power and you do not exert it, tremble for the consequences. You will know the miseries you have brought on the innocent; as he would have died, (though he abhorred the service into which he was forced,) rather than have meanly *deserted*: but the agony which he felt on being denied the melancholy satisfaction of giving a dying parent all the comfort he could, was too much for him to bear. Fly, then, and save my William, and I am your's for ever."

The old fellow, half frightened, and half transported out of his senses, hastened immediately to the Commanding Officer, explained the affair to him, and procured a reprieve; but it was within an instant of being too late, for poor William was on his knees, and endeavouring to arm himself with becoming fortitude: his comrades musquets were levelled at his heart, when the joyful cry of, A Reprieve! A Reprieve! stopped the murderer's hands. William had borne adversity with the spirit of a man: conscious of his innocence, he felt himself superior to calamity; but he was not equal to so sudden a change, a change to which he could hardly give credit. A veteran, who had from his first arrival at the camp, discovered his merit, made haste to support him; yet, fearful of not being able to raise him time enough, pointed to the soldiers to withdraw their pieces. Thus snatched from the hands of death, he was discharged, and returned to his mother, who recovered, and poured down blessings on Nancy for the generous sacrifice she had made on her son's account. That deserving girl, however, was at last rewarded for what she had endured, in consequence of her very generous behaviour. Her old admirer, uncommonly agitated by a variety of conflicting passions, fell ill, and finding himself drawing near his end—carefully attended by the amiable girl, who had resolved

ved to keep her promise to him, whatever it should cost her, sent for a lawyer, made his will, and left her all he had in her own power. Her father, being no longer able to prevent her marrying William, and finding her amply provided for without his assistance, no more objected to her becoming the wife of a man whom she had long loved, nor to her providing for his mother and her children. — In this manner was a truly deserving couple rescued from a very distressful situation ; a situation into which many a worthy family may be thrown if every man must be a *soldier* by *Compulsion*, who has no visible means of procuring a subsistence.

A N E C D O T E.

A YOUNG MAN named Eretrius, was for a considerable time a follower of Zeno : on his return home, his father asked him what he had learned : the other replied, “ that would hereafter appear.” On this, the father being enraged, beat his son, who bearing it patiently, and without complaining, said, “ He had learned this,—to endure a parent’s anger.”

RETIRE-

RETIREMENT.

WOULD heaven indulgent to my wish dispense;

Enough from bus'ness to retire;
And crown my wishes with a competence,
To wealth, to grandeur, I would ne'er aspire.

Free from the troubles that attend the great,
Devoid of anxious toil and care,
'Midst rural shades I'd seek a safe retreat,
And there from folly's haunts repair;

Far from the busy, bustling, crowded town,
With drudgery, and noise endu'd,
Intent on happiness I'd fet me down,
Where no rude cares my peace intrude.

I'd to some pretty sylvan spot repair,
Where art and nature far excell;
Within the country's fresh and healthy air
I'd fix my little rural cell.

In some sweet lone sequester'd vale,
Where nature's drest in gayest pride,
Where beds of flow'rs scent the fragrant gale,
And bubbling fountains gently glide;

Where

Where groves o'erhang the cool pellucid stream,
And birds soft warble on the spray,
I'd wish to build my little cot quite plain;
Not large, yet neat, and not too gay.

Here sacred virtue shou'd my footsteps guide,
My conduct reason's sway confess:
Here free from envy, malice, spleen, or pride,
Content should cheer my lone recess.

In these sweet shades I'd pass my harmless days
In health, and cheerfulness of mind,
Blest with a friend, in philosophic ease,
True happiness I'd find;

The beauties of the sylvan scene explore;
And thence its pleasures learn to prize
Then on contemplation's wing I'd soar,
And view the wonders of the skies;

And while fresh joys unseen, unknown before,
Strike with surprize my astonish'd soul,
I'd sing his goodness, and his name adore,
Whose mighty wisdom form'd the whole.

Thrice happy he! who thus delights to dwell,
Where nature sheds her gifts around,
Flies the dull crowd, and seeks some humble cell,
Where happiness alone is found.

He

He tastes true pleasure, feels his joys sincere;
 A friend to virtue lives, to vice a foe,
 No passions vex his mind, but thro' the year,
 In peace his moments calmly flow.

Let me thus quiet live, and bid adieu
 To all the cares of crested pride,
 The paths of virtue unperplex'd pursue,
 And thus through life serenely glide.

ANECDOTE of HOGARTH.

HOGARTH, soon after he first set up his carriage, had occasion to pay a visit to the Lord Mayor, (Mr. Beckford). When he went the weather was fine, but business detained him till a violent shower of rain came on. He was let out of the mansion house by a different door from that at which he entered; and, seeing the rain, began immediately to call for a hackney coach. Not one was to be met with on any of the neighbouring stands; and our artist sallied forth to brave the storm, and actually reached Leicester Fields without bestowing a thought on his own carriage, till Mrs. Hogarth (surprised to see him so wet and splashed) asked him where he had left it.

Of

OF JOHN BAPTISTE SANTEUIL,

A CELEBRATED

Latin Poet, of the last Century.

SANTEUIL, returning one night to St. Victor at Eleven o'Clock, the porter refused to open the door, saying he had positive orders to admit no one at that late hour. After some altercation, Santeuil slipped half a louis under the door, and obtained admittance. As soon as he had got in, he pretended to have left a book upon a stone on which he had been sitting whilst on the outside. The porter, to shew his gratitude for the half louis, officiously ran to get the book, the poet instantly shut the door upon him. The porter, half naked, knocked in his turn. No, says Santeuil, the prior will be exceedingly angry if I admit any one at this late hour. Why, cried the porter, I let you in very *civilly*: and as *civilly* returned the poet, will I admit you. The porter, not chusing to remain half naked in the street, and fearful of losing his place, slipped the piece of money back again under the door, and obtained admittance, declaring that a poet's money never staid long with any body.

E

The

The PRECEPTS of CARAZAN.

An ORIENTAL TALE.

IN the plains of Persia, where the Araxes, foaming along it's channel, gently washes the neighbouring fields, Carazan, the venerable persian, had spent his days. His age was threescore and ten; and his knowledge exceeded all the sons of man. His drink was the crystal rill; his habitation a remote cave, overgrown with moss; and his diet consisted of those natural gifts which are liberally lavished on mankind by the all-bountiful Alla.

The Eastern and Western Worlds had unfolded their sources of learning to his view, and he had profited by them all. Confucius awakened his mind to the study of nature; the Magii taught him to behold the omniscient power of the Almighty in the construction of flowers; The Bramins pointed out the duty of man, by the actions of beasts; and the Egyptians bore his soul on the wings of Astronomy, to the knowledge of the æthereal luminaries.

He combined, in himself, the learning of all nations, and of sages venerated for piety and scientific knowledge; as the resplendent Mithra unites, in his fervid focus, the scattered beams of lucid light.

It

It was the practice of Carazan, every morning, to offer up a prayer to Heaven for his preservation and health, before he tasted of any refreshment. He had, therefore, one morning, according to his practice, retired to a small grotto, that stood fast to a limpid rill; and in a pious orison poured forth his soul to the empyreal Dispenser of every good.

As he was thus employed, he was suddenly amazed, by a youth's throwing himself at his feet. His gorgeous apparel, the diamonds that adorned the scabbard of his scymitar, and his majestic stature bespoke him a prince.

Carazan was astonished; he recoiled from him, as the wary traveller from the deathful serpent, that lies hidden in the burning sands of Libya, and was leaving the grotto, when the youth catching hold of his garment, thus addressed him—

“ Venerable sage! pardon the presumption of a youth, and the forcible manner of my entrance, till you hear my tale. Behold, reverend father! Mahmut, heir-apparent to the imperial diadem of Persia, bending before you. Behold the son of a mighty monarch, at whose name states tremble, and treason is no more, craving your advice. I am blessed with every object that the earth af-

foras, but yet I am unhappy. At an early age, ere the beard bristled on my chin, and pronounced me man, I became sad, sorrowful and melancholy. I sought the sages of my father's court: I told them, that I wanted peace of mind; but alas! they could give me none. I was recommended to seek the humble cottage, since there only Content resided: but the peasant was displeased with his situation in life; he longed to become a satrape, and was therefore unhappy. I hastened to the wars; I braved the iron front of battle; but alas! death and slaughter yielded no pleasure. I plunged into debauchery, voluptuousness, and lust; and, after long swimming on the fascinating lake of luxury, emerged only to feel the poignant assaults of my conscience. I come, now, holy Carazan, to implore your assistance and advice; and, if you know the spot, the manner, or the race, in which, or with whom, Happiness resides, deign to impart that knowledge to an unhappy though royal wanderer."

The simplicity and manly eloquence of the prince, his unaffected deportment, and engaging mien, caught the heart of the aged Persian. A sweet tear of sensibility fell from his eye; and raising the suppliant from the earth, he thus replied—

" Arise

" Arise my son, and may the almighty Alla: direct my tongue to teach thee happiness! What: ever knowledge I have gained, the faithful lips of Carazan shall unfold. You have sought happiness, but in vain; your researches were frustrated, because they were directed to wrong objects. Happiness is not restricted to any class of beings, but lives wholly with Content; and Content may equally reside with the Peasant, the King, and the Sage. The reclaimed libertine may forget his past follies, and quaff her delicious nectar; the King without debasing his dignity may eat of her delightful ambrosia.

" To you, Mahmut, Content is indeed a stranger! Not because you were hated by her; but because you missed her road, and fell in with her enemies, without knowing them: as the unwary pilgrim will nourish an adder in his bosom, till the point of his sting chastises his temerity. You plunged into the lake of Luxury; but instead of gaining the bark of happiness, you tempted the rocks of Satiety, and the quicksands of Gluttony. You sought the habitation of the peasant; but Aftrea has long been banished from the earth, and the Golden Age is now no more. You faced the tremendous front of War, you bade the welkin roar with the cries of dying men; and then Content

tent was indeed, far from you. Death and Destruction are her inveterate enemies; nor can she ever draw breath, when surrounded by Slaughter and Rapine. Would you, my son, gain happiness would you obtain tranquillity of mind; attend to these precepts, and put them in practice.—

“ First my son, remember that you are a prince, and will shortly have to rule an extensive, and wealthy empire: be it, then, your care, to make the people love you; to effect this, follow Virtue, and act uprightly. Let vice never seduce your mind to act subservient to your passions; but restrain the licentious wishes of the one, by the strength and solidity of the other. Pursue justice; let that be the fundamental law, the grand standard by which all your deeds shall be measured. Inspire your subjects with a veneration for religion, and virtue, by the example of yourself and court. Reject the vain notion, the frivolous idea, that kings cannot be just, without sacrificing a part of their regal dignity; it reflects honour on a prince, to be impartial and good. Your subjects will love you, without fear; their affections will be the guard of your throne, and their loyalty a barrier to the machinations of treason: their wealth will be the basis of your splendour, and the strength of your administration. Make them behold in you
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at once, a legislator, a father, and a protector; the guardian of their laws, the defender of their rights: and cease not, on your part, to consider them as your children. Let mutual love rivet you together, by the strongest of all ties; and happiness shall spread over your empire, blessed with plenty and peace. Your subjects will twine around your throne, as the ivy twines around the oak; you shall support them, as the oak does the ivy: thus, united together, what treason can ever succeed? what daring fiend of sedition will be able to elude the bow-string?

“ Above all blooming Mahmut! preserve a good conscience: that is the foundation of happiness; and, even should the angel of adversity smite you, still you shall be happy. But that idea I eradicate from my mind! Alla shall strengthen your power; and your subjects’ love defeat every attack of misfortune: your life shall pass away undisturbed by the reproofs of conscience, the vengeance of heaven, or discontents and rebellions of your people, as this limpid rill glides along, unchoaked by sedges, or obstructed by any other impediment.

“ Thus, by attending to the precepts of virtue, and practising them with exactness and self-denial, you shall live in peace and tranquillity, delight and prosperity,

prosperity; till the angel of death shall seize you in his grasp, that the everlasting Genii may usher you into the regions of immortality. Then shall you retire from the dark, terrestrial ball; revered and regretted by men, for your justice and impartiality, and beloved by the myriads of heaven, for your piety and righteousness."

While he thus spoke, Mahmut, who still kept his eyes on the ground—felt a divine fire glowing within him: his heart vibrated to the sweet voice of morality; and he perceived the mists of superstition and prejudice, and the dense clouds of ignorance and error, vanish from his view, as the thick clouds of night fly at the approach of day. A calm serenity settled on his mind, as the ocean becomes gentle after a hurricane. He looked up, to thank his preceptor; but he was gone, neither could any traces of him be found. It is, however, written in the golden manuscript of truth, deposited in the celestial temple of virtue, that he was immediately translated to the mansions of permanent felicity; and now tunes his lyre to the music of Alla, amidst the celestial choirs of Paradise.

A N E C D O T E

O F

The late DUKE of Rutland.

WHEN his Grace was at Trinity College, Cambridge, he had a violent rheumatic fever, which reduced him so low that he thought he could not live long; his only brother, Lord Robert Manners, was then in the navy, which service his grace thought highly hazardous to the life of his successor. He therefore told his brother, that if he would retire from the service he would give him his house at Chevely, and about four thousand pounds a year with it; the better half of his income at that time. Lord Robert positively refused the offer. He told his Grace, that he would not rob his family; and that he would never lounge away his time at home, whilst he could be of any service to his country abroad.

His Lordship continued in the service till the memorable 12th of April, 1782, when he was killed fighting for his country. When his Grace received at Belvoir the melancholy news of his brother's death, he was for some time stupified with grief; was long inconsolable, and never perfectly recovered the loss that he and his family had sustained.

F

I N S T A N C E

Instance of Affection and Fidelity.

WHEN the Mexican Emperor, Gatimozin, was taken and brought into the presence of Cortes, he gave strict orders that the Mexican noblemen taken with the Emperor should be secured, and strictly looked to, lest they should escape. "Your care," said Gatimozin, "is needless; they will not fly; they are come to die at the feet of their sovereign."

A N E C D O T E

OF

Dr. Y O U N G.

DR. Young author of the Night Thoughts, was remarkable for his intimate acquaintance with the Greek authors, and had a passionate veneration for Æschylus. The overflowings of his benevolence were as strong, and his fits of reverie were as frequent, and occurred often upon the most interesting occasion. Of this last observation, a singular instance is given by a gentleman who served during the last war in Flanders, in the very same regiment to which the Doctor was Chaplain.

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On a fine summer's evening, he thought proper to indulge himself in his love of a solitary walk; and accordingly he sallied forth from his tent. The beauties of the hemisphere, and the landscape round him, pressed warmly on his imagination: his heart overflowed with benevolence to all God's creatures, and gratitude to the supreme dispenser of that emanation of glory which covered the face of things. It is very possible, that a passage in his dearly beloved Æschylus occurred to his memory on this occasion, and seduced his thoughts into a profound meditation. Whatever was the object of his reflections, certain it is, that something did powerfully seize his imagination, so as to preclude all attention to things that lay immediately before him; and, in that deep fit of absence, Dr. Young proceeded on his journey, till he arrived very quietly and calmly in the enemy's camp, where he was, with difficulty, brought to a recollection of himself, by the repetition of "*Qui va là!*" from the soldiers on duty. The officer who commanded finding that he had strayed thither in the undesigned simplicity of his heart, and seeing an innate goodness in his prisoner, which commanded his respect, very politely gave him leave to pursue his contemplation back to the English camp.

REFLECTIONS.

WHAT, oh ! my heart overflowing with happiness! are the sentiments that ought to spring up in thee, when admitted, either in the solemnities of public worship, or the retiredness of private devotion, into the more immediate presence of thy Maker, who does not govern, but to bless! whose divine commands are sent to succour human reason in search of happiness! Let thy law, Almighty! be the rule, and thy glory the constant end, of all I do. Let me not build virtue on any notions of honour, but if honour to thy name. Let me not sink piety in the boast of benevolence; my love of God in the love of my fellow-creatures. Can good be of human growth? No; it is thy gift, Almighty, and All-good! Let not thy bounties remove the donor from my thought, nor the love of pleasure make me forsake the fountain from which they flow. When joys entice, let me ask their title to my heart; when evils threaten, let me see thy mercy shining through the cloud, and discern the great hazard of having all to my wish. In an age of such licentiousness, let me not take comfort from the number of those who do amiss; an omen rather of public ruin, than of private safety. Let the joys
of

of the multitude less allure than alarm me ; and their danger, not example, determine my choice. In this day of domineering pleasures, so lower my taste, as to make me relish the comforts of life. And in this day of dissipation, O give me thought sufficient to preserve me from being so desperate, as in this perpetual flux of things, and as perpetual swarm of accidents, to depend on to-morrow ; a dependence that is the ruin of to-day, as that is of eternity. Let my whole existence be ever before me, nor let the terrors of the grave turn back my survey. When temptations arise, and virtue staggers, let imagination sound the final trumpet. and judgment lay hold on eternal life. In what is well begun, grant me to persevere, and to know, that none are wise, but they who determine to be wiser still. And since, O Lord ! the fear of thee is the beginning of wisdom, and, in its progress, its secret shield, turn the world entirely out of my heart, and place that guardian angel, thy blessed fear, in its stead. Turn out a foolish world, which gives its money for what is not bread ; which hews out broken cisterns, that hold no water ; a world, in which even they, whose hands are mighty, have found nothing. There is nothing, Lord God Almighty ! in heaven, in earth, but thee. I will seek thy face ; bless thy name ; sing thy praises ; love thy law ; do thy will ;
 enjoy

enjoy thy peace ; hope thy glory, till my final hour. Thus shall I grasp all that can be grasped by man. This will heighten good, and soften evil, in the present life ; and when death summonses, I shall sleep sweetly in the dust, till his mighty conqueror bids the trumpet sound, and then shall I, through his merits, awake to eternal glory.

A PROOF of DILIGENCE.

BISHOP Andrews, when a lad at the University, used every year to visit his friends in London, and to stay a month with them. During that month, he constantly made it a rule to learn, by the help of a master, some language, or art, to which he was before a stranger. No time was lost.

The EXEMPLARY PEER,

A MORAL TALE.

TO enumerate the vices to which the old Lord Fairfield was addicted from his cradle, would not be a pleasing employment ; the catalogue of them, indeed, would excite abhorrence
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in every reader whose heart has not been polluted by the corruptions of the fashionable world. Such characters, as the memory of them can afford no satisfaction to the living, should be doubly buried, buried in their graves, and buried in oblivion. It is an old saying *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*; but where no good can be said of them, why should they be remembered in their epitaphs? And if those epitaphs contain lying trophies, they, surely, may be deemed rather insults than panegyrics. Every eulogium upon a bad man deceased, is an affront to every good man alive; the hero of the present story, therefore, very prudently ordered that no character of his father should be added to the inscription, which related more to the peer than to the man.

Lord Fairfield, though he knew, from his father's parsimonious disposition, that the fortune which would devolve to him with his title was considerable, felt some surprize to find at the old earl's death, that there was a great deal more consolidated stock than he expected. His satisfaction upon the occasion was not small, and it was also laudable; it was not the childish exultation of a narrow mind; it was the generous transport of a liberal heart. Painful, it is true, were his reflections, when he considered to what fordid ways his
father

father had recourse, in order to encrease his patrimonial possession; but a train of agreeable sensations rose in his breast when he saw himself enabled to carry those designs into execution which he had for some years planned in his limited situation; a situation particularly irksome to him as he was ever

——to share in every pang

The wretched feel, to sooth the sad of heart;
To number tear for tear, and groan for groan;
With every son and daughter of distress,

Mallet.

And had experienced a very severe disappointment from an in-felt inability to follow the first suggestions of his inclination, when he had nothing to give those objects which well deserved his bounty—nothing but his compassion.

Ready, however, as Lord Fairfield was, at all times, to assist the meritorious in the hour of sickness and of sorrow, of poverty and of pain, his liberalities were under the guidance of discretion; and though he had no desire to enlarge his income by the common methods of improvement, as little was he disposed to throw away his money with a careless hand. I have dwelt the longer on this
part

part of his lordship's character, because it was the part which gave rise to the present page.

As Lord Fairfield's property was very much divided; as he had estates in several quarters of the kingdom (some of them remote from the others) he could not possibly superintend them all in such a manner as to prevent many disagreeable occurrences from the folly of a weak, or from the knavery of a wicked steward; he could not be certain that he had always the *nett* produce of his several estates, without a minute examination into particulars, about which he did not think it worth while to enquire: if any remarkable deficiencies struck him, then indeed he exerted himself with proper spirit, and proceeded with a becoming activity, to come at the cause of the diminution of his annual rents, without any apparent reasons for it. Happily for his lordship, few of his stewards were guilty of gross misdemeanors while they were employed by him, but there was one whose conduct being particularly reprehensible, demands a particular display.

This steward was a Mr. Moreton, whom he had deputed to superintend a considerable estate in Ireland, the possession of which he entered upon at the death of an opulent uncle there. To Ireland, therefore Moreton soon repaired, and during his

passage, formed schemes better calculated for his own emolument than his noble employer's advantage or credit. He schemed an improvement of the estate committed to his care; but as it was to arise from a species of extortion, too commonly practised by those who have lands and houses, his plan of operations could not be defended by the moralist; nor, indeed, as the enlargement of his own finances was included in it, could it be approved of by the true politician; for though he flattered himself that while he remitted to Lord Fairfield the customary rents resulting from his Hibernian possessions, he might safely sink the monies which he raised for his own supplies (presuming upon the distance between them) he certainly acted an impolitic part, and deserved a severe correction for his dishonourable, not to say dishonest, proceedings.

While Moreton was enriching himself in Ireland, by rack-renting those tenants whom he was ordered to treat with the greatest lenity and consideration, Lord Fairfield, as he from time to time, received the usual remittances, rationally enough concluded that his steward merited the salary he allowed him for his trouble, and accordingly sent him letters, after the receipt of every remittance, strongly expressive of his approbation, which letters gave

Moreton

Moreton an infinite deal of pleasure, and they served also to double his eagerness to encrease the value of his privy purse. In the midst of all his exultation, however, in consequence of his unfair, his infamous transactions, crowned with undeserved success, he was not a little alarmed at hearing that Lord Fairfield had been appointed by his Majesty to the viceroyship. Very unwilling was he at first to give credit to a piece of intelligence, from which he predicted no good to himself; but it was so thoroughly authenticated soon afterwards that the truth of it could not be disputed.

Lord Fairfield, in a short time after his arrival in Ireland, in his public character, found opportunities to render himself, in that character, extremely popular; and as he was in his private one exemplary, he appeared to the greatest advantage.

When Moreton made his first appearance before Lord Fairfield, upon his arrival from England, he gave so fair, so favourable an account of his stewardship, that his Lordship really looked upon him as a person entitled to a place superior to the post which he enjoyed under him, and fully intending to reward him for his past services, by the first promotion in his power. In a few days, however, he felt himself under a necessity

of changing his resolution, in consequence of an alteration in his sentiments, with regard to him; for he presently received complaints from the majority of his tenants, against Mr. Moreton for the severity of his behaviour to them, and for raising their rents to such a height that they could hardly support the additional taxation. These complaints were attended with petitions praying for redress, and they had such an effect upon his Lordship, that he immediately sent for his offending steward, and asked him—but in the mildest terms—whether the charges pointed at him were just or ill grounded?

Moreton, conscious of his own delinquency, and struck, at the same time, with the mild demeanour of him whom he had much injured, to whom his behaviour had been so ungrateful, was at first so disconcerted, that he stood rooted to the floor, while his tongue was unable to articulate; he could neither stir nor speak. At last, however, words found a passage, and he made a full confession of the severities he had used to encrease his private fortune, by racking his Lordship's tenants, and putting the additional sums so raised into his own pocket.

Lord Fairfield heard this confession with a strong mixture

mixture of indignation and concern. He was the more concerned, as he had ever entertained a sincere regard for him, in consequence of the good opinion he had conceived of his integrity: As he had not however, actually robbed *him*, but those whom he was ordered to treat with indulgence, he only punished him by insisting upon a restoration of all the money which he had extorted from his tenants, ordering a fair distribution of it among them, and by dismissing him from his employment.

As soon as Moreton was dismissed, sufficiently punished and very severely he thought, though not, perhaps, as many persons will think, in a manner equal to his demerits, Lord Fairfield was informed that a very pretty country maiden begged to deliver a petition to him. His lordship having made it a rule to receive petitions from all quarters, from the lowest people in the kingdom (by which means he then became acquainted with the real characters of the highest) immediately gave orders for the admission of the fair petitioner to his presence.

After having perused the paper with some emotion, he asked the innocent girl several questions relating to her family, and being very well satisfied with her answers, doubly satisfied with them
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from the winning simplicity of her whole behaviour, he assured her, in the strongest and most humane terms, that he would pay a proper regard to the petition she had presented, in every respect; and that she, in particular should find him her friend.

The name of this young maiden was Nancy Bryan, and the following incident was the foundation of the above mentioned petition.

Moreton having met with Nancy, the only daughter of a very industrious and hard working peasant, in a field one evening, on her return home, was so much struck with the beauty of her person that he felt an instantaneous desire to have her entirely in his own power, and accordingly made overtures of love, to which the pretty innocent, not suspecting any dishonourable views, listened with pleasure, till she found that those views were injurious to her reputation. She then opposed his pressing intreaties, in a manner which sufficiently convinced him that he had no hopes of gaining her in his own way: but as his passion for her became doubly tormenting to him, from the resistance she made to it, he at length, finding every mode of insinuation fruitless, had recourse to violent measures, in order to make her compel her rebellious spirit to be submissive.

Poor

Poor Nancy was now in a perilous situation, and as she did not see a human creature but her formidable companion, she began to be exceedingly alarmed.—She could not escape from her impetuous lover by flight, as he held her fast in his arms by dint of superior strength; but he found it impossible to hinder the exertion of her voice. Her screams were loud, and they soon brought to her aid the very man whom she secretly wished to behold at such a critical juncture, the man to whom she was to have been married in a few days, with the unanimous consent of all the relations on both sides. By her faithful Stephen she was rescued from the unworthy steward, who, as his courage was not equal to his love, left the field without striking a blow, but not without having received indubitable marks of Stephen's resentment, from the activity of his vigorous arm; which gave considerable force to every vibration of his cudgel. The victorious Stephen having delivered his Nancy from the dangerous situation in which he discovered her, carried her home in triumph, and gladdened her good father's heart by the "round unvarnished tale" which he told with regard to his Nancy's recovery.

Moreton, from this time, boiling with anger, and breathing revenge, made it a point to distress
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the old peasant, in a variety of shapes, and indeed he was just going to eject him from his cottage, (from his inability to pay an advanced rent for it) when the news of Lord Fairfield's arrival fortunately suspended his despotic and cruel proceedings. The news happily prevented the poor rustic's expulsion ; but he was reduced to such a state of indigence, by the rigid treatment he had met with; that he was hardly able to provide the common necessaries of life for his children, two sons and a daughter—his dearest Nancy—and they must have been all in a starving condition if a very benevolent lady in the neighbourhood, had not, from time to time furnished them with supplies.

As soon as old Bryan heard of Lord Fairfield's arrival, he determined to get a petition drawn up, fully setting forth his steward's iniquitous practices at large, and the particular cruelty of his behaviour to his family.

When the petition was finished, he pitched upon his Nancy for the presentation of it, and the benevolent lady already mentioned, took care to have her dressed on that day in a style which might not shock the viceroy himself, should he deign to honour her with an audience. Thus equipped, Nancy set out, attended by one of her brothers and her lover.

'Tis

'Tis now time to return to to the exemplary peer. When he had given his fair petitioner an answer with which she was, and had great reason to be, extremely well satisfied, he asked her who accompanied her from her father's cottage, not imagining that so young and so handsome a girl would have been sent upon such an errand by herself.

She told his Lordship, in a manner which made her appear still more amiable in his eyes, that one of her brothers, and the young man who had saved her from being *ruined*, came with her.

This reply was sufficient to make his Lordship desirous of seeing the distressed damsel's deliverer, and the commendable chastizer of his undeserving steward.—There was nothing extraordinary in the brother of Nancy, but there was something in the looks of her lover which powerfully attracted Lord Fairfield's attention. There was a dignity in his appearance, not commonly seen in persons of his rank in life, and there was a manly modesty in his deportment which made him appear to additional advantage. His replies to the questions proposed to him, discovered sagacity, which pointed him out as a person whom nature designed for a higher sphere than that in which he moved. Lord Fairfield, therefore, took him immediately

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under

under his protection, telling him, that if he could bring himself to leave his friends in the country, he would provide for him in a better way than he had reason to expect.

Stephen bowed profoundly, and expressed his acknowledgments with a heartiness which forcibly evinced the sincerity of his feelings; and Nancy, by her significant looks, plainly enjoyed every syllable which her noble benefactor uttered favorable to her lover, to whom she was soon afterwards given in marriage by his Lordship himself, who not only attended the nuptial ceremony in person, but distinguished the happy pair, by making them valuable presents, which proved the generosity of his temper, and with a propriety that did great honour to his judgment.—But the felicity conferred on the new married couple was not confined to themselves; all their relations partook of the joy which they felt upon the transporting occasion, and every body who knew them, blessed the hand by which it was, under the direction of providence, produced.

On

On L Y I N G.

WHEN Aristotle was once asked, what a man could gain by uttering falsehoods; he replied, "not to be credited when he shall tell the truth."

The character of a liar is at once so hateful and contemptible, that even of those who have lost their virtue it might be expected, that from the violation of truth they should be restrained by their pride. Almost every other vice that disgraces human nature, may be kept in countenance by applause and association: the corrupter of virgin innocence sees himself envied by the men, and at least not detested by the women: the drunkard may easily unite with beings, devoted like himself to noisy merriments or silent insensibility, who will celebrate his victories over the novices of intemperance, boast themselves the companions of his prowess, and tell with rapture of the multitudes whom unsuccessful emulation has hurried to the grave; even the robber and the cut-throat have their followers who admire their address and intrepidity, their stratagems of rapine, and their fidelity to the gang.

The liar, and only the liar, is invariably and universally despised, abandoned and disowned: he has no domestic consolations, which he can oppose to the censure of mankind; he can retire to no fraternity, where his crimes may stand in the place of virtues; but is given up to the hiffes of the multitude, without friend or apologist. It is the peculiar condition of falsehood, to be equally detested by the good and bad: "The devils," says Sir Thomas Brown, "do not tell lies to one another, for truth is necessary to all societies, nor can the society of hell subsist without it."

It is natural to expect, that a crime thus generally detested should be generally avoided; at least, that none should expose himself to unabated and unpitied infamy without an adequate temptation, and that to guilt so easily detected, and so severely punished, an adequate temptation would not readily be found.

Yet so it is, that in defiance of censure and contempt, truth is frequently violated; and scarcely the most vigilant and unremitting circumspection will secure him that mixes with mankind, from being hourly deceived by men of whom it can scarcely be imagined, that they mean any injury to him or profit to themselves; even where the
subject

subject of conversation could not have been expected to put the passions in motion, or to have excited either hope or fear, or zeal or malignity, sufficient to induce any man to put his reputation in hazard, however little he might value it, or to overpower the love of truth, however weak might be its influence.

The casuists have very diligently distinguished lies into their several classes, according to their various degrees of malignity: but they have, I think, generally omitted that which is most common, and perhaps not least mischievous; which, since the moralists have not given it name, I shall distinguish as the lie of vanity.

To vanity may be justly imputed most of the falsehoods, which every man perceives hourly playing upon his ear, and, perhaps most of those that are propagated with success. To the lie of commerce, and the lie of malice, the motive is apparent, that they are seldom negligently or implicitly received: suspicion is always watchful over the practices of interest; and whatever the hope of gain, or the desire of mischief, can prompt one man to assert, another is by reasons equally cogent incited to refute. But vanity pleases herself
with

with such light gratifications, and looks forward to pleasure so remotely consequential, that her practises raise no alarm, and her stratagems are not easily discovered.

Vanity is, indeed, often suffered to pass unpursued by suspicion; because he that would watch her motions, can never be at rest: fraud and malice are bounded in their influence; some opportunity of time and place is necessary to their agency; but scarce any man is abstracted one moment from his vanity; and he, to whom truth affords no gratifications, is generally inclined to seek them in falsehoods.

It is remarked by Sir Kenelm Digby, "that every man has a desire to appear superior to others, though it were only in having seen what they have not seen." Such an accidental advantage, since it neither implies merit or confers dignity, one would think should not be desired so much as to be counterfeited: yet even this vanity, trifling as it is, produces innumerable narratives, all equally false; but more or less credible in proportion to the skill or confidence of their relater. How many may a man of diffusive conversation count among his acquaintances, whose lives have been signalized by numberless escapes; who never cross a river but
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in a storm, or take a journey into the country without more adventures than befel the knight-errants of ancient times in pathless forests or enchanted castles! How many must he know, to whom portents and prodigies are of daily occurrence; and for whom nature is hourly working wonders invisible to every other eye, only to supply them with subjects for conversation.

Others there are that amuse themselves with the dissemination of falsehoods, at a greater hazard of detection and disgrace; men marked out by some lucky planet for universal confidence and for universal confidence and friendship, who have been consulted in every difficulty, entrusted with every secret, and summoned to every transaction: it is the supreme felicity of these men, to stun all companies with noisy-information; to still doubt, and overbear opposition, with certain knowledge or authentic intelligence. A liar of this kind with a strong memory or brisk imagination, is often the oracle of an obscure club, and till time discovers his impostures, dictates to his hearers with uncontrouled authority; for if a public question be started, he was present at the debate; if a new fashion be mentioned, he was at court the first day of its appearance; if a new performance of literature draws the attention of the public, he has patronized

patronized the author, and seen his work in manuscript; if a criminal of eminence be condemned to die, he often predicted his fate, and endeavoured his reformation: and who that lives at a distance from the scene of action, will dare to contradict a man, who reports from his own eyes and ears, and to whom all persons and affairs are thus intimately unknown.

This kind of falsehood is generally successful for a time, because it is practised at first with timidity and caution: but the prosperity of the liar is of short duration; the reception of one story is always an incitement to the forgery of another less probable: and he goes on to triumph over tacit credulity, till pride or reason rises up against him, and his companions will no longer endure to see him wiser than themselves.

It is apparent, that the inventors of all these fictions intend some exaltation of themselves, and are led off by the pursuit of honour from their attendance upon truth: their narratives always imply some consequence in favour of their courage, their sagacity, or their activity, their familiarity with the learned, or their reception among the great; they are always bribed by the present pleasure of seeing themselves superior to these that surround

round them, and receiving the homage of silent attention and envious admiration.

But vanity is sometimes excited to fiction by less visible gratifications: the present age abounds with a race of liars who are content with the consciousness of falsehood, and whose pride is to deceive others without any gain or glory to themselves. Of this it is the supreme pleasure to remark a lady in the play-house or the park, and to publish, under the character of a man suddenly enamoured, an advertisement in the news of the next day, containing a minute description of her person and dress. From this artifice, however, no other effect can be expected, than perturbations which the writer can never see, and conjectures of which he never can be informed: some mischief, however, he hopes he has done: and to have done some mischief, is of some importance. He sets his invention to work again, and produces a narrative of a robbery or a murder, with all the circumstances of time and place accurately adjusted. This is a jest of greater effect and longer duration: if he fixes his scene at a proper distance, he may for several days keep a wife in terror of her husband, or a mother for her son, and please himself with reflecting, that by his abilities and address some addition is made to the miseries of life.

There is, I think, an ancient law in Scotland, by which leasing-making was capitally punished, I am, indeed, far from desiring to increase in this kingdom the number of executions: yet I cannot but think, that they who destroy the confidence of society, weaken the credit of intelligence, and interrupt the security of life; harrafs the delicate with shame, and perplex the timorous with alarms; might very properly be awakened to a sense of their crimes, by denunciations of a whipping-post or pillory: since many are so insensible of right and wrong, that they have no standard of action but the law; nor feel guilt, but as they dread punishment.

A N E C D O T E

O F

C H A R L E S the B O L D,

- Duke of Burgundy.

CHARLES the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, and Earl of Flanders, had a nobleman in special favor with him, to whom he had committed the government of a town in Zealand; where, living in a great deal of ease, he fell in love with a woman

woman of beautiful body, and a mind and manners no way inferior. He passed and repassed by her door; soon after grew bolder, entered into conference with her, discovered his flame, made large promises, and used all the ways by which he hoped to gain her; but all in vain; her chastity was proof against all the batteries he could make against it. Falling therefore into despair, he converts himself into villainy. He was, as I said, a governor; and Duke Charles was busied in war. He causes therefore the husband of his mistress to be accused of treachery, and forth-with commits him to prison; to the end, that by fears or threats he might draw her to his pleasure, or, at least, quit himself of her husband, the only rival with him in his love. The woman, as one that loved her husband, went to the gaol, and thence to the governor, to entreat for him, and try if she was able to obtain his liberty. "Dost thou come, O my dear, to entreat me? (said the governor.) You are certainly ignorant of the empire you have over me; render me only a mutual affection, and I am ready to restore you your husband; for we are both under a restraint: he is my prisoner, and I am your's. Ah, how easily may you give liberty to us both! why do you refuse! As a lover I beseech you, and as you tender my life; as the governor I ask you, and as you tender the life of your husband. Both

are at stake; and, if I must perish, I will not fall alone." The woman blushed at what she heard, and, being in fear for her husband, trembled, and turned pale. He perceiving she was moved, and supposing that some force should be used to her modesty, throws her upon the bed, and enjoyed the fruit which afterwards proved bitter to them both. The woman departed confounded and in tears, thinking of nothing more than revenge; which was still more inflamed by a barbarous act of the governor; for he, having obtained his desire, and hoping hereafter freely to enjoy her, took care that her husband, his rival, should be beheaded in the gaol, and there was the body put into a coffin ready for burial. This done, he sent for her, and in an affable manner, "What (said he) do you seek for your husband? You shall have him; and (pointing to the prison) you shall find him there; take him along with you." The woman suspecting nothing, went her way; but when she saw the body, she fell upon the dead corpse; and, having long lamented over it, she turned to the governor with a fierce countenance and tone. "It is true (said she) you have restored me my husband; I owe you thanks for the favour, and will pay you. He endeavoured to retain and appease her, but in vain, but, hastening home, she called about her, her most faithful friends, and recounted to

to them all that had passed. They all agreed that she should make her case known to the duke; who, amongst other excellent virtues was a singular lover of justice. To him she went, was heard, but scarce believed. The Duke was angry and grieved that any of his subjects, and in his dominions, should presume so far. He commanded her to withdraw into the next room, till he sent for the governor, who by chance was then at court. Being come, "Do you know, (said the Duke) this woman?" The man changed colour. "Do you know too (added he) the complaints she makes of you? They are sad ones, and such as I wish should not be true. He shook, faltered in his speech, and betrayed all the signs of guilt. Being urged home, he confessed all, freed the woman from any fault, and casting himself at the Duke's feet, said, "He placed all his refuge and comfort in the good grace and mercy of his prince; and, that he might the better obtain it, he offered to make amends for his unlawful lust, by a lawful marriage of the person he had injured. "The Duke, as one that inclined to what he said, seemed somewhat milder. "You, woman (said he) since it is gone thus far, are you willing to have this man for your husband?" She refused; but fearing the Duke's displeasure, and prompted by the courtiers that

that he was noble, rich, and in favour with his prince, overcome, at last, she yielded.

The Duke caused both to join hands and the marriage to be lawfully made. Which done, "You (he said to the bridegroom) must now grant me this, that if you die first, without children of your body, that then this wife of your's shall be heir of all that you have." He willingly granted it: it was writ down by a notary, and witnessed. This done, the duke turning to the woman, "There is his will, but there is not mine," said he: and, sending the woman away, he commands the governor to be led to that very prison in which the husband was slain, and to be laid in a coffin headless, as he was. This done, he then sent the woman thither (ignorant of what had passed;) who, frighted with that second unthought of misfortune, of two husbands, almost at one and the same time, lost by one and the same punishment, fell speedily sick, and in a short time died; having gained this only by her last marriage, that she left her children by her former husband very rich by the accession of this new and great inheritance.

A N E C D O T E
OF
COUNT ZINZENDORFF.

THERE is no court in Europe, or it may be in the world, more jealous of its grandeur, than that of Vienna; and of course, the ministers in no court whatever affect greater state, or are at more pains to impress a very high degree of reverence and respect upon all who have the honour to approach them. But it sometimes happens, that, even to candid observers, there are amazing littleneesses, visible in these otherwise great men; and broad streaks of folly now and then appear through all the grave wisdom, and refined policy, of these mighty statesmen. They give law to great kingdoms—they decide on the fate of potent nations—they prescribe rules even to latest posterity—and in the midst of all this attention to others, so it is, that they have great and glaring foibles, uncorrected in themselves; which naturally tarnishes that glory, and diminishes that esteem, in which they should seem to have placed their felicity. The truth of this observation was never more verified, perhaps, than in the following anecdote of the celebrated Count Zinzendorff, Chancellor

cellor of the court, minister for foreign affairs, and Knight of the order of the Golden Fleece, in the reign of the Emperor Charles the Sixth.

On his public days, there was an half-hour, and sometimes near a whole one, when he was altogether inaccessible; and in respect to his employment at those seasons, as is ever the case as to the privacies of prime ministers, there was great variety of deep as well as different speculations. An inquisitive foreigner, however, resolved to be at the bottom, cost what it would; and by a gratification to one of his pages, which might have procured a greater secret, he was let into this. In order to satisfy his curiosity, he was placed in a closet, between the room where the Count was, and the chamber of audience, when he had the satisfaction of beholding the following pleasant scene.

The Count, seated in his elbow chair, gave the signal of his being ready for the important business, when, preceded by a page with a cloth on his arm, and a drinking glass, one of his principal domestics appeared, who presented a silver salver, with many little pieces of bread elegantly disposed: he was immediately followed by the first cook, who, on another salver, had a number of small vessels,

sels, filled with so many different kinds of gravy. His Excellency, then tucking his napkin into his cravat, first washed and gargled his mouth, and having wiped it, dipped a piece of bread in each kind of sauce, and having tasted with much deliberation, rinsing his palate (to avoid confusion) after every piece, at length, with inexpressible sagacity, decided as to the destination of them all. These grand instruments of luxury, with their attendants then were dismissed; and the long expected minister, having fully discussed this interesting affair, found himself at liberty to discharge next the duties of his political function. In a word, with a true Apician eloquence, he generously instructed all the novices in good living; and as Solomon discoursed of every herb, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall; so he began with a Champignon, no bigger than a Dutchman's waistcoat button, and ended with a wild boar, the glory of the German forests!

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INTEM-



INTEMPERANCE.

WAR its thousands flays,
Peace its ten thousands; in th' embattled
plain,

Tho' death exults, and claps his raven wings,
Yet reigns he not even there so absolute,
So merciless as in your frantic scenes
Of midnight revel and tumultuous mirth,
Where in th' intoxicating draught conceal'd,
Or couch'd beneath the glance of lawless love,
He snares the simple youth, who nought suspecting
Means to be blest:—But finds himself done.
Down the smooth stream of time the stripling darts,
Gay as the morn; bright glows the vernal skies,
Hope swells his sails, and passion steers his course,
Safe glides his little bark along the shore,
Where virtue takes her stand, but if too far,
He launches forth beyond discretion's mark,
Suddenly the tempest scowls, the surges roar,
Blot his fair day, and plunge him in the deep
O! sad—but sure mischance!

Those men who destroy a healthful constitution
of body by intemperance, and irregular life, do as
manifestly kill themselves, as those who hang, poi-
son, or drown themselves.

Cast

Cast an eye into the gay world, what see we for the most part, but a set of quarrellous, emaciated, fluttering, fantastical, worn out in keen pursuit of pleasure; creatures that know, own, condemn, deplore, yet still pursue their own infelicity! The decayed monuments of error! The then remains of what is called delight.

Virtue is no enemy to pleasure, but its most certain friend: Her proper office is, to regulate our desires, that we may enjoy every pleasure with moderation, and lose them without discontent.

It is not what we possess that makes us happy, but what we enjoy. If you live according to nature, you will seldom be poor, if according to opinion, never rich.

Temperance, by fortifying the mind and body, leads to happiness. Intemperance, by enervating them, ends generally in misery.

The virtue of prosperity is temperance, the virtue of adversity, fortitude, which in morals is the most heroic virtue.

PASSION not to be ERADICATED.

THE VIEWS OF

WOMEN ILL DIRECTED.

THE folly of human wishes and pursuits has always been a standing subject of mirth and declamation, and has been ridiculed and lamented from age to age, till perhaps the fruitless repetition of complaints and censures may be justly numbered among the subjects of censure and complaint.

Some of these instructors of mankind have not contented themselves with checking the overflows of passion, and lopping the exuberance of desire, but have attempted to destroy the root as well as the branches; and not only to confine the mind within bounds, but to smooth it for ever by a dead calm. They have employed their reason and eloquence to persuade us, that nothing is worth the wish of a wise man, have represented all earthly good and evil as indifferent, and counted among vulgar errors the dread of pain and the love of life.

It is almost always the unhappiness of a victorious disputant, to destroy his own authority by claiming too many consequences, or diffusing his proposition

proposition to an indefensible extent. When we have heated our zeal in a cause, and elated our confidence with success we are naturally inclined to pursue the same train of reasoning, to establish some collateral truth, to remove some adjacent difficulty; and to take in the whole comprehension of our system. As a prince in the ardour of acquisition, is willing to secure his first conquest by the addition of another, add fortrefs to fortrefs, and city to city, till despair and opportunity turn his enemies upon him, and he loses in a moment the glory of reign.

The philosopher having found an easy victory over those desires which we produce in ourselves, and which terminate in some imaginary state of happiness unknown and unattainable, proceeded to make further inroads upon the heart, and attacked at last our senses and our instincts. They continue to war upon nature with arms, by which only folly could be conquered; they therefore lost the trophies of their former combats, and were considered no longer with reverence or regard.

Yet it cannot be with justice denied, that these men have been very useful monitors, and have left many proofs of strong reason, deep penetration and accurate attention to the affairs of life,
which

which it is now our business to separate from the foam of a boiling imagination, and to apply judiciously to our own use. They have shewn that most of the conditions of life, which raise the envy of the timorous, and rouse the ambition of the daring, are empty shows of felicity, which, when they become familiar, lose their power of delighting; and that the most prosperous and exalted have very few advantages over a meaner and more obscure fortune, when their dangers and solitudes are balanced against their equipage, their banquets, and their palaces.

It is natural for every man uninstructed to murmur at his condition, because, in the general infelicity of life, he feels his own miseries, without knowing that they are common to all the rest of the species; and therefore, though he will not be less sensible of pain by being told that others are equally tormented, he will at least be freed from the temptation of seeking by perpetual changes that ease which is no where to be found, and though his disease still continues, he escapes the hazard of exasperating it by remedies.

The gratifications which affluence of wealth, extent of power, and eminence of reputation confer, must be always, by their own nature, confined
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to a very small number; and the life of the greater part of mankind must be lost in empty wishes and painful comparisons, were not the balm of philosophy shed upon us, and our discontent at the appearances of an unequal distribution soothed and appeased.

It seemed, perhaps, below the dignity of the great masters of moral learning, to descend to familiar life, and caution mankind against that petty ambition which is known among us by the name of vanity; which yet had been an undertaking not unworthy of the longest beard and most solemn austerity.

For though the passions of little minds, acting in low stations, do not fill the world with bloodshed and devastations, or mark, by great events, the periods of time, yet they torture the breast on which they seize, infest those that are placed within the reach of their influence, destroy private quiet and private virtue, and undermine insensibly the happiness of the world.

The desire of excellence is laudable, but is very frequently ill directed. We fall, by chance, into some class of mankind, and, without consulting nature or wisdom, resolve to gain their regard by those qualities which they happen to esteem.

I once knew a man remarkably disinclined, who, by conversing much with country gentlemen, found himself irresistibly determined to sylvan honours. His great ambition was to shoot flying, and he therefore spent whole days in the woods pursuing game; which before he was near enough to see them, his approach frightened away.

When it happens that the desire tends to objects which produce no competition, it may be overlooked with some indulgence, because, however fruitless or absurd, it cannot have ill effects upon the morals. But most of our enjoyments owe their value to the peculiarity of possession, and when they are rated at too high a value, give occasion to stratagems of malignity, and incite opposition, hatred, and defamation. The contest of two rural beauties for preference and distinction is often sufficiently keen and rancorous to fill their breasts with all those passions which are generally thought the curse only of senates, of armies, and of courts; and the rival dancers of an obscure assembly have their partisans and abettors, often not less exasperated against each other, than those who are promoting the interest of rival monarchs.

It is common to consider those whom we find infected with an unreasonable regard for trifling accomplishments

accomplishments, as chargeable with all the consequences of their folly, and as the authors of their own unhappiness: but perhaps, those whom we thus scorn or detest, have more claim to tenderness than has been yet allowed them. Before we permit our severity to break loose upon any fault or error, we ought surely, to consider how much we have countenanced or promoted it. We see multitudes busy in the pursuit of riches, at the expence of wisdom and of virtue; but we see the rest of mankind approving their conduct, and inciting their eagerness by paying that regard and deference to wealth which wisdom and virtue only can deserve. We see women universally jealous of the reputation of their beauty, and frequently look with contempt on the care with which they study their complexions, endeavour to preserve or to supply the bloom of youth, regulate every ornament, twist their hair into curls, and shade the faces from the weather. We recommend the care of their noblest part, & tell them how little addition is made by all their arts to the graces of the mind. But when was it known that female goodness or knowledge was able to attract that officiousness, or inspire that ardour, which beauty produces whenever it appears? And with what hope can we endeavour to persuade the ladies, that the time spent at the toilet is lost in vanity, when they

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have every moment some new conviction, that their interest is more effectually promoted by a ribband well disposed, than by the brightest act of heroick virtue?

In every instance of vanity it will be found, that the blame ought to be shared among more than it generally reaches; all who exalt trifles by immoderate praise, or instigate needless emulation by invidious incitements, are to be considered as perverters of reason and corrupters of the world: and since every man is obliged to promote happiness and virtue, he should be careful not to mislead away minds, by appearing to set too high a value upon things by which no real excellence is conferred.

PROGRESS OF THE MIND.

IF we consider the exercises of the human mind, it will be found, that in each part of life some particular faculty is more eminently employed. When the treasures of knowledge are first opened before us, while novelty blooms alike on either hand, and every thing equally unknown and unexamined, seems of equal value, the power of the [soul is principally exerted in a vivacious and desultory

sultory curiosity. She applies, by turns, to every object, enjoys it for a short time, and flies with equal ardour to another. She delights to catch up loose and unconnected ideas, but starts away from systems and complications, which would obstruct the rapidity of her transitions, and detain her long in the same pursuit.

When a number of distinct images are collected by these erratic and hasty surveys, the fancy is busied in arranging them, and combines them into pleasing pictures with more resemblance to the realities of life, as experience advances, and new observations rectify the former. While the judgment is yet uninformed, and unable to compare the draughts of fiction with their originals, we are delighted with improbable adventures, impracticable virtues, and inimitable characters; but, in proportion as we have more opportunities of acquainting ourselves with living nature, we are sooner disgusted with copies in which there appears no resemblance. We first discard absurdity and impossibility, then exact greater and greater degrees of probability, but at last become cold and insensible to charms of falsehood, however specious; and, from the imitations of truth, which are never perfect, transfer our affection to truth itself.

Now commences the ruin of judgment or reason. We begin to find little pleasure but in comparing arguments, stating propositions, disentangling perplexities, clearing ambiguities, and deducting consequences. The painted vales of imagination are deserted, and our intellectual activity is exercised in winding through the labyrinths of fallacy, and toiling with firm and cautious steps up the narrow tracks of demonstration. Whatever may lull vigilance or mislead attention, is contemptuously rejected, and every disguise in which error may be concealed, is carefully observed, till by degrees, a certain number of incontestible or unsuspected propositions are established, and at last concatenated into arguments or compacted into systems.

At length, weariness succeeds to labour, and the mind lies at ease in the contemplation of her own attainments, without any desire of new conquests or excursions. This is the age of recollection and narrative. The opinions are settled, and the avenues of apprehension shut against any new intelligence; the days that are to follow must pass in the inculcation of precepts already collected, and assertions of tenets already received; nothing is henceforward so odious as opposition, so insolent as doubt, or so dangerous as novelty.

THE

T H E

OLD MAN'S TALE.

AS I rode slowly along I perceived an old man seated under the shade of a large tree, which stood a little from the road side. Tears flowed down his cheeks, which were wrinkled with age, and seemingly with care. He was in the attitude of contemplating a small miniature; and his countenance bore the impress of a settled melancholy. In short, his whole appearance was so interesting, that, unable to proceed, I alighted from my horse, and advanced towards him. He did not perceive me, till I had got within a few paces of where he sat; when rousing himself from his melancholy posture, he saluted me respectfully.

“Father,” said I, “excuse the boldness of a stranger, who has presumed to interrupt your meditations; but I find myself so much interested by you, that I am unable to restrain the curiosity which I feel to know your history. Were I to form a judgment from what I have just seen, you must have experienced much sorrow.

The old man eyed me stedfastly for some time, and then replied—“My son, so much goodness of heart is apparent in you that I cannot refuse to satisfy

satisfy you. Besides, my sorrows may receive some alleviation from the sympathy of a fellow creature. Seat yourself by me, then, and I will briefly relate to you the events of my past life, and those calamities with which it hath pleased Heaven to afflict me." I accordingly sat down by his side under the tree; and he related the following tale, which I have recorded almost word for word, so strong an impression did it leave on my mind.

"I was, once," said he, "by the blessing of Heaven, rich and prosperous. I lived in Paris, and acquired great wealth by merchandize. At the age of thirty, I married an amiable woman, who brought me two sons; but the younger of them was hardly weaned, when the mother was seized with a violent fever, which carried her off in five days. For some time, my sorrow was inconsolable; but when I reflected on what I owed to the two pledges which she had left behind, I endeavoured to shake it off, that I might the better be enabled to fulfil my duty with regard to them. When they had arrived at a proper age, I provided masters for them, who gave them lessons at home; and my mind was amused in observing the progress which they made. Their good dispositions unfolded themselves daily; which, though very different, were equally calculated to delight
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the heart of a fond parent. Frederick, my elder boy, was lively, gay, and easy; Henry, who was two years younger, was grave, modest, and reserved. The same desire to please me was apparent in both; but their manner of doing so differed exceedingly; Frederick was desirous of showing his readiness: Henry was backward, fearful lest he should do wrong.

“ The days of childhood rolled on, and no circumstance interrupted the harmony of our little family. When business called me from home, I left my sons under the care of the steward. This man was named Jacques; and, by living in my family for many years, he had become so attached to me, and I to him, that we never could bear the idea of parting from each other. He loved my children as if they had been his own; and they, in return, honoured and respected him as much as their own father.

“ As the two lads advanced in years, I determined to let them follow the bent of their own inclinations; both from the love which I bore them myself, and as a tribute of respect to the memory of their departed mother. This indulgence, on my part, produced perfect love and confidence from them towards me; not as is generally the

case, rebellion, and disobedience. My elder son had been inclined to the possession of arms from his infancy; and, when he had reached his twentieth year, I purchased a commission for him, and he was immediately ordered out on foreign service. It was my wish to have kept them both near me till my death; but I smothered that sentiment, as well as the sorrow which I felt at his departure; lest they might tend to discourage him; for ardour to acquire military renown beat high in his bosom, and I did not think it was my duty to check it.

“ When he had been gone a few months, I grew weary of the noise and bustle of the metropolis; and, my son Henry having expressed an inclination for a rural life, I determined to withdraw from the cares of business. Accordingly, having realized a handsome sufficiency, I purchased an estate in a beautiful retired part of Switzerland. My house which was of a middling size, and neat, was erected upon a verdant lawn; on which numerous flocks of sheep, & their young ones, were continually pastured. On the extremity of the lawn, to the left-hand, a transparent stream flowed gently along, overshadowed by willows and young poplars. From the house, our ears were continually delighted with the soft murmuring of the river, and the warbling of the birds in the trees. To the

the right a path led across the lawn to our garden. Here every vegetable and every fruit grew in abundance, and the most grateful perfumes exhaled from a variety of flowers. In short, nature and art seemed to have combined in forming for us a retreat the most beautiful, from the noisy capital of France.

“ In this delicious spot then, we took up our residence. My son daily exercised himself in acts of benevolence and charity. He rode among the poor neighbours, relieving the distressed, and administering consolation to the unhappy. He, in return, was beloved by them universally. All their differences were referred to him, and perfect acquiescence was always given to his decision.— Unhappy boy!” exclaimed the old man; “ thy days were short and full of sorrow!”

After a short pause, he again continued—“ there lived,” said he, “ in our neighbourhood, a person of very high rank, and possessed of great riches, named Moulville. Family pride was deeply rooted in his bosom, and almost extinguished the nobler passions of the soul; and though, on some occasions, the latter might get the ascendant, they were soon made subordinate to the ruling passion. He had been united to a lovely woman, who mar-

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ried

ried him in obedience to the commands of her parents, though strongly against her inclination. The consequence was, that a deep sorrow settled on her mind; which affecting her health, and threw her into a deep decline, of which she died about a year and a half after the marriage. She left behind her one daughter who inherited much of the mother's disposition. A melancholy sweetness beamed from her large blue eyes, and sat on her placid countenance. Her person was of a middling size, but graceful; her voice was gentle and harmonious: but the beauties of her mind far excelled those of her body; she was virtuous, humane, pious, and affectionate. In a word, Julia possessed every quality which can endear woman. Of her the father was passionately fond, and he spared no expence in bestowing on her such an education as from her situation in life, he thought her justly entitled to.

“ With them we had maintained no correspondence since our arrival at that part of the world; and it was by mere chance that we ever became intimate. It happened that, as Moulville and his daughter were one morning taking their accustomed ride, the horse of the latter took fright, & galloped away at full speed, in spite of Julia to stop it. Moulville conducted the animal near our habitation,
just

just as Henry and I were returning from a ramble about the country. No sooner did he perceive the danger to which the lovely girl was exposed, than he flew, with the rapidity of lightning, to her assistance. The horse was within a few yards of a fearful precipice, in which that part of the country abounds; Henry seized the bridle, and fortunately without receiving any injury. He caught Julia, almost lifeless, in his arms; and, having seated her on the grass, he hastened to the stream, which flowed near the spot where they were, for some water. Scarcely had the girl began to revive, when old Moulville rode up quite frantic and breathless. As soon as he perceived his daughter safe, and learnt to whom he was indebted for her preservation, he flew round Henry's neck and loaded him with caresses. When the first transports of his joy were over, they conducted Julia to my habitation, whence having perfectly recovered her spirits, she was conveyed home.

“ From that time an intimacy commenced, which has been the occasion of most of my subsequent calamities. We were now continually at each other's house; and from the frequent opportunities which Henry and Julia had of being in each others company, a friendship commenced; which from the similarity of their disposition, terminated in a settled mutual affection.

“ About the middle of that part of the spring which murmured by my habitation, a lofty oak reared its venerable head. It had stood there for ages; and time had rather increased than diminished its beauty and its strength. Round its trunk at the bottom, Henry had, for his amusement, placed seats; and he delighted in retiring thither, at the close of the day, to read or to play on his flute. Hither it was, too, that, after our connection with Moulville, he delighted to resort with his beloved Julia. When the sultry heat of day was past, they used to walk by the side of the water, under the shadow of the trees; and, when weary, seated themselves beneath the oak, admiring the beauties which nature displayed on every side. The verdure of the surrounding country, the warbling of the birds on the neighbouring bushes and trees, and the setting sun which tinged the tops of the mountains with its last expiring rays, by turns called forth their admiration. They would frequently remain here till the shades of night entirely obscured the hemisphere; and, even then, wondered at the rapidity with which the hours had flown away.

“ Time, however, obliterates the strongest impressions which are made on the human mind. It was now about a twelvemonth since our connection

tion with Moulville had commenced. Hitherto he had shewn no repugnance at the intimacy between his daughter and Henry; for he was strongly sensible of the obligation which he lay under to the latter: the moment, however, that this sentiment grew weaker, he began to reflect on the impolicy of allowing them to continue together any longer. He accordingly resolved to separate them; though he cautiously concealed his real motives for so doing; he clothed it under the pretence of the situation disagreeing with him; and of his having some private business of the greatest importance to transact at Paris, which required his constant attendance there. For my part, I clearly penetrated his true intention; and I too well knew, that no persuasion could make him alter his resolution. As this was the case, I entreated Henry to shake off his sorrow which had seized his mind on hearing Moulville's determination; and I exhorted him to endeavour to get the better of his attachment, by reflecting on the impossibility of obtaining the object of his affection.

“ The day before Moulville's departure, we all met at my house. I was concerned at the sadness which sat on the countenances of the young people; but Moulville did not seem to observe it: he, however, put on a fair appearance, and expressed

pressed deep sorrow at parting with friends who were so dear to him, and to whom he was under lasting obligations. He likewise entreated us, if ever we came to Paris, to make his house our home. My son was, once or twice, on the point of declaring the mutual love which subsisted between Julia and him, had I not checked him by a look. In truth I imagined such a declaration might give the old gentleman occasion to part in anger; and, as I hoped that absence might extinguish their affection, I was unwilling that this should be the case.

“ In the afternoon, the weather being beautiful, Henry and Julia wandered out to their accustomed retreat. Here they walked up and down for some time in profound silence: they then seated themselves under the tree; and the recollection of the pleasure which they had so often enjoyed in each other's company in this spot, and the recollection of it's being, perhaps, the last time that they should ever meet there again, caused the tears to trickle plentifully down their cheeks. Often did they attempt to speak, and as often did their sorrow deprive them of utterance. Henry, at length, recovered himself so far as to say, “ Dear Julia, perhaps your father may return again: he, surely, cannot be so unkind as to separate us forever!

ever! Come what will, I am resolved to follow you; for death itself would be preferable to separation from you." Julia, who knew her father's disposition and intentions but too well, looked at him pensively, and heaved a sigh. As a token of her sincere and unceasing affection, however, she presented him with the small miniature of herself, which you saw in my hand; and he received and preserved it as something sacred.

"The shades of night were beginning to set in, when Moulville took his leave of me, as he intended to depart early the next morning. I accordingly accompanied him to the spot where Henry and Julia were seated; whence, having again bade us farewell, he took his departure homewards, with his daughter; and I, with Henry, directed my steps towards the house again.

"The melancholy which fixed on the young man, for some time after his departure, gave me the greatest concern. Instead of pursuing the occupations in which he formerly took delight, he was continually wandering about the spots which he used to frequent with his beloved Julia. Sometimes he pressed me to return to Paris, but I constantly objected to this; because, as I said before, I was in hopes that absence would weaken his attachment,

achment, and by degrees entirely extinguish it. I one morning took him into my study, and said to him " My dear son, from the well known character of Moulville; from the pride of high rank and superior fortune, I am well convinced in my own mind that he can never be brought to consent to his daughter's being espoused to the son of a merchant. Though, from a sense of obligation to you, he has not openly avowed his real purpose in removing from hence, yet I clearly perceive it is to dissolve the connection between you and his daughter. Since this is the case, then my dear Henry, shake off the melancholy which hangs on your mind, and do not let sorrow prey on your health."

" He made no reply; but, as soon as I had ended, he rose, and left the room: whence he hastened to the tree, where he gazed for some time on the picture, and burst into tears.

" Some time after this, he affected a cheerfulness which but ill concealed the anguish of his mind. I imagined, however, that he began to see the propriety of what I had urged, and was endeavouring to follow my advice. I was pleasing myself with the hope that he might soon succeed; but, alas! this expectation was blasted by an event which plunged me in woe unutterable.

" One

" One morning—it was in the summer season—I had risen, as was usual with me, about six o'clock. The weather was charming; and, being desirous of taking a ramble about the country, I went to Henry's room, to ask him to accompany me. As no answer was returned to frequent calls I opened his door, but the room was empty. Supposing then, that he had gone out before me, I wandered along, expecting to meet or overtake him. I passed by his favourite resort, and pursued the road we usually took together; but I saw no trace of him. I imagined, on this, that he might have taken a different road, and returned home to breakfast; but several hours had elapsed after it was over, without either seeing or hearing of him. I now grew very anxious; for he was always regular and punctual. Servants were dispatched to different parts of the country to search for him; but they all returned at night, without success. I now feared that the agitation of his mind might have produced some fatal effect; and accordingly gave orders that his body should be sought for in all the neighbouring rivers and at the bottoms of the precipices; but, alas! after the most diligent enquiry for more than a week, I could not obtain the smallest intelligence of him.

Home now became a burden to me, and I resolved to seek for Henry in person. Accordingly, having entrusted the management of my household to Jacques, I directed my course towards Paris; supposing, now that he had gone thither, in the hope of meeting his beloved Julia. The idea of his having taken that road did not strike me, at first, for two reasons: first, because I conceived it impossible for him to have gone away without being seen by any of the neighbours; and, secondly, because I did not believe that he would have taken such a step without consulting my inclination. Now, however, it was the only honourable conjecture that remained; and I determined to hasten thither with all possible speed.

“ I accordingly proceeded with the greatest expedition; but the heat, occasioned by hasty travelling in a sultry season, combined with the violent agitation of my spirits, threw me into a burning fever, before I had half reached the end of my journey.

“ I was obliged to stop at a little village, where I was put to bed; but my disease increased to such a degree, that I entirely lost the use of my reason and became distracted. I continued in this dreadful situation for some time; when through
the

the goodness of my constitution, the fever abated, and my senses by degrees returned. When they were restored, I perceived one of my servants seated by me, who had been dispatched by Jacques immediately on hearing of my indisposition; but hitherto no intelligence had transpired concerning Henry.

“ It was a long time before I had so far recovered my strength, as to have the power of rising from my bed. When, however, I grew so well as to be able to travel again, I prepared to proceed towards Paris; but the physician who attended me, and who had been informed of the occasion of my journey, gave me positive orders to the contrary. He declared, that a certain relapse would be the consequence; and, in that case, it would be impossible for me ever to recover. Accordingly, in obedience to his command, and advice, I took the road homewards: fully determined, however, to dispatch my steward to Paris, the moment that I arrived.

“ It was about sun-set when the carriage stopped at the source of the stream which meandered by the side of my lawn. The evening was mild, and I determined to get out and walk towards the house. As I proceeded under the trees, a gentle melancholy diffused itself over my mind

when I reflected how often Henry and I had here wandered together and how often in this very spot, he had enjoyed the company of his lovely Julia. This sensation increased as I approached the tree; and I was on the point of turning back, lest the sight of it, the remembrance of past happiness, compared with my present sorrowful condition, should overwhelm my mind, had not something pleasing in the recollection determined me to go on. As I approached the oak, I discovered somebody seated under its shades; and on coming nearer, I perceived Jacques with his eyes riveted on the ground. An unusual sorrow appeared in his countenance, and I saw the tears trickle down his cheeks. When I had got within a few paces of the tree, I called him by his name. At my well-known voice he rose up, and flew towards me; he then seized my hand, and pressed it to his lips. I urged him to inform me whether he had yet heard any thing of Henry. When I pronounced that name, his tears redoubled; he attempted to speak, but the poor fellow's heart was so full, that his voice was entirely choaked. At length he got out, with much difficulty—"My dear, dear master!—poor Henry returned last night, but I fear—" When he had thus spoken, I broke from him, and flew to the house: I hastened

ened to my son's room, where he lay reclined upon a couch.

“ The emaciated appearance of the young man struck me. His flesh was entirely fallen away; his colour was faded, and his eyes were sunk in his head. He turned them towards me, as I opened the door, and stretched his hand, I ran to him, and clasped him in my arms. For some time our agitation was so great, that we were unable to utter a syllable; but at length, fearing lest the disorder of his spirits should hasten on his dissolution, which I too clearly perceived was approaching, I exhorted him to compose himself to rest, and I sat down by him.

“ Sleep, however, fled from his eyes; and he passed the weary hours in relating to me, with a suffocated voice, what had befallen him since he had left home. He informed me that, at twelve o'clock at night, he had set out in disguise; and that having walked about three miles to a place where a conveyance stood ready for him, he had bent his course to Paris; that, having arrived there, he went to the house of Moulville, who now threw off the mask, openly denied him admittance, and desired to be troubled with his visits no longer: that this circumstance had entirely broken his spirits; and, feeling his health likewise beginning

ning to decay, he had been seized with remorse for the sorrow he had occasioned me, and had resolved to return. He concluded by entreating my pardon for the step he had taken; which, he declared, he never could have done, had he not been apprehensive that I would have opposed his intentions. " Let me hear, " cried he, that I have your forgiveness, and I shall die content !"

" The poor youth was so exhausted, that, I perceived all medical assistance would be vain. Nevertheless, I sent for a physician, but he only confirmed me in my opinion. I accordingly prepared myself for the worst, and became quite resigned to the will of Heaven. The fourth day after his arrival, the near approach of death became apparent. In affect, about seven o'clock in the evening, he fainted away; and, when he had a little revived, he pressed Julia's picture to his lips, feebly pronounced her name and mine; and then, heaving a deep sigh from his bosom, expired!

" The effect which this event had on my mind, was entirely different from what I imagined. Instead of growing frantic, a deep melancholy seized my mind. As soon as I perceived that life had ceased to animate the frame of my son, I left the room, and wandering pensively across the lawn
to

to the tree. I seated myself under its shade, in a stupefaction of sorrow. Here I remained the whole night; nor could the most earnest entreaties of my faithful steward prevail on me to retire to the house. In the morning I rose up, and walked again towards it. I went up to the room where Henry lay, and sat contemplating his lifeless image for several hours together. Poor Jacques, perceiving entreaties to be ineffectual, was obliged to employ force. He had me conveyed to a different apartment, where he made me take some little nourishment to support nature. He thinking that the best method of diminishing my sorrow, would be to remove the object of it, he gave orders with regard to Henry's burial without delay. He wished to conceal his purpose from me, till it was over; but, by some means or other I learned his intention. Accordingly on the day which he meant to perform the last honours to my son, I told him that my spirit's felt more easy; and informed him, that I had been acquainted with his design: I begged him also as he valued my life, to allow me to accompany the body to the tomb.

Perceiving the eagerness with which I made the request, and fearing lest a refusal might cause me to take some fatal resolution, he complied. I accordingly followed the remains of my son, and composed

composed my mind by reflecting that he was now in the arms of an all-wise and merciful Being, who would fully recompence him for the days of sorrow which were allotted him on this earth.

“ When the funeral service was over, I again directed my steps to Henry’s retreat. Here, as I sat absorbed in deep meditation and sorrow, I heard the sounds of a horse’s feet near me. At first, I took little notice of it, and did not even raise my eyes from the ground. The person, however, came on; and, having approached the spot where I was seated, made a stop. I now looked up, and perceived a gentleman in regimentals; but, gracious Heaven! how can I express my astonishment, when I recognized the features of my eldest son. He leaped from his horse, and clasped me in his arms; exclaiming—“ My dear, dear father!” For my part, as soon as I discovered my Frederick, I swooned away. On recovering, I found myself in the parlour; and perceived my son looking stedfastly in my face, anxiously watching a returning animation.

“ One extreme generally runs into another diametrically opposite. Frederick, who returned loaded with honour, and whose joy was inexpressible, when he reflected that he was, ere long, to
throw

throw himself into the arms of a respected parent, and an affectionate brother, no sooner learned the melancholy situation of affairs, than he sunk into the lowest despondency. This fixed so deeply on his mind, that no art could remove it: in short, his reason became deranged; raving madness, and deep despair, possessed his mind by turns; and reason's fair empire was for ever lost. The unfortunate young man is now confined in a private receptacle for lunatics, whence there is no prospect of his ever being released.

“ As to poor Julia, she survived Henry but a short time. When she heard of his death, her health drooped; and she sunk into the grave, in the prime of her youth. Her father when too late became sensible of his error. Inward remorse seized him: he was continually tormented by the throes of conscience; and one night he disappeared from Paris, nor has any intelligence been heard of him since.

“ Thus was I plunged from the fairest prospects, to the lowest depth of human misery. I have long since left the spot which recalled so many mournful remembrances to my mind. I, however, daily offer up thanks to God, for granting me fortitude to support calamities the most mournful. He it was that bestowed children upon me, and
 O assuredly

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assuredly he had a right to dispose of them as he might think proper. Far should it be from mortal man to repine at the dispensations of Providence. The Almighty brings about his gracious purposes, by means of which we are, and ought to be entirely ignorant. For my part, I wait with patience for the time when he may please to call me hence, and feel comfort in relying altogether upon him. He, I humbly trust, will provide a place for me in the mansion of everlasting peace, where I shall be fully recompensed for the miseries which I have suffered on this earth."

Here the old man concluded his story. We sat in profound silence for some time; when, rising from my seat, I seized his hand and pressed it to my lips: then, having taken an affectionate leave of each other, I remounted my horse, and rode forward.

Religious and Moral Duty

TO BE ENCOURAGED IN CHILDREN.

CONSCIENCE is another natural power of the soul, wherein the principles of virtue and rules of duty to God and man are to be laid up: it is something within us that calls us to account
for

for our faults, and by which we pass a judgement concerning ourselves and our actions.

Children have a conscience within them, and it should be awakened early to its duty. They should be taught to reflect and look back upon their own behaviour, to call themselves often to account, to compare their deeds with those good rules and principles laid up in their minds, and to see how far they have complied with them, and how far they have neglected them. Parents should teach their children to pay a religious respect to the inward dictates of virtue within them, to examine their actions continually by the light of their own consciences, and to rejoice when they can approve themselves to their own minds; that they have acted well according to the best of their knowledge: they ought also to attend to the inward reproofs of conscience, and mourn, and be ashamed, and repent when they have sinned against their light. It is of admirable use toward all the practices of religion and every virtue, to have conscience well stored with good principles, and to be always kept tender and watchful; it is proper that children should learn to reverence and obey this inward monitor betimes, that every wilful sin may give their consciences a sensible pain and uneasiness, and that they may be disposed to sacrifice every

every thing else to considerations of conscience, and to endure any extremities rather than act contrary to it.

NECESSITY OF PRUDENCE,

IN EVERY STAGE OF LIFE.

AT the first setting out in life, especially when yet unacquainted with the world and its snares, when every pleasure enchants with its smile, and every object shines with the gloss of novelty, youth should beware of the seducing appearances which surround them, and recollect what others have suffered from the power of headstrong desire. If any passion be allowed, even though it should be esteemed innocent, to acquire an absolute ascendant, their inward peace will be impaired. But if any which has the taint of guilt, they may date from that moment the ruin of their tranquillity.

Nor with the season of youth does the peril end. To the impetuosity of youthful desire, succeed the more sober, but no less dangerous attachments of advancing years; when the passions which are connected with interest and ambition begin their reign, and too frequently extend their influence
over

over those periods of life which ought to be the most tranquil.

From the first to the last of man's abode on earth, the discipline must never be relaxed of guarding the heart from the dominion of passion. Eager passions and violent desires were not made for man: they exceed his sphere; they find no adequate object on earth; and, of course, can be productive of nothing but misery.

The certain consequence of indulging them is, that there shall come an evil day, when the anguish of disappointment shall acknowledge, that all which we enjoy availeth us nothing.

MATILDA:

OR THE

CONQUEST OF LOVE.

IN a small recluse village, on the borders of Wales, stands the castle of Howarth. The noble owner of this venerable structure, from motives of choice, generally resided in this secluded spot; and dedicated the chief of his time in improving the interests of his tenantry, and in administering

administering to the necessities of the indigent and worthy families of the hamlet. Among the many objects that shared in his benevolence, was a family of the name of Llandford, who once basked in the sunshine of fortune, though at this moment struggling in the toils of adversity. The munificence of Lord Howarth, however, sheltered them from want; and, in some measure, repaired the injuries they had experienced from the ingratitude of those, in whom, in their prosperous days, they had placed an unbounded and fatal confidence. Matilda, their only child, at the moment they became acquainted with Lord Howarth, had just attained her fifteenth year. Her parents had used their utmost endeavours to form her mind as lovely as her person; and it was no small alleviation to their misfortunes, to find that the object which they so anxiously sought, had been effected even beyond their most sanguine hopes.

Lord Howarth, in his frequent visits to the habitation of Mr. Llandford, had imbibed a fatherly fondness for this lovely girl; and, anxious to complete the structure, the foundation of which had been laid by the judicious hand of paternal care, he had obtained permission of her parents to send her to a boarding-school, in the environs of this metropolis, where she might pursue every polite and

and useful study, essential to the formation of an accomplished understanding.

The separation of Matilda from her parents was a painful moment: but the mind that suffered most from this event, was that of Lovel Seymour, the orphan child of Llandford's sister, who, having lost his parents while very young, had been the play-mate of Matilda from her earliest state of infancy. Between these young people there existed an attachment, which might be justly denominated love; though in all probability, they had not taught themselves to consider any more than playful fondness, which generally subsists between brother and sister.

The parents of Lovel, at the time of their death, had committed the little infant, with the whole of his patrimony, which was something less than 100*l.* a year, to the management of Mr. Llandford; and, with a scrupulous attention to honesty, he had faithfully discharged the important trust. Lovel had now numbered eighteen years, and his guardian proposed sending him to the university; a proposition which the young man readily closed with: for, since the absence of Matilda, his life was become irksome: and those studies and pursuits, which in her society had afforded him the
most

most exalted pleasure, were no longer objects of delight. The walks in which he had so often strayed, with his lovely companion, the scenes of nature which with her he was wont to view with delight, no longer possessed the power to charm. All around seemed a barren waste; each succeeding hour became more painful; and, thus a stranger to happiness, he bade adieu to Castle Howarth, with a too firm reliance on time and absence for the recovery of that tranquillity which he had innocently lost.

But, to return to the benevolent Earl; who, in some measure, participated in the anxieties of the lorn Seymour. His Lordship was not aware that the partiality he bore the infant beauty, was so nearly allied to love as her absence had taught him. He endeavoured, by every means in his power, to drive her image from his mind: but though, like the restless tide, that leaves awhile the pebbly shore, and to its stated boundary again returns, it often retired from memory's retentive eye; yet still the wanderer to its native home returned, which added lustre and increasing power.

In the early part of his life, his Lordship had been rejected, by a lady on whom he had placed his affections; and for many years laboured under the
pangs

pangs of disappointed love: but this incident, so fatal to his hopes of bliss, had not soured his temper; and though careless of the society of the sex, his enlightened mind spurned with contempt the fatal doctrine, which instructs the heart to deem a second love incompatible with justice, and an enemy to virtue. And surely, in weak—I had almost said vicious—mind only, this pernicious principle will be found. Must I because the rude, untutored finger of accident has snatched from my embrace the woman who first possessed my heart, for ever mourn a loss which no earthly power can restore? Must I for this ever steel my heart against the power of beauty, and the more attractive charms of mind, and deny myself the first of human joys, connubial society? Forbid it Reason and forbid it Justice! Seek not, then, ye mistaken parents, to plant in the docile minds of your offspring this germe of error, so destructive to happiness, so inimical to the growth of virtue, and so degrading to the noble feelings of humanity.

“ Tho’ flaunting lovely to the eye,
 And sweet the woodbine’s honied breath;
 As climb its tendrils smooth on high,
 The sapling it entwines with death.”

Three years had now expired since Matilda left the village ; during which time she had kept up a regular correspondence with her parents, and her generous patron, the noble Howarth, in which they saw with pleasure the progress she made in her studies. It was thought expedient for her to quit the boarding-school, and to engage in that society for which her years and accomplishments had qualified her. For this purpose the Earl proposed a journey to London, to Mr. and Mrs. Llandford; and to invite Mr. Seymour to meet them there. To this arrangement the parents of Matilda assented; and in a few days after they began their journey to the metropolis, in their way to which they called for Matilda.

If the beauty of the innocent girl, when emblematical only of the opening rose, forcibly impressed the heart of the Earl, and kindled in his breast the flambent fires of love; what were his feelings, and what its effects, when the full blown flower met his enraptured sight; Lost in wonder and admiration, he gazed in silence on the beautiful maid; then clasped her in his arms; and, as he kissed her crimson cheek, the tear of fondness glistened in his eye. But, checking the wild transports of his love, he reflected on the disparity of
their

their ages ; and, for the first time, his bosom felt the pangs of despair,

Meantime the impatient Lovel waited their arrival. He also corresponded with Matilda ; had made his fondness known ; and received from the ingenuous maid a full confession of the esteem she bore him.

The mind of love is too apt to regard every act of friendship and attention to its object, as being actuated by sinister designs. Hence Lovel looked on the noble Earl, though verging near his fiftieth year, as a dangerous and powerful rival. Thus admitting into his mind the restless and perturbed spirit of jealousy, the deportment of the lovely maid, at their meeting, appeared to him distant and reserved. Her replies to his empassioned protestations of affection were less animated, he thought, than the charest modesty might without a blush admit ; and in short, like Faulkland, he suspected every action as regardless of his fondness and an enemy to his love ; and, while he tormented his own moments with groundless jealousies, and ill timed inquietudes, he embittered those of the woman he loved.

Several weeks rolled on ; and as the beauties of Matilda, and the rich culture of her mind, dis-

closed themselves to the attentive and enquiring eye of Earl Howarth, his passion still increased. His unwearied attention, his repeated marks of benevolence, and paternal tenderness, had inspired the bosom of Matilda with a filial regard; and gratitude taught her to look on her benefactor as the first & chiefest source of her happiness. With these sentiments warmly impressed on her mind, she was sitting one evening in the drawing-room, when his Lordship entered. He came resolutely determined to disclose the state of his mind; and to hear from the mistress of his heart the sentence that was to make him the happiest, or most wretched of men.

Seating himself, therefore, by the side of Matilda, he discovered to her, in a few words, the affection he entertained for her; and earnestly entreated a candid and unequivocal answer to his suit. Wonder and surprize, at this unexpected declaration, for some moments held in silence the blushing maid. At length, she raised her streaming eyes; and with a look of mingled pity and regret, gazed on the expecting, trembling Earl.

“ Too much of kindness,” said she, “ have I experienced from your bounty, for a whole life of gratitude to repay. Oh! do not, then, urge the acceptance of an honour too great for the humble
merits

merits of the poor Matilda. From among the beauties of the court, where, with worth far greater; with beauty far excelling, that which a low dependant boasts, illustrious birth and fortune's splendid charms unite to swell the train of greatness—from these select some happy maid to share your love, and banish from your thoughts——”

Neyer! never! interrupted the noble Earl, “can I drive Matilda's image from my doating mind. It is my greatest bliss to love you; and though you frown on my passion, and spurn me from you with contempt, I still shall live your slave.”

“Should I confess to you, my Lord, that my heart even before I knew your worth, was given to another, will that secure me from the importunities of your love?”

“Adversity in love, Matilda, has armed my soul with fortitude to bear the pangs of disappointment; nor will, I trust, the noble virtue, in this conflicting moment, deny it's kind support. Your candour charms me; and while I regret, I must applaud the constancy that dooms me miserable.” His Lordship bowed, and retired. Matilda rose from her seat; and with a quick and uncertain step, paced the room, in all the agony of grief.
In

In this situation the enamoured Lovel surprized her, and eagerly enquired the cause of her tears: Nor did he ask in vain. The weeping maid told her sad tale. The trembling lover listened with an almost breathless attention to her words: then, musing awhile, embraced the partner of his grief; and with heroick firmness exclaimed—"Then let us, Matilda, shew to the world a conduct worthy of emulation; and prove by example, that friendship, raised on the basis of love, is the greatest felicity which human nature can enjoy! It were madness, the very height of folly, in us, to sacrifice all for love! Accept, then, the hand of the noble Howarth; nor let ingratitude, while it wounds his breast, plant a scorpion in yours."

"And can Lovel, can he, who has so often sworn eternal constancy, forget the maid he loves?"

"No, Matilda, no! Your worth and beauty will ever remain in my memory, will ever bloom there in undiminished lustre. But tell me, can you see the virtuous Howarth, whose fostering care transplanted you from the bleak and barren waste of Poverty, into the rich and grateful soil of Affluence; whose munificence raised the drooping fortunes of your family; and on those brows, where dejected misery brooding sat, spread pleasure's cheerful smile—can you see, unmoved, such
exalted

exalted worth the prey of grief? Can you, regardless, view the pining anguish of his mind? Oh, no! your gentle nature would shudder at the scene; and keen repentance, too late in its aid to repair the ravages of guilt, embitter every future moment of your life."

Matilda leaned on the bosom of her lover, and wept aloud. The tortured Earl entered the room and beheld the conflicting passions that heaved her swelling breast. "My Lord," said Lovel, "Matilda waits to throw herself at your feet, and ask forgiveness for her fault. She has imprudently listened to my still more imprudent, though artless tale of love. Convinced, however, of the error of our conduct, we have mutually agreed to cancel, and bury in oblivion, the vows we have exchanged; and she in giving herself, and I in resigning her to your Lordship, experience an inward satisfaction far beyond expression; and which no incident in our past lives ever did, and we are persuaded of our future, ever can convey." Lovel, afraid to trust his resolution, hurried out of the room; and, without waiting to be informed whether his offer was accepted or rejected, instantly set out on his return to the university.

His lordship could only admire in silence the manly fortitude of his rival, as his precipitate retreat

treat deprived him of the opportunity of replying to his firm and animated rejection of Matilda's hand. And now his utmost care was directed to the weeping maid—

“ With soften'd accent, and expressive eye,
The faultless lord regards her quiv'ring fear;
His gentle voice repels the swelling sigh,
His fond endearment stops the rolling tear.”

Matilda resolved to follow the example of her lover; and, aided by time, and the endearing fondness of his lordship, after a long and painful struggle, suppressed the restless wishes of her rebel heart, and gave her hand, and with it her affections to the noble Earl. The first year of their marriage produced an heir to the ancient title and domains of Castle Howarth; the former of which, on the demise of the present Earl without issue, would have been extinct. It was at this happy period that the worthy Seymour, on the invitation of the noble Earl, visited the castle. The cheerfulness of his conversation, and easy manners, confirmed the conquest he had made over his passion; and he enjoyed several months of uninterrupted happiness in the society of the venerated Earl, and his dear Matilda: for still they were dear to each other; but of such a pure nature was their fondness

ness, that even lynx-eyed suspicion could not have felt alarm from its innocent indulgence.

During the residence of Lovel at the castle, the daughter of a neighbouring baronet, between whom and the Earl an intimacy of many years had subsisted, paid a visit to the countess. On this young lady the Earl, and his amiable consort, sought to attach the affections of Lovel; and in a short time they found a mutual fondness had taken place. His lordship, to prevent any reluctance on the part of his friend to the choice his daughter had made, prevailed on the then incumbent of the living of Castle Howarth—who had received this establishment from his lordship's father, and of course was pretty far advanced in years—to secede the rectory, on condition of receiving an equivalent during his life; and then, with his wonted liberality, presented it to the former rival of his love.

Having thus provided an establishment for his young friend, he himself wrote to Sir William Ackland, for his consent to the union of the fair Laura with the worthy Lovel. His lordship's recommendation was sufficient for Sir William; and, the usual preliminaries being settled, the young couple were united in the presence of the earl and

countess, and family of the bride. The subsequent lives of these couples shewed the world that, though disappointed in their first love, they enjoyed unbounded felicity; and by their example, proved how impolitick, and how unjust, is the conduct of inexperienced youth, in yielding implicitly to the impulses of a wayward passion, which though perhaps founded on the principles of virtue, may, in its completion, prove the source of wretchedness.

AN ACCOUNT OF
GENERAL HARCOURT'S
 SURPRISING THE
REBEL GENERAL LEE,
During the American War.

IN December 1776, Lieu. Col. Harcourt (afterwards Genl. Harcourt) went out to reconnoitre, determined to discover how the rebels were posted; he took thirty men with him, rode all night, and got into the midst of their posts unperceived; in the morning he fell in with one of their advanced sentinels, and dispatched a dragoon, who cut him down; he had not gone far before he perceived another, whom he caused to be

be secured; while this was doing, a horseman galloped up to the party before he perceived them: he was stopped and questioned by Colonel Harcourt; he had a letter from Lee to some rebel officers, yet denied knowing where Lee was quartered; but the Colonel ordering a rope to be got ready to tie him up, he, without further hesitation, pointed out the house; the party went directly to the place, received the fire of a guard posted in an out-house, without loss, killed the two sentinels at the door, entered and took their prisoner, after killing all those who resisted: he had in his company a Frenchman, who lately joined them from some of the French islands, but had not received his commission from the congress. Colonel Harcourt's activity in this affair, as on every other, merits the highest encomiums: from the time of meeting the first sentinel to mounting the prisoner, was scarce fifteen minutes: he was brought to head quarters; General Howe would not see him, he was properly taken care of at Brunswick, in the Jerseys.



T H E

DEPARTURE of the YEAR.

WHITHER so fast? to woo thy longer stay,
Impatient year! the warmest pray'rs we'll
try :

Vain are our wishes, and in vain we pray—
Unkindly, time! ah! ah, why so bent to fly?

Quick, bring the flute, and breathe a melting air,
Lull the fleet greybear with the charm divine :
Alas, how callous! he betrays no care,
Nor will one moment to the strain incline!

Strike up the pipe, the tabor, and the dance ;
We'll lure him back with sprightliness and joy!
See, see! he faster flies, nor deigns a glance ;
But mocks our hope, and pities our employ!

“ Let the churl go!” cries folly, with a stare ;
“ Blame not, but rather urge him on, his flight :
Time, when he's tardy, saddles us with care,
And care destroys life's principle, delight.”—

Delight!—I wrong thee, or thou mean'st excess ;
There all thy hope, thy dearest joy, is plac'd!
Go, vacant dolt!—be frank, for once confess,
That horrors haunt thee, and that fevers waste.

Delight's

Delight's the genuine temper of the soul,
 That honour fashions, and temptations proves;
 How unlike thine, that stoops to the controul
 Of sensual meanness, and the bondage loves!

Know, that the year, whose flight thou hold'st in
 scorn,

Gone to the records of eternal fate,
 Swells those memorials for the last, dread morn,
 With all that honour'd or disgrac'd it's date.

Could'st thou behold the tale of infancy,
 Gone from thy mind, but branding there thy
 name;

Thou'd'st seek to hide thee from thyself, to fly—
 Lost as thou art, to honour, and to shame.

To thee is giv'n to greet the rising year;
 Haply, not thine to witness it's decay:
 At heav'n's just bar, ere that, thou may'st appear,
 The dreadful forfeit of thy crimes to pay.

Then seize the moment in the power of hope;
 Lo! the destroying angel's on his course:—
 Hasten, ere justice takes it's awful scope,
 And, by repentance, deprecate it's force!

ANEC-

A N E C D O T E

O F

Mr. O R M E,

*The intelligent Historian of the War
in India.*

WHEN this gentleman presided in the export warehouse of Madras, one Davidson, who acted under him, one day at breakfast being asked by Mr. Orme, *of what profession his father was?* Davidson replied, that he was a fadler. And pray, said *Orme*, why did he not breed you a fadler? "I was always whimsical, said Davidson, and rather chose to try my fortune as you have done, in the East India Company's service." "But pray sir," continued he, "What profession was your father?" "My father," answered the Historian, rather sharply, "was a gentleman." "And why, retorted Davidson, with great simplicity and bluntness, "did he not breed you up a gentleman."

ANEC-

AN E C D O T E
O F A
L I G H T D R A G O O N,
During the late American War.

A LIGHT dragoon was dispatched by Lord Cornwallis to carry a letter of some consequence, to an officer on one of the out posts. In passing near a thicket, he was fired at by some of the provincials; he instantly pretended to fall from his horse, hanging with his head down to the ground, which the light horse do with great ease. The Americans, four in number, supposing him killed, ran from their cover to seize their booty; but when they came within a few yards of him, the light dragoon in an instant recovered his saddle, and with his carabine shot the first of them dead; he then drew his pistol and dispatched the second, and immediately attacked the other two with his sword, who surrendered themselves his prisoners, and he drove them before him into the camp. In return for this act of bravery, General Howe made him a Serjeant, and represented the exploit to the King.

ANEC-

ANECDOTES.

OR

SIR WILLIAM ERSKINE.

IN 1761, when Prince Ferdinand beat up the quarters of the French, they retired a great way without being able to resist; however when they came to collect their force, and to recoil upon our army, Major Erskine, (who was afterwards knighted by his Majesty, for his bravery in Germany) of the 15th regiment of light-dragoons, was posted in a village in the front of our army. In a very foggy morning, soon after the pattoles reported all was well, Sir William was alarmed by his vedettes having seen a large body of cavalry coming to surprize him: he instantly mounted his horse, and sallied out at the head of the picquet, of only fifty men; leaving orders for his regiment to mount and follow with speed, without beating a drum, or making any noise; he attacked their advanced guard in the curfory way of light cavalry, and continued so to do, while his men were joined by fives and tens, and the French cavalry were forming to resist his attack; before which, he collected the whole of his men, and then retired, the surgeon of the regiment in the mean time having carried off the baggage.

Among

Among many similar instances of success, in the course of the war, is that of this officer on another occasion, where he displayed the most singular address, and which therefore demands both applause and attention. After a repulse and a march of about seventy miles in one day, when the men were fatigued, and scarce a horse able to walk, he saw a regiment of French infantry drawn up, with a morass in the rear; he left his own corps, and advancing to the French, desired to speak to the commanding officer, whom he entreated to surrender, to prevent his men being cut to pieces by a large body of cavalry that were then advancing. The French officer desired leave to consult with his officers, which having done, they refused to submit; but upon Major Erskine's telling them that their blood must be on their own heads, and turning to move off towards his own corps, they called to him, and laying down their arms surrendered themselves prisoners of war.

R

SADAK.



S. A. D. A. K.

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

IN the imperial city of Schiras, gem of the Persian empire, and sun of the east, lived the youthful Sadak, only son and prop of the declining years of the Vizier Amurat. Him had his father carefully educated in all the orders of oriental gallantry, and initiated in the principles of vice and debauchery. He knew how to curb the most fiery steed; surpass even the eagle in the rapid race; and, with the passing arrow, slay the flying deer. He took a particular pleasure in these amusements; and the chase and seraglio were his chief sources of delight.

Thus nurtured in vice, he made a mockery of religion and learning. No readings of Zoroaster had enlarged, or had any philosophy of the Magii tempered, and polished, a naturally capacious understanding. His ideas of Heaven were confused; and, though he had a lively genius, and an engaging air, his discourse was ignorant, barbarous, and weak.

One morning, when Mithra had scarcely drawn back the curtains of delight, and dissipated the gloomy clouds of darkness, Sadak arose, and proceeded

ceeded with bent bow to pursue the deer that range the mountains of Persia. The chase began; Sadak, impatient, and thirsting for glory, was, as usual, the first in the course, and lost his companions in the heat of the pursuit.

He had not long enjoyed his delight, and the spires of the towering Schiras had just vanished from his view; when an object, till then little noticed, attracted his attention. It was the beauty of the heavens, and splendor of the skies, that now raised his astonishment. He beheld the sun darting his rays through the rolling clouds, and illumining the whole of the celestial canopy; the æther was pure, still, and serene; except where thousands of feathered warblers, poised on their airy wings, made the earth echo their divine notes. Sadak was amazed; he let the golden reins fall on the neck of his steed; and, plunged in admiration, surveyed the splendid picture. He had never troubled his mind with any thoughts of religion, and consequently knew nothing of his Creator; but conscience now told him, that he derived his existence from a Supreme Power. Every beam of light, spoke its Maker; and Sadak stood half convicted of Ignorance and Atheism. As he was thus lost in thought, and his soul buoyed up in suspense, his steed, actuated by a divine impulse,

pulse, entered a thick wood that stood adjacent. Sadak, turning his eyes from the heavens, was now struck with the elegance of nature. The grand sublimity of the first had raised his astonishment; the rural beauty of the latter excited his desire. It was that season, when Summer, with all her attributes, visits the earth; and by her delicious, exuberance, delights the heart of man. The trees were bending to the earth with fruits of the most luxuriant growth, and of the most exquisite flavour. The ground as far as the eye could reach, was covered with the richest verdure, diversified by flowrets of every hue, and blooming shrubs in infinite variety. The whole scene was engaging, chaste, and delightful. Nature glowed with redoubled charms; and the whole presented a beautiful landscape of rural felicity. The heart of Sadak was ravished: he threw himself from his steed; and, rushing to the fruit with the agility of the mountain eagle, sought only the means to gratify his luxurious palate. A neighbouring cascade served, in the mean time, to slake his thirst; and found responsive to the notes of the birds. Thus surrounded with pleasure, and environed by delicacies, the heart of Sadak was for a while elate; but, like snow, melting before the rays of Mithra, the scene grew less charming to his eye. His appetite

petite was cloyed, and the fruit no longer delicious; he resolved, therefore, to return home: but, alas! he had not noticed his entrance, and could by no means discover any road by which he might retreat. He no sooner broke one hedge than another appeared before him; and as he passed the opposing trees, a myriad of others arose.

The whole, in short was a labyrinth of the most intricate nature. If Sadak felt before pleased at his situation, he now sincerely detested it. Lost in ignorance, he blasphemed the power that constructed his prison; cursed the hour in which he had entered it; and, in the height of his fury, exclaimed against his own existence. He had not remained long in this state of despair, when his attention was suddenly attracted by an object that touched his hand. He turned about, furious as the Lybian tyger, robbed of his prey, and thirsting for revenge; but, lo! a form that commanded peace stood at his side. It was a sage, whose years seemed to out-number the stars of heaven; and whose beard, which was whiter than the mountain snow of Mauritania, when driven by the furious wings of the north-east wind, swept his bosom, and fell below his girdle. His eyes, not dimmed by age, darted a poignancy which seemed to cut vice to atoms at the slightest glance; his whole frame
was

was majestic, and the poverty of his cloathing served only to command a superior respect. He had beheld the fury of Sadak; and, bursting through the bushes, caught his hand, and thus addressed him—"Hush! O inconsiderate youth! cease to blaspheme the works of thy Creator! Knowest thou not that perseverance will vanquish every difficulty? and though, for a moment, thou seemest lost and entangled, remember that there is a God, who will help thee, if sincerely desired? Follow me!" So saying, he gently led the youthful Persian by a path toward the entrance, which he had not discovered; while he, ashamed of his past conduct, kept his eyes fixed on the ground, not daring to look up in the face of his benign conductor.

The glade was now before them; and the domes of the aspiring Schiras rose in sight, as the mounts of Mauritania, half-buried in the clouds. The heart of Sadak was overjoyed; he turned, to thank his conductor; but it seemed not him that he beheld. His aged body, bent with years and infirmities, was changed to an ærial frame, endowed with sprightliness and activity. His face no more appeared a rugged field, which the ploughshare of time had filled with furrows; but a celestial countenance where, beauty beamed like the resplendent sun.

Instead

Instead of clothes tattered and coarse, two feathered pinions beat with celestial grace on his shoulders; and the figure of a hoary sage was transformed to that of an empyreal cherub, surrounded by glory, and replete with the effulgence of heaven. Sadak was confounded: the ground seemed to shake beneath his feet; his knees smote each other; and his whole frame, labouring in convulsive agonies, fell vigourless to the ground: when a voice, softer than the breath of Zephyrs, bearing the odoriferous spices of Arabia, thus addressed him, " Arise, O Sadak! lift thy body from the earth, and hearken to the voice of wisdom. No more be lulled to slumber in the manacles of vice, and disdain the chains of impiety. I am a minister of the almighty, sent from the mansions of the blessed, to reveal thy chaotick mind the allegory of this day's adventures, which point out the errors of thy life. Attend, O youth! open thine ears to virtue, and be no more a slave of ignorance. The chace you this morning commenced free, and joyful as the soaring lark begins his course; so was you born. Your mind was unimpressed by care, and unloaded with sin: you beheld the splendor of heaven, and the glory of the upper regions; but they could not charm you sufficiently to impress the steadfast belief of an overruling power; neither could your birth, and preservation

fervation from numberless dangers, elevate your heart to the graceful adoration of your heavenly maker: but, as the fruit by its beautiful hue, and delicious taste, led you to eat and indulge your appetite, unsuspecting of danger, so did vicious pursuits draw your affection to them, by displaying the chains of sin covered with flowers of pleasure. What was the result? In the wood you were lost and entangled; and in life you have been satiated with joys, that cloyed as they became familiar. You attempted to drown the sense of satiety by plunging deeper in vice, and hurrying from the seraglio to the chase, or some other ignorant and wicked enjoyment. Had you then abandoned pleasure, and attended to truth, you should have reached a pinnacle of unknown happiness: but as during your profane and blasphemous execrations in the wood, you perceived not the path by which I easily led you out; neither could you discern, in your career of vice, the road formed by Morality, which would have conducted you to everlasting bliss. May I, my son, conclude my parallel, by adding, that as I have led you from the bosom of a mazy wood; so your soul, enlightened by my words, will rise, freed from the fetters of ignorance, the manacles of sin, and the chains of licentiousness, to praise, with myriads
 of

of the legions of heaven, the beneficent creator of all existence, & the liberal dispenser of every good.

“ My mission is now expired; yet, ere I go, let me initiate thee, O youth! in the precepts of virtue. Avoid malice, envy, and detraction; hate lasciviousness, love chastity; detest voluptuousness, effeminacy, and luxury; but adore temperance, vigour, and humility. Aim not at pomp and grandeur, that passeth away like the wind; but delight in acts of charity, which will afford the mind a pleasure of more stability. Be it thy care, O Persian! not to swell the fiery blast of contention, against whomsoever raised; but rather, to allay the fury of the spiteful, and stop the intended revenge: and believe me, dear youth, if thou diligently followest these rules, and zealously pursueth the walks of virtue, a hoary head, crowned with content, will succeed a youthful one environed with peace, and endowed with virtue.”

As he thus spoke, even as the last sentence sounded in the ear of Sadak, a cloud arose from the earth, like the morning dew; and, spreading its ærial substance beneath his feet, gently uplifted him to the opening heavens. The whole atmosphere was perfumed, with a fragrance far sweeter than the aromatic gales of Arabia; while an awe-

ful and tremendous roll of thunder, on the right, announced the success of the heavenly embassy.

Sadak arose, his heart impressed with virtue and wisdom; and, leaving his pompous palace, he passed a life of piety and peace, in a humble cottage.

T H E

DISAPPOINTED DELIA,

A Story founded on Fact.

DELIA, unlucky Delia! how camest thou so fond, so enraptured with Claudio? Answer, rash fates, for poor Delia: the *Parcæ* so determined it. Then, thou art not to blame.

But to the story. In an awkward hour, and a still more awkward moment, Delia saw Claudio; she saw, alas! she saw one of the finest youths in the county of Cornwall; she was not framed without passions—nature had done her justice, in every regard. She felt, even from the heart, and true to all its fires.

Claudio was heir to a considerable estate, consisting of tin mines, and he was considered as a very

very amiable and respectable character by all his acquaintance. Every female in his neighbourhood, who was a candidate for matrimony, had her eye upon him ; but his disposition was for roving, and liberty was his invariable motto ; and many beautiful damsels had reason to wish his sentiments were of a different cast. If he had not done them justice, posterity had, however, no cause to complain, for he had amply paid attention to the rising generation, who, probably, will be greatly increased by his amorous assiduities.

Notwithstanding Delia had these numerous examples of Claudio's infidelities before her eyes, her vanity flattered her she had charms sufficient to captivate him into a husband ; and her ambition prompted her to the deed.

Her rivals were numerous, but her glass whispered her, and in prevailing accents, that her charms transcended them all. Fatal infatuation ! Treacherous mirror !

Delia, though only the daughter of a farmer, had received as polite an education as a Cornish borough would admit of ; her father had some parliamentary influence, & he was not without hopes, that, at the next general election, his daughter might captivate a candidate, or at least a canvasser.

He knew that Claudio, when he came of age, which would be in a few months, was to be one of their representatives, and therefore did not discourage his addresses to Delia. But though he had avowed himself an intended candidate for the borough, he had not declared himself a candidate for a connubial representation. He had, however made such an impression on Delia's heart, that she mistook his artful declaration for sincerity, and she, at length, implicitly yielded to his most sanguine wishes.

The borough became vacant by the death of one of the members, just as Claudio had attained his twenty-first year. Old square toes immediately put him in nomination, and as he was of the ministerial party, little canvassing was requisite. He was returned and chaired in the twinkling of an eye.

Delia now thought she should be completely happy; for, notwithstanding she had yielded every thing but her hand, for he had long been in possession of her heart, she imagined she still had such an ascendancy over Claudio, that as there was no remaining obstacle to their marriage, (his father having lately departed this life, and whose consent, the artful spoiler had insinuated was the sole cause
of

of their not having yet repaired to the temple of Hymen) a hint alone would be sufficient to accomplish all her wishes. But in this opinion she was egregiously mistaken.

Her hints were all thrown away, and even her positive sollicitations were of no avail. She literally stooped to conquer, but in vain. Claudio finding Delia too pressing in her matrimonial pursuit, seldom visited her, and even neglected those appointments he made with her, when he could not avoid fixing them. He had agreed to an interview at an adjacent farm house, where they had frequently the most agreeable and propitious Tête à Têtes. But the time was now passed when the force of her charms were in full play—besides, she was on the point of being a mother, and he had a new attachment in his present reigning favourite Cordelia, for whom he was now waiting in consequence of a previous assignation.

Delia guessed at her rival, and after in vain reminding him of his appointment with her, retired, and was soon in ambush a spectator of a scene that caused her—*dissolution*! She returned home, and was found the next morning hanging in her garters. Upon her toilet was found a billet conceived in the following words.

“ Wretched

“ Wretched—too wretched Delia—no joy—no blifs, no comfort remains for thee in this mundane ftate! Heavens, pardon the deed—but to thee I hope to fly for that folace, which I ne’er can meet on earth.

Alas! poor Delia—may this ftory prove a leffon to thy fex!

SIGNS and TOKENS.

IF you fee a man and woman, with little or no occafion, often finding fault, and correcting each other in company, you may be fure they are husband and wife.

If you fee a lady and gentleman in the fame coach, in profound filence,—the one looking out at one window, and the other at the oppofite fide, be affured they mean no harm to each other, but are husband and wife.

If you fee a lady accidentally let fall a glove, or a handkerchief, and a gentleman that is next to her tell her of it, that fhe may herfelf pick it up, fet them down for husband and wife.

If

If you see a man and woman walk in the fields, at twenty yards distance, in a direct line; and the man striding over a stile, and still going on, you may swear they are husband and wife.

If you see a lady whose beauty attracts the notice of every person present, except one man, and he speaks to her in a rough manner, and does not appear at all affected by her charms, depend upon it, they are husband and wife.

If you see a male and female continually thwarting each other, under the appellation of *my dear*, *my life*, &c. rest assured they are husband and wife.

New Interpretation for old Words.

IN speaking of the epithet *worth*, it can be applied to a scoundrel or rogue, as well as an honest man—that is, if he should be *worth* ten thousand pounds.

Angel, was once a name for a superior order of celestial spirits, who executed the commands of the Supreme Being;— it is now a common name for a certain order of inferior beings, who haunt the crowded scenes of gaiety and dissipation.

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The adjective *Divine*, has undergone a similar change.

Devilish— this adjective once signifying, or belonging to the Devil, was consequently taken in a bad sense. It is now become a common term of approbation— as, “ she is a devilish fine girl ;” or, “ he is a devilish good fellow,” &c.



C U R I O U S

A N E C D O T E.

A CLERGYMAN, who came to London from Durham just before the winter theatres closed, went the last evening of Mrs. Siddon's performance to the play at Drury-lane, and desired a country servant, who was to come with the carriage at a certain hour, to remain with it at the corner of Bow-street, that he might not lose himself from his ignorance of the town. The coachman was on the box, and the lad continued inflexibly upon the spot, standing with his back against one of the wheels; while he was in this situation, a fellow, who was running very fast, came up to him, and asked him in a whisper, whether he was a “stander or a runner?” The boy hesitated a moment, but thinking it related to the duty of servants

vants round the theatre, and remembering his master's orders, answered, "a stander." "Then take care of this," said the fellow, putting a gold watch with valuable appendages into his hand, and scampering away immediately. Before the boy had recovered from his surprize, his master came up, and commending his diligence, observed, that he had lost his watch.—"No, Sir, here it is," said the lad; and on inspection it actually proved to be the very watch which had been taken from his master a few moments before.

A N

OBSERVATION by Mr. POPE.

THOSE aërial ladies (the muses) just discover enough to me of their beauties to urge my pursuit, and draw me on in a wandering maze of thought, still in hopes (and only in hopes) of attaining those favours from them, which they confer on their happy admirers. We grasp some more beautiful idea in our own brain, than our endeavours to express it can set to the view of others; and still do but labour to fall short of our first imagination. The gay colouring which fancy gave

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at the first transient glance we had of it, goes off in the execution,—like those various figures in the gilded clouds, which while we gaze long upon, to separate the parts of each imaginary image, the whole faints before the eye; and decays into confusion.

BON MOT of a SEA OFFICER.

A SEA OFFICER who for his courage in a former engagement, where he had lost his leg, had been preferred to the command of a good ship; in the heat of the next engagement, a cannon ball took off his deputy, so that he fell upon the deck; a seaman thinking he had been fresh wounded called for the surgeon; No, no, said the captain, the *carpenter will do*.

A GRECIAN

A N E C D O T E.

THE Athenians having declared war against the Eginites, on some very frivolous pretext, marched out to attack them. A very bloody engagement ensued, in which the Athenians were so totally defeated, that one man only remained to carry

carry back the intelligence to Athens. This unfortunate man escaped the enemy only to encounter a more wretched fate at home. The women rendered desperate by the loss of their husbands, and fired with indignation that the sole survivor should dare to appear before them with the dismal relation of his country's disaster, fell upon the man with their pins and clasps, leaving him dead upon the spot. The magistrates of Athens shocked at their cruelty, in order to punish the women with the most flagrant disgrace, made a law to oblige them, from that period, to dress after the mode of the Jonians, thereby depriving them of any advantage from those things, of which they had made such an ill use.

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T H E
USEFULNESS of ADVICE,

T H E
DANGER of HABITS.

T H E
NECESSITY of REVIEWING LIFE,

NO weakness of the human mind has more frequently incurred animadversion, than the negligence with which men overlook their own faults, however flagrant, and the easiness with which they pardon them, however frequently repeated.

It seems generally believed, that, as the eye cannot see itself, the mind has no faculties by which it can contemplate its own state, and that therefore we have not means of becoming acquainted with our real characters; an opinion which, like innumerable other postulates, an enquirer finds himself inclined to admit upon very little evidence, because it affords a ready solution of many difficulties. It will explain why the greatest abilities frequently fail to promote the happiness of those who possess them; why those who can distinguish with the utmost nicety the boundaries of vice

vice and virtue, suffer them to be confounded in their own conduct; why the active and vigilant resign their affairs implicitly to the management of others; and why the cautious and fearful make hourly approaches towards ruin, without one sigh of solicitude or struggle for escape.

When a position teems thus with commodious consequences, who, can without regret confess it to be false? Yet it is certain that declaimers have indulged a disposition to describe the dominion of the passions as extended beyond the limits that nature assigned. Self-love is often rather arrogant than blind; it does not hide our faults from ourselves, but persuades us that they escape the notice of others, and disposes us to resent censures lest we should confess them to be just. We are secretly conscious of defects and vices which we hope to conceal from the public eye, and please ourselves with innumerable impostures, by which, in reality, nobody is deceived.

In proof of the dimness of our internal sight, or the general inability of man to determine rightly concerning his own character, it is common to urge the success of the most absurd and incredible flattery, and the resentment always raised by advice, however soft, benevolent, and reasonable. But flattery, if its operation be nearly examined, will

will be found to owe its acceptance, not to our ignorance but knowledge of our failures, and to delight us rather as it consoles our wants than displays our possessions. He that shall solicit the favour of his patron by praising him for qualities which he can find in himself, will be defeated by the more daring panegyrist who enriches him with adscitious excellence. Just praise is only a debt, but flattery is a present. The acknowledgment of those virtues on which conscience congratulate us is a tribute that we can at any time exact with confidence; but the celebration of those which we only feign, or desire without any vigorous endeavours to attain them, is received as a confession of sovereignty over regions never conquered, as a favourable decision of disputable claims, and is more welcome as it is more gratuitous.

Advice is offensive, not because it lays us open to unexpected regret, or convicts us of any fault which had escaped our notice, but because it shews us that we are known to others, as well as to ourselves; and the officious monitor is persecuted with hatred, not because his accusation is false, but because he assumes that superiority which we are not willing to grant him, and has dared to detect what we desired to conceal.

For

For this reason advice is commonly ineffectual. If those who follow the call of their desires without enquiry whither their going had deviated ignorantly from the paths of wisdom and were rushing upon the dangers unforeseen, they would readily listen to information that recalls them from their errors, and catch the first alarm by which destruction or infamy is denounced.

Few that wander in the wrong way mistake it for the right; they only find it more smooth and flowery, and indulge their own choice rather than approve it: therefore few are persuaded to quit it by admonition or reproof, since it impresses no new conviction, nor confers any powers of action or resistance. He that is gravely informed how soon profusion will annihilate his fortune, hears with little advantage what he knew before, and catches at the next occasion of expence, because advice has no force to suppress his vanity. He that is told how certainly intemperance will hurry him to the grave, runs with his usual speed to a new course of luxury, because his reason is not invigorated nor his appetite weakened.

The mischief of flattery is, not that it persuades any man that he is what he is not, but that it suppresses the influence of honest ambition, by raising
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an opinion that honour may be gained without the toil of merit; and the benefit of advice arises commonly not from any new light imparted to the mind, but from the discovery which it affords of the public suffrages. He that could withstand conscience is frightened at infamy, and shame prevails when reason was defeated.

As we all know our faults and know them commonly with many aggravations which human perspicacity cannot discover, there is perhaps, no man, however hardened by impudence or dissipated by levity, sheltered by hypocrisy, or blasted by disgrace, who does not intend some time to review his conduct, and to regulate the remainder of his life by the laws of virtue. New temptations indeed attack him, new invitations are offered by pleasure and interest, and the hour of reformation is always delayed; every delay gives vice another opportunity of fortifying itself by habit; and the change of manners, though sincerely intended and rationally planned, is referred to the time when some craving passion shall be fully gratified, or some powerful allurements cease its importunity.

Thus procrastination is accumulated on procrastination, and one impediment succeeds another, till age shatters our resolution, or death intercepts the
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the projects of amendment. Such is often the end of salutary purposes, after they have long delighted the imagination, and appeased that disquiet which every mind feels from known misconduct, when the attention is not diverted by business or by pleasure.

Nothing surely can be more unworthy of a reasonable nature, than to continue in a state so opposite to real happiness, as that all the peace of solitude, and felicity of meditation, must arise from resolution of forsaking it. Yet the world will often afford examples of men, who pass months and years in a continual war with their own convictions, and are daily dragged by habit, or betrayed by passion, into practices which they closed and opened their eyes with purpose to avoid; purposes which, though settled on conviction, the first impulse of momentary desire totally overthrows.

The influence of custom is indeed such that to conquer it will require the utmost efforts of fortitude and virtue; nor can I think any man more worthy of veneration and renown, than those who have burst the shackles of habitual vice. This victory however has different degrees of glory as of difficulty; it is more heroic as the objects of

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guilty gratification are more familiar. He that from experience of the folly of ambition resigns his offices, may set himself free at once from temptation to squander his life in courts, because he cannot regain his former station. He who is enslaved by an amorous passion, may quit his tyrant in disgust, and absence will, without the help of reason, overcome by degrees the desire of returning. But those appetites to which every place affords their proper objects, and which requires no preparatory measures or gradual advances, are more tenaciously adhesive; the wish is so near the enjoyment, that compliance often precedes consideration, and before the powers of reason can be summoned, the time for employing them is past.

Indolence is therefore one of the vices from which those whom it once infects are seldom reformed. Every other species of luxury operates upon some appetite that is quickly satiated, and requires some concurrence of art or accident which every place will not supply; but the desire of ease acts equally at all hours, and the longer it is indulged is the more increased. To do nothing is in every man's power; we can never want an opportunity of omitting duties. The lapse to indolence is soft and imperceptible because it is
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only a mere cessation of activity; but the return to diligence is difficult, because it implies a change from rest to motion, from privation to reality.

Of this vice, as of all others, every man who indulges it is conscious; we all know our own state, if we could be induced to consider it; and it might perhaps be useful to the conquest of all these ensnarers of the mind, if at certain stated days life was reviewed. Many things necessary are omitted, because we vainly imagine that they may be always performed; and what cannot be done without pain will for ever be delayed, if the time of doing it be left unsettled. No corruption is great but by long negligence, which can scarcely prevail in a mind regularly & frequently awakened by periodical remorse. He that thus breaks his life into parts, will find in himself a desire to distinguish every stage of his existence by some improvement, and delight himself with the approach of the day of recollection, as of the time which is to begin a new series of virtue and felicity.

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DISSERTATION upon TASTE.

TASTE considered only as a sensation is purely arbitrary, that is to say, every one has a right to boast of his own, and to give it the preference to that of others. This would not be difficult to prove; but without entering upon this vague disquisition, I shall confine myself to a spiritual, a metaphysical taste; as I am of opinion that there must necessarily be one that is invariable and immutable, independent of place, time, age, or country; in a word, alike in all men, as it can have no other basis than truth, which never varies, and which unites in every thing, under the same idea, every mind that it enlightens. Taste may be defined, an idea of truth universally received, and thoroughly understood upon every thing of which we form a judgement: therefore to have a good taste, is to estimate or criticise sentimentally, and by an implicit judgment of the mind, what reason estimates and appreciates, after having duly examined it.

This sensible idea should not be too much, or too little extended; for when it swerves from precision, taste becomes defective. So that all who pursue

purſue truth, ſhould perceive it in the ſame light; perfection having but a ſingle appearance, and, conſidered every way, has but one face.

The exiſtence of a ſovereign truth being admitted, it muſt, when conſulted, equally enlighten reaſon, whoſe eſſence is the ſame in all men. The ſoul of an European is of the ſame nature as that of a Chineſe; and thoſe of the firſt ages were not of a different ſpecies from thoſe of our times. If their external operations are not the ſame, if their judgments differ upon the ſame ſubject, this is no juſtification of the difference in either reſpect: for if there be but one truth to enlighten reaſon, all thoſe who do not conſult it, and who are not enlightened by it, are in darkneſs: ſo that we in vain have recourſe to ancient or modern manners, to authoriſe a diverſity of taſtes; we muſt ever recur to the eſſence of reaſon in its primitive institution.

Shall we ſay that ſuch a work was good at that time, but is no longer ſo; good for men of a peculiar caſt, or country, but not for others? This is mere ſophiſtry. Goodneſs in an object is an independent and permanent truth; wherefore the judgment pronounced upon it depends neither upon times, nations, or genius: no other concluſion can be drawn from the contrary opinions of
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men with respect to the qualification of objects, but that some judge well, and others ill.

Every object that presents itself to the mind has truth that characterises it, and constitutes it good or bad, perfect or imperfect, agreeable, or disagreeable; the more truth there is in this object, the more satisfaction is derived from it by the man of real taste.

To discover with precision this truth, and consequently feel its impression, is to have taste. But to judge of it by its personal dispositions, by the opinions of others, by popular prejudice, this is being destitute of taste, or at least, having no other than a bad taste: so that neither the peculiar manners of a nation, nor the various agitated passions, nor ancient opinions nor charms of novelty, nor the illusions of fashion, nor other vulgar prejudices, ought to impose or determine the judgment when the object is the formation of taste.

We must seek for this truth, of which we are speaking, in the very essence of the object, in its relations and its ends; that is to say, examine whether it is really in itself what it should be, and if it fulfils its destination and connexions: I say really; for, once more, taste is regulated upon these marks of truth, more or less evinced; otherwise it would
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not be certain; judgments would be formed upon opinion, passion, and the other impostors of error; and we should not trace that truth which we are desirous of being acquainted with.

It is an invariable maxim, that we may find falsity in every thing; in sentiments, manners, characters, productions of genius, the choice of diversions, the construction of buildings, the assortment of furniture, or dress, in politeness and gallantry, and in a thousand things, the enumeration of which would be tedious. In respect to all these, there is nothing so easy as being mistaken; and giving proofs of a very bad taste, if we have not just ideas, which depict the definition of objects, and their design.

They may at first be all reduced under one general definition, in ranging on one side all the works of nature, and on the other all those of art. Be they of whatever kind, a knowledge should be obtained of their essence and end, in order to discover the truth which characterises them. This is the only means of forming a taste upon what nature presents to our visual faculties, and upon what the human mind can produce, either with respect to arts or sciences. This rule comprises every thing, and we have no other by which we can

can discover the true impreſſion which things ſhould make upon a man of real taſte.

But as the objects are not ſufficiently ſpecified by this diviſion, we ſhall extinguiſh them under ſeveral claſſes, which compriſe almoſt the whole, at leaſt thoſe that are worthy of attention.

I call thoſe works of nature, which are produced by the Creator, and remain as they came from his hands. According to the common opinion, there are three different kinds, namely, intelligent, ſenſible, and inanimate. We are not allowed, as he has judged them fitting, and *videt quod eſſet bonum*, to analyze their perfection, or whether they might have been carried to a ſtill greater height.

They are each ſettled according to the laws of infinite wiſdom, which allow our ſpeculations no other liberty than that of admiration. Nevertheless, the prodigious diverſity of theſe beings furniſhes our taſte a ſufficient field to exert itſelf in; for creatures having various degrees of perfection, ſubordination, and dependency, and connexions more or leſs intimate with man, they muſt communicate to his ſoul a ſcale of preference, whereby their ranks are in his eſteem regulated. Now the making a juſt diſtinction between objects capable

able of exercising in our hearts a variety of sentiments proportioned to each in particular, is, doubtless, having taste; as it is, certainly, being divested of it, to confound them without distinctively appreciating them, without comparing them, and without esteeming them, according to their precise value: for taste is not a mere speculative idea, but a sensible one, which makes an impression upon the heart.

We may go still farther with respect to man, who is, as we may say, the master piece of the Divine Architect. It is true, that his author having determined his essence and his principal end, we are forbid to judge of them, or to find any defect in them. But as man is a free being, and as he in some measure directs his own operation, he exposes himself to the judgment of others when he acts, and he enables them to apply their taste to the appearance of his actions,—his discourse and his thoughts.

With respect to works of art, if it be necessary to subdivide them, in order to examine how many different ways they may be subject to the lights of judicious criticism, this would carry us almost to infinity. We shall fix upon some, which we shall analyze as occasion may offer, in order to

show that there can be no just taste which is not founded upon the idea of truth, and to point out the means of discovering it.

If men of another period, or another nation, have a different taste from ourselves, this neither justifies nor condemns ours or theirs. They should both blend in all their productions of arts and sciences such rays of truth as are capable of expressing nature, and the design of such works as they are engaged in, and such objects as they propose describing; this neither depreciates nor heightens the value of the taste of either. Every thing should be decided in favour of truth, that is to say, by those who have been led by it, and whose reason is thereby enlightened.

In other respects this study requires no deep disquisitions or meditations; it is instantaneously determined by a judicious person, not only with regard to simple objects, but those that are the most complex. Philosophy points out to us how many ideas must necessarily be combined in an instant, to judge only of the quality, the distance, and situation of a tree we perceive in the middle of an open country: the mind, nevertheless, performs all this, without perceiving that it thinks. And it is the same with respect to the manner in which

which an object prompts our taste. If many have not succeeded after repeated endeavours, this is no defect in the rule, but in their penetration; and no other conclusion can be drawn, than that they are persons who have no propensity to taste. It is scarce possible to communicate it to those who have no disposition for it: the maxims we propose will not work this miracle; they only point out those who are possessed of taste, and set forth the means of obtaining it to those who are susceptible of it.

We seldom fail obtaining a knowledge of the essence of objects. If we are more easily deceived with respect to the knowledge of their end, it is for want of recollecting that they have all one general design, which is the pleasure and use of man. Man himself, besides the end which is peculiar to him, hath this one also in common with the rest of creatures, as far as the commerce of the world and society subject him to connections with the human race. But as it is necessary, in order to settle this proposition upon a solid basis, to define all the terms, we must recollect what is the nature of man, in order to know what we are to understand by the pleasure and utility that is necessary for him. Man is an intelligent and mortal being: wherefore his pleasure and utility should be con-

rected with the nature of his being. It is therefore necessary to enquire in what manner this conformity is found in all the objects which we examine.

It may perhaps, be said the tendency of this reasoning is easily discovered; and that to support similar definitions, is overthrowing many ideas. But what other method is to be pursued, if we are willing to be disabused, and lay aside the custom of judging amiss? We shall have occasion for various examples to apply those principles which we have established.

The works of nature, besides the end which we have attributed to them, namely, the pleasure and use of mankind, have all of them one more, which is to serve in the glorification of their author. We shall not consider them here in this point of view; we suppose that they have obtained this superior destination, and we confine ourselves solely to the consideration of them as designed for the use of man.

We must, according to this idea, as we have already said, give them a proper rank in our esteem: but in order to observe the just degree of their merit, we should not seek for it in the immediate connection they have with our pleasures and
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personal advantages; but in the influence which they have upon the common good of all mankind, and the share they have in the ornament and harmony of the whole world.

Thus the sun appears to us more estimable than a flower, a field covered with a plenteous crop more liable to excite gratitude, than a shrub in a garden. It is the same with respect to the other creatures, compared with one another, and according to their various uses.

But as, according to the works of nature, man forms a separate order, let us consider how we must judge with discernment of his figure or his humour, his genius or his projects. Suppose then we are to form our taste upon the character of a mind. If we at first study its essence and end, we shall discover immediately, according to our principles, that it is an intelligence superior to the senses, which, by its destination, should contribute to a happiness worthy of it as well as that of others. We will afterwards apply to this truth which we have discovered, the talents and qualities of this mind; and as far as these talents and qualities express the marks of truth, in the same degree should the object inspire esteem, and make an impression upon a man of good taste. For it is not sufficient
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that we find in this mind, extent, penetration, vivacity, and joyousness; he should examine whether these qualities, estimable in themselves, are actuated for the design of the subject in which they are placed.

Now, I maintain, that all men should universally think in the same manner upon the character of that man whom we examine; and that the diversity of tastes, if there be such, is accounted for only by the greater or less conformity which those who examine them find by their prejudices and other personal dispositions. It is proper to observe that this manner of examining objects, which appear dry and little interesting, does not prevent our feeling all that is agreeable in them. At the sight of a work of nature or of art, we are at liberty to touch upon what is agreeable & pleasant, provided we estimate it only at its proper value; that in these emotions of pleasure we preserve an idea of truth, and that the speculative principles constantly reign over the mind.

The qualities of an object, however badly suited to their destination, may by surprize inspire agreeable sentiments, which no way affect man's discernment, unless these sentiments are procured by an idea that is more advantageous than that
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which seems to cause them. We should be ignorant of the human heart to believe that we can be diverted at a thing we do not regard.

A man who holds a frivolous diversion in no kind of esteem, and who nevertheless seems pleased with it, though he be acquainted with its vanity, has not a less refined taste, whilst he continues to form a proper judgment. But if he once considered this diversion as something very elegant, and he despised those who did not partake of it, condemning their taste upon this account, he would himself have a very bad one, as from this moment he would in this respect no longer entertain an idea of truth: wherefore his amusement which vitiated his taste would not arise from joy, but from the false idea he conceived of it. With respect to those things whereupon the taste is externally expressed, we may through politeness conform to those customs established by reasonable people of our time and country, reserving the right of judging ourselves according to the ideas of truth. But a man should never run directly counter to the opinions generally received, though they may be bad: people are nettled when even their prejudice are not treated with some kind of respect; and upon these occasions nothing is more consistent with good taste than politeness.

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Moreover, there is much difference between a man who is prejudiced by a sudden natural impression and one who feels it, knowing the cause, and with an enlightened taste. The one blindly pursues his disposition, by which his intellects are often duped; a slave to his prejudices and vulgar opinions, he is driven in the stream of these foreign impulses: whilst the other, who enjoys the privileges of reason, and whose sentiments cannot be misguided, as founded in truth, either leaves or pursues what affects him, esteems it only according to its value, and is not driven to the shame of receding from the admiration of what was not deserving of it.

It were needless to object that persons of excellent taste often entertain a liking for things without knowing what it is that recommends them. I acknowledge that the reasons are not always discovered why some particular objects please us; wherefore I at first defined a good taste to be an implicit judgment, because it supposes in an enlightened mind a knowledge independent of reflection, a determination without investigation; and if we consider whence arises our affection more for one sentiment than another, our judgment and reflection constantly trace the clue. Every man who is incapable of assigning a cause
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for his taste, is absolutely unable to have a good one.

It is necessary to have a perfect taste, not only to form a just idea of every thing, but also to be acquainted with the idea that is formed of it by others. Nothing is more easy than to perceive it; for the different impressions that objects make upon us may be reduced to three kinds of sentiments, esteem, indifference, and contempt. Taste declares for one of these three, without a formal definition qualified with the object in question. Thus in a story told by a person, we find if the tone of admiration, which he gives it agrees or not with the subject treated of; if his serious or jocular style destroy or confirm the ideas that must be framed of it; this usually suffices to penetrate into the discernment of an infinite number of persons, and from this maxim an inference might be drawn, which would easily prove it.

Taste is liable to many errors, against which we should be upon our guard. I. The agreement of objects with our natural dispositions, inevitably form in us a physical prepossession. II. The interests of self love, either contradicted or flattered by an object, prevail over us, and determine the judgments we pass upon it. III. The least resemblance

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semblance between new objects and those which formed in us either pain or pleasure, leads to ancient traces, which recall our past taste, and makes us apply it to present objects. IV. The passions, which increase and disfigure all that is offered to our senses, create in us an infinite number of ideas which disguise truth and render us incapable of comparing objects with their proper destination. V. In fine, the same continued impression, however affecting and lively, becomes by degrees less sensible, and solely because it has continued for a length of time, it no longer awakens the same taste. The attractions of novelty are not more successful in recommending it: what pleases through them cannot long be agreeable, because it cannot long retain its novel influence. Now an object ceases to be new in our eyes, as soon as it loses its power of creating new ideas; and as soon as its appearance adds nothing to the sight, it no longer strikes or surprises.

Here are numerous shoals to be avoided, and which should induce us to be upon our guard with respect to our sentiments, and perfectly to distinguish their causes and origin, in order to ascertain whether they are inspired by truth.

But suppose that taste were not formed upon the idea of truth, that is to say, upon the relation between

tween the effence of objects, and their destination, there would then be no prejudice or opinion whereby the value of things would be estimated: for in this case why should one decision take place sooner than another? Every one would be at liberty to determine by saying it is my taste: as in the taste of sensation, where we boldly say, you like what is sweet, and I what is bitter, and in this I am equally right as yourself. Nearly the same reasoning would take place with regard to spiritual taste. For if it be not the idea of truth that pleases in the proportions of an edifice, its most disproportionate parts may please me, without my being liable to be accused of having a bad taste. My inclination, however extravagant it may be, will become a well received reason; because those who are fond of proportion are not invested with a better. All judgments would then be confuted—all decisions would become arbitrary, and subject to the caprices of prejudiced minds; while neither beauty nor truth would be caught, but mere chimeras generated by fancy.

The idea of truth is then so far the sole rule to judge by, and the only scale whereby those sentiments should be proportioned on which taste is founded, that no others can be consulted, without admitting into different minds the most absurd

contradictions. For if, for instance, the passions are allowed to decide the merit of an object, what man would be debarred recurring to his own? One finds a person agreeable, because he continually receives kindness from him: another finds him detestable, because he is continually persecuted by him; which of these tastes is right? If we are to judge of a nation by their manners, to which should we give the preference, the English or the Ottomans? The one cultivates the sciences, the other neglects them; which are in the right? It may be said both equally, as they conform to the customary education of their country. This reply is not satisfactory. We should consider which of these practises agrees best with the nature and design of man—with an intelligent mortal being—with his utility and pleasure. This is the truth to be fought for to form a taste, and confer approbation to the one or the other.

It is the same with respect to temporary judgments. It is said we should transport ourselves to the time of Homer, to admire what is now agreeable to our taste in his poems. I acknowledge that after my imagination has performed this irksome journey, I do not return the least more satisfied. But without engaging in a long detail upon this subject, let us observe what occasionally relates to it.

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Does it agree with the essence of the divinity to act like Homer's gods? It will be answered, that the author cannot represent them but like what they were thought to be at that time. And to this I reply, that as at that period extravagant ideas were entertained of the divinity, I cannot relish extravagancies either in themselves, or in the author who wrote them. But it is added, that justice should at least be done to his art; we should admire the beauty and description of his paintings, the variety of cadences in his expressions. I admire, if they will, all these traits in themselves, but not in their application, or with regard to what they express. I am sensible that in several grotesque designs, we may relish the skill of the artist; but if the painter gave them us for regular figures, I should esteem neither the work nor the workman.

Taste may be inspired by the representation of a portico; but it should not then be said that it was designed for a belfrey; for in this case we should no longer be able to descry the idea of truth. Fiction, as it is expressed in poems of Homer, contributes neither to the real utility, or the real pleasure of man. When I am desirous of finding wholesome morality and instructive allegories, I will not seek for them in his works; I know where to meet with much better and finer. Let who will
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then admire his poetical eloquence: when he employs it only in fictions, I no longer admire its use; or if there be any thing good in itself, by abstracting it from its application, it is nothing more than a vague ærial ornament. Besides the partizans of this poet would not be satisfied with so trifling an elogium upon him; they want one to have a taste for all the beauties of the design, all the wisdom of composition, for the boldness and justness of the comparisons, for the disposition of the narration; in a word, they would have one think his works should be regarded as the models of epic poetry. But of what is it to us that these should be any models for this kind of poetry? Would our minds be impoverished without epic poems? Is any great advantage to be derived from them to letters? Would the imagination be less joyous? I comprehend of what utility are models for history, treatises of politics and morality, and for the various kinds of eloquence; but an epic poem, which is no more than a series of indifferent and puerile fictions, doth not entitle its author to a rank superior to all others, or his production, consisting of frivolous events, to be compared to the majestic sublimity of holy writ. For to such excess have things been carried, that Homer's friends therefrom draw serious comparisons, which are really risible.

DUKE

Duke of Bedford.

THE foundation of the honours and riches, which appertain to this distinguished young nobleman, is somewhat curious, as the following incident will prove: When Philip, King of Castile, father of the Emperor Charles V. was forced by hard weather into Weymouth haven, he was hospitably received at the seat of Sir Thomas Trenchard, when a Mr. RUSSEL appeared as a principal guest. This gentleman being conversant in the languages of Europe, and accomplished in his manners, contributed highly to the entertainment of the strange Monarch; and in consequence his Majesty wrote to his friend Henry VII. telling him he had a young foldier in his realms who had lost an eye at the siege of Montreile, which was the fact, that would do honour to any court.— Henry, in consequence, sent for him, and ever held him in estimation; but the completion of his fortune was reserved for Henry VIII. who made him Comptroller of the Household & Privy Counsellor; and in 1538 created him LORD RUSSEL, and made him Keeper of the Privy Seal. On the dismembering of the Abbey Lands, some valuable acquisitions were allotted to *Lord Russel*; two mitted territories were among these gifts, *Tavistock* and

and *Thornhaugh*. On the death of Henry VIII. he was created by Edward VI. EARL OF BEDFORD. He died in 1554.

H E A L T H.

THOUGH good health be one of the greatest blessings of life, it is thought necessary prudently to caution women against making a boast of it, and exhort them to enjoy it in grateful silence. For men so naturally associate the idea of female softness and delicacy with a correspondent delicacy of constitution, that when a woman speaks of her great strength, her extraordinary appetite, and her ability to bear excessive fatigue, we recoil at the description in a way she is little aware of.

T A C I T U S.

WHAT the pen can do by engraving ideas, is yet unknown to us. A man shall write ten volumes, and yet saying nothing that will leave an impression on our minds, so as to read him again. Tacitus only writes two lines, and those two lines make us reflect for several days.

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Let us fancy a Tacitus, who should write during three ages on different subjects, with such a genius formed to combine the most distant coherences; we should soon see libraries vanish, whose books would be no longer distinguished from the walls. A pen equal to his, whose every word would raise several ideas, would cause many volumes to disappear, which our short sight still pry into. The writer who has made us conceive the empire one man could have over the whole, is no more. To know how to read him now-a-days, is perhaps no less a rare merit, than knowing how to write.

The mechanism of Tacitus, his style, is truly original. With him the ellipsis is very frequent; as he bounds from one object to another, he rarely touches more than the predominate points; his delicacies must be understood; he suppresses the intermediate ideas; he is an abstruse mind, that seems to have many points of sensibility at once.

It is certainly the impulse of a writer's mind that determines his language. The motion and measure of the expression form, as one may say, the action that discovers the sentiment more or less lively.

Tacitus, with bold precision, observes the unalterable order of ideas. It has been imagined his

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style

style was perpetually abrupt, but it is for want of well understanding him: by the help of conjunctions he manages great things; and when he perceives many connections, he chains by grammatical links, his phrases all depending one on the other, although governed by the primitive idea. His constructions are of the boldest capacity; and when he probes the inmost recesses of the tyrants' heart he imitates the sinuosities of their character, and his penetrating pen dives into the hidden recesses where their crimes lie concealed. The style of this great writer appears complex only because it is rich, rapid, vehement; that he at once gives philosophical and moral impulses; that he exposes the fibrous motives of human actions. Anatomise him, and you will constantly find him endowed with an easy and rapid energy. How natural is his disorder—how genuine his wit! His tongue moulds itself to his vigorous conceptions; and one would be inclined to think he borrows the veil of policy, whilst the writer, as the last stroke of his pencil, leaves the reader to form or finish reflection.

I will not here examine whether he gives the conduct of the Emperors the artifices of his own preceptions, and if mounted on the throne, he would not have been, if he had a mind, even as great a dissembler as Tiberius. He will have every
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action to proceed from a direct cause; he grants scarcely any thing to impulse, from hence it will result, a great deal of wit is necessary to be a bad emperor.

He saw clearly into the utmost recesses of the human heart; but he treats every thing as a politician; he always ascribes the depths of his own genius to characters who could not make such curious observations: one would imagine he looked upon nature and fortune as nothing, as he does not seem to entertain any idea of their power. He turns plain and common actions into subtle and complicated measures; he forgets that disposition sways our actions, and that in all the emotions of crowned heads, temper has a share. But it will be somewhat dangerous that a Prince should read, understand and perfectly comprehend Tacitus; it is the business of a private man to sift his author, and dive into his profound conceptions.



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A N E C D O T E

O F

DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

DAVID GARRICK, Esq. some years ago, had occasion to file a bill, in the court of Chancery, against an attorney at Hampton, to set aside an agreement, surreptitiously obtained, for the purpose of an house there ; and while the late Edmund Hoskins, Esq. was preparing the draught of the bill, Mr. Garrick wrote him the following lines :

*To his Counsellor and Friend, Edmund Hoskins,
Esq. Tom Fool sends greeting.*

On your care must depend the success of my suit,
The contest I mean, 'bout the house in dispute ;
Remember, my friend, an attorney my foe,
And the worst of his tribe, tho' the best are *so so*.
In law, as in life, I know well 'tis a rule,
That a knave will be ever too hard for a fool ;
To which rule one exception your client implores,
That the fool may for once turn the knave out of
doors.

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A N E C D O T E .

O F

DIONYSIUS the YOUNGER.

WHEN Philip, King of Macedon invited Dionysius the younger to dine with him at Corinth, he felt an inclination to deride the father of his royal guest, because he had blended the characters of prince and poet, and had employed his leisure in writing odes and tragedies. "How could the king find leisure," said Philip, "to write these trifles?" "In those hours," answered Dionysius, "which you and I spend in drunkenness and debauchery."



A N E C D O T E

O F

The DUKE of BUCKINGHAM.

THE Duke of Queensbury, in his journey to Scotland, heard that Buckingham lay at a certain Inn, not many miles from the road, in an illness from which he could not recover. His grace charitably paid the sick man a visit, and asked him if he would have a clergyman?

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" I look upon them," says Buckingham, " to be a parcel of filly fellows, who do not trouble themselves about what they teach."

Queensbury then asked, if he would have his chaplain, who was a Presbyterian: " No" said Bucks, " these fellows always make me sick with their whine and cant." Queensbury, taking it for granted that he must be of some religion, and of consequence a Roman Catholic, told him there was a Popish Lord in the neighbourhood, and asked him if he should send for a Priest. " No," says the dying man, these rascals eat God: but " if you know of any set of fellows that eat the " Devil, I should be obliged to you if you would " send for one of them."

A C O M B A T

Between LAW and PHYSICK.

DOCTOR SAUNDERS, some time since, going to his country house in his carriage, was delayed by a turnpike-man, who refused to take the sixpence tendered, saying, " it was a bad one," the doctor looking at it again would have that it was good, and upon the fellow's persisting made his man drive on. The

The turnpike man directly seized the horse reins, when the coachman whipped him most unmercifully, till he was obliged to let go his hold. Doctor S. being known, an action was immediately commenced, but put aside in two courts by the eloquence or interest of the defendant.

However it was instantly renewed in another against the coachman, and not against the doctor. Here the plaintiff obtained a verdict of £ 30 damages, and cast the defendant in costs of suit. But, when he came to Doctor S. thinking he would pay for his servant, he found, unfortunately for him that the coachman, having fallen sick whilst the action was pending, had been put under the care of——, a friend of his master, in Guy's hospital, who had put him safe under the ground three days before! Thus *physick* got the better of *law*.

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MIDNIGHT THOUGHT.

WHILE active thought unseals my eye,
 And midnight darkness shades the sky,
 Be hush'd, my soul ye moments stay,
 While I rejudge the guilty day.
 See conscience glares, more dreadful made
 By silence and the awful shade,
 She points her poignard to my breast,
 And bids my justice speak the rest.
 Then think, my soul, while Heav'n gives breath,
 And antedate the stroke of death !
 Reflect how swift the moments fly,
 Nor linger, unprepar'd to die !
 Pensive revolve, 'ere yet too late,
 The scenes of an eternal state,
 A series of unnumber'd years,
 Or crown'd with joys, or lost in tears,
 What awful hints these thoughts inspire,
 They chill the blood, they pall desire,
 They teach the soul her Heavenly birth,
 And banish all the pomps on earth,
 Here, as in air, a bubble tost :
 Her worth unknown, her genius lost,
 At pleasure's fancy has she drove,
 Forgetful of her seat above !

Oh !

Oh! what such folly can atone?
Reason dejected from her throne;
Let humble penitence restore,
And bid my soul to err no more.
All-clement thou, O God! all just,
The good man's rock, the sinner's trust;
Accept the blood my Saviour shed,
To save from woe this guilty head.
Oh! send thy life restoring grace,
Effuse the lustre of thy face;
From guilt and sorrow set me free,
And guide me, till I come to thee.

DAMON AND ARAMINTA;
OR, THE
Sentimental Lovers.

ARAMINTA was endowed with the most precious gifts, wit, gracefulness, and beauty. With so many charms, and fifty thousand pounds, was it possible that she could fail to please? Her suitors soon were numerous. Beaus, lords, men of actual fortune, and others who were in expectation of one; in short, all who thought themselves amiable, (the number of which is great
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enough) crowded to pay their homage to her. The simperings of the one, the studied compliments of the others, the manners of all, their speeches, their behaviour, amused her. How could they do more? Her judgment was as solid as her heart was tender: to please her, it was necessary to resemble her; and whole ages do not produce a soul like her's. She imagined, however, that she had found it in Eraustus. To a great deal of wit he joined a fine person. Long possessed of the talent of subduing the fair, he thought the conquest of Araminta wanting to crown his glory. He made his addresses to her, sighed, talked of love, was so seducing, and said things with so persuasive an air, that she was almost mistaken: but soon recovering herself, she saw through his motive. "No, Eraustus," said she to him, "you will not deceive me: vanity is the principle of all your actions: you never knew what love is, and nothing else can touch me. Eraustus withdrew: the part he was acting began to be irksome to him.

A few days after, Damon arrived from his travels. At an age when young people think of nothing but pleasure, study was his only occupation. Distinguished by his birth, heir to a considerable estate, handsome, and possessed of every qualification becoming a gentleman, all that knew him

him were astonished at his manifest dislike of the usual diversions of those of his years. It was not that his philosophy was either harsh or gloomy: he always dressed gaily, frequented the best of company, and even said sweet things to the ladies: it was customary so to do, and he complied with the custom. Though he had often declared that he was determined never to marry, he at the same time felt within himself that such a female as his heart desired, would easily make him alter that resolution. "To think (said he) of finding in this age a wife both handsome and affectionate, would be a mere chimera" His error did not last long: he saw Araminta: so many perfections made him feel sentiments which had to him the charms of novelty: he would have dissembled to himself that it was love." "I esteem her, I admire her," said he to one of his friends, "I will even own to you, that if her heart is as tender as her physiognomy and manners seem to speak it to be, I would wish no greater happiness than that of pleasing her; but how can I be sure of it? Appearances are so deceitful! Every thing, now-a-days, is sacrificed to coquetry." A few conversations unveiled to him Araminta's mind: he saw in it such delicate sentiments, so strong an aversion to trifles, so much solidity, so much virtue, that he soon became deeply smitten. Other sentiments

may be mistaken, but true love never can: the marks which characterize it are too remarkable to admit of doubt. Araminta felt the sweetness of being beloved. Damon's tenderness triumphed over her indifference; she loved.

"Yes Damon," said she to him one day, "you have found the way to persuade me, you have found the way to please me, Why should I blush at owning it to you? But, for my satisfaction, for my repose, for my happiness, go, remove to a distance from hence for two years: if your sentiments are not altered by the end of that time, my hand shall be the reward of your constancy."

Damon remonstrated against the cruelty of his sentence, and every argument to induce her to repeal it, and complained of an excess of delicacy which would render him the most unhappy of men. "The putting of my love to a trial," said he, "implies a doubt of my sincerity." "It is endeavouring to secure the happiness of my life; I love too much, not to be beloved with equal ardour. My husband shall be my lover, and I will have in my lover as much constancy as delicacy." Damon replied, but could not gain any thing. Araminta persisted in her resolution. He set out. Araminta had placed in Damon's service a valet-de-chambre, who was quite devoted to her interest,

rest, and who was to inform her of all his master's actions.

When arrived at the town which he had chosen for his place of abode, he shut himself up in his habitation. If he went out sometimes, it was only to take a walk: the most unfrequented and most retired places were those which pleased him best: no friend, no acquaintance, no connection with any one: he seemed to have renounced all communication with mankind. His books and Araminta's letters were his only pleasures. He heard from her often; the most refined sentiments dictated what she wrote. How happy did he esteem himself in his misfortune, to be loved with such delicacy.

The young lady, regularly informed of the life her lover led, ceased not to applaud the choice she had made. "In an age when love is looked upon as no better than an amusement," said she sometimes to her friends, "in which frivolousness is become the appendage of both sexes, in which every thing is sacrificed to vanity, interest, and debauchery; am I not happy in having found a heart like that of Damon's? He alone knows how to love. How pure and serene will be the days which we shall enjoy together! What heart felt pleasures will follow our union! The tenderest reciprocal

reciprocal affection will give them birth, and love will crown all our desires."—The end of Damon's banishment grew near: he was on the point of seeing the long and ardently wished for moment, when he received a letter from Araminta couched in the following terms:

"I was not born to be happy: I have just now experienced it: from the most brilliant situation, I am at once fallen into the most shocking indigence. A misfortune, as sudden as it was unforeseen, has stripped me of all my riches. It is not them that I regret, I assure you; but have I not cause to complain of fate, which tears from me a so tenderly beloved lover? For to imagine that your love can be proof against such a stroke, would be flattering myself too much. Such delicacy of sentiments is no longer known; it would be unjust to require it. Poor is the resource which personal accomplishments afford, when they cease to be supported by money! What I have left, will just suffice to board me in the country; which, in the deplorable situation of my affairs, is the only step I can take: I shall there have time to bewail my misfortunes, to weep for the loss of my lover. Happy, if I can recover that tranquillity of mind, which will from henceforth be the object of my desires!"

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“ How happy am I, dear Araminta, cried Damon, when he had read this letter: “ I saw in you no fault whatever, but that of being too rich: a thousand times, yes, a thousand times have I wished that you had been born in the very bosom of poverty: I shall then have the extatic pleasure, the pleasure so divine to sensible hearts, of heaping wealth upon, of honouring, and of rendering happy the person whom I love. Let us away this moment, let us fly; love shall atone for injustice of fortune.”

He set out directly, animated with the pleasing hope of seeing again the dear object of all his tenderness. Araminta, informed of his departure, took the justest measures to carry on the stratagem which she had devised.

He found her busied in preparing, with her own delicate hands, a frugal repast. A room, which the sun hardly ever lighted, was her apartment, and in it was only a wretched bed, and a few old chairs. “ What occupation! what place of dwelling! Araminta,” cried he: “ dear Araminta, what a change is this! to how low an ebb has fortune reduced you! But, no; fortune cannot reduce you to less than your real value. Can any one do otherwise than admire such moderation, such

such fortitude, under so cruel and so sudden a blow? The greatness of your soul shines with splendour which far eclipses all the tinsel glittering of human grandeur. You thought me capable of sacrificing you to sordid interest. Ah! *Araminta*, did you do justice to my sentiments? Those eyes, those lovely eyes, the sweetness of which charms, enchants, transports into extasy: those finely framed features, that air, that presence, that shape, those graces, that sprightly wit, that solid sense, that heart superior to all praise; those are the riches which I esteem." "No, I will no longer complain of the rigours of fortune," replied *Araminta*; "I have on the contrary, cause to praise them. How sweet is it to me to be beloved with such delicacy!"

"How agreeable do your sentiments, dear *Damon*, flatter mine! Our hearts are made for each other: nothing but their re-union can render us happy; and had it not been for the (shall I call it happy or unhappy) event which has deprived me of all my riches, should I ever have tasted so pure a pleasure as that which I now feel? Too delicate, too fond, not to have created to myself imaginary pains, I should perhaps have imputed your love to a motive of interest. Thanks to fortune, my fears are banished, and my happiness

piness is sure ; at least I venture to flatter myself with that idea."

What did Damon not do to express to Araminta his extreme sensibility of all her kind and endearing words? He fell at her feet : his sighs, some tears, his silence, spoke for him. In such a situation as Damon's was, silence is the most pathetic eloquence. Nothing opposed the happiness of our two lovers : they both thought it time to seal it : the day was fixed for the celebration of their marriage. With what pleasure did Damon see that so wished-for a day arrived! Every thing was ready for the ceremony, when Araminta was taken with a dizziness, the consequences of which were dreadful. The small-pox appeared upon her with the most alarming symptoms. Two days of illness brought her to the last extremity. Damon is informed of Araminta's danger; he flies to her apartment, notwithstanding her strict command that he should not come near her then. In what a condition does he find her! A livid paleness, eyes which had lost all their liveliness, a difficulty of breathing, all seemed to portend a speedy death. What a sight was this for a lover!—" Ah! Damon," said she, with a feeble and faltering voice, " what have you done? Why have you disobeyed my orders? Why are

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you

you come to disturb my last moments? Your tenderness doubles my sufferings, by encreasing the love of life so natural to man. With what reluctance do I resign myself to the will of Heaven! Dear lover, dear husband, you alone possess all my thoughts, even in those moments when they ought to be far differently employed. How cruel is that idea of not seeing you again!" Too deeply afflicted to be able to complain, Damon could not utter a word. Dejectedness, anguish, tears, and heart-breaking sighs, spoke sufficiently for him.

Heaven took pity on his sufferings. After some days of alarms, Araminta began to mend, and there were hopes that she might recover. Her youth, and the goodness of her constitution saved her. What joy to Damon! With what transports did he receive the news of her recovery! It must be owned, pain always heightens the enjoyment of pleasure. The greater the fear of losing Araminta had been, the sweeter did the happiness of possessing her seem to Damon.

The young lady herself was not quite so contented: she was afraid for her beauty. Not that, like most women she devoted all her care, all her regard, and all her peace of mind, to so frivolous
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an advantage: no, doubtless, Araminta thought too solidly to set any great value upon a thing so frail, upon a flower which the least breath of wind may fade: but that beauty secured to her the heart of a lover tenderly beloved, could she do otherwise than fear to lose him?

She was no sooner out of danger, than, not chusing to be seen by Damon in the condition she then was, she sent him word that she begged of him to let some time pass before he came to her again. Damon complained; but he loved, and consequently obeyed.

Araminta consulted her glass every day; it taught her whether she was to hope or fear. Her fluctuating between fear and hope ended. The mask which disfigured her face dropped off, and all her features re-appeared as fine as before: her complexion resumed its former delicacy, she never was so handsome.

"A thought comes into my head," said she one day to one of her friends, from whom she kept nothing secret, "you will think it a mad one; but I am determined to try it, be the consequence what it will: Damon loves me, I cannot doubt it: but if that love is founded on that little share of beauty ought I to expect to keep his heart long? It

is on the possession of that heart that the happiness of my life depends. Can I take too many precautions to be sure of it? I will not have a transient happiness; I should feel too deeply any change therein. Neither absence, nor the supposed loss of all my riches, have been able to alter Damon. Let us see whether his love will bear the loss of my beauty."—

In vain was it remonstrated to Araminta that this would be too severe a trial; that in building so high the fabric of her happiness, she ran a hazard of seeing the whole structure tumble down; that people become habituated to the figure of a person, and that the changes which happen to it are neither so great nor so sudden as to endanger what she apprehended; that at her age those changes were to be seen at so great a distance, that it was silly to be uneasy about them; that besides, Damon discovering every day in her a thousand amiable qualities, would not even perceive the diminution of her beauty: all was to no purpose. Immoveably fixed in her resolution, she wrote the following letter to Damon:

"It is now that my misfortunes are past all remedy: fortune has at length exhausted upon me all her spite. That beauty which women prize so much;

much; that beauty which was so dear to me because I believed all your affection for me was owing to it, is for ever lost, and with it the hope of being Damon's bride. Cruel reflection! If you doubt the truth of what I say, let your own eyes convince you. May I yet depend upon your heart? I have nothing but love to offer you: will that be enough for Damon? It would be enough for the affectionate and unhappy Araminta."

"It will be enough for me too," cried Damon with transport; "your affection can alone crown all my wishes." He flies to Araminta's: she expects his coming; and had with drugs prepared for the purpose, and applied to her face, entirely altered her countenance. Damon did not know her, but by the emotion he felt. What a moment was this for Araminta! Her fate was going to be determined: she loved to distraction; could she be easy?

"No, Araminta," said Damon, "astonishingly amazing as this alteration is, it shall not produce any in me; I still am the same: wonderful as your beauty was, it was not that which charmed me: the excellencies of your mind, the sweetness of your temper, and, above all, that heart which would alone dispense you from any other merit; these

these were the objects which inspired me with a passion, which will not end but with my life. Defer then no longer the completion of my happiness; let the sacred rites of marriage unite us instantly." "It was too much, my dear Damon," answered Araminta, "it was too much: you shall be happy; deserve to be so; your heart is such as mine desires; nothing will from henceforth disturb our felicity; all that I have done, was only to try you: you shall judge yourself whether I am still worthy to please you." At these words she wiped off the kind of mask which disfigured her: never was she so beautiful. "What do I see!" cried Damon, transported with surprise: "Do you know that my delicacy does not at all relish the trick you have played me? You doubted then of my sincerity, and of the continuance of my love." "I did not doubt it, Damon; but I was afraid of losing your heart in losing my beauty: I now am satisfied, and completely happy. I will tell you more; the loss of my fortune was only an invention to try your love: I still am mistress of the same riches." "What! new subjects of complaint! Could you think me capable of being influenced by mercenary views? Ah, Araminta! did I deserve such suspicions?"

Love undertook Araminta's defence: nothing could be laid to her charge but too much delicacy:

ty; she was soon justified in Damon's opinion: he fell at her knees, and besought her no longer to oppose his happiness. They were married the same day. Less husband and wife, than lovers, their union proved to them an inexhaustible source of pleasures.—In an age, in which men think they wrong themselves in loving their wives, Damon's affection was at first turned into ridicule, and a thousand insipid jokes were afterwards cut upon it. He stood them, and a general esteem succeeded the ill-placed raillery.—Such is the usual effect of virtue. Damon was ever after looked upon as the model of lovers, and of husbands.



T H E

FATAL SEPARATION.

THAT peace is a blessing of inestimable value, and that war is a calamity deeply to be deplored, every man who feels the slightest emotions of philanthropy in his bosom, must readily allow. What mournful scenes in private families have the flames of war already occasioned! How many more such scenes may justly be apprehended! During the last American war, an amiable girl, the daughter of an ingenious manufacturer in the north

north of England, had such strong prepossessions in favour of a young man, the son of a reputable neighbour of the same profession, that she looked upon him as absolutely necessary to her happiness; and her attachment to him was accompanied with the most pleasing reflections, as she discovered in every part of his behaviour the most flattering regard from her. Charles and Sally (their first names are of no consequence) were not only fondly attached to each other, but felt a considerable addition to their mutual satisfaction by the approbation of their respective parents; who, with an equal desire to form a family alliance, soon proceeded to lay a foundation for their future felicity.

When the fathers, on both sides, had settled every thing of the pecuniary kind, for the advantage of their children, they permitted them to make preparations for their wedding.

This intelligence was received by the affectionate couple with all the pleasure expected from the communication of it; and they both behaved in the most filial manner upon the animating occasion. So exemplary indeed, was their whole deportment, that it is not easy to say whether the father of Sally, or the father of Charles, were the most parentally delighted.

Sally,

Sally, assisted kindly by a mother who was unexceptionable in the character of a wife, in providing what was necessary for her setting out in a new style, received also from that mother what was of no small importance to her, a great deal of wholesome advice.

Some of her admonitions, though trite, may be read with profit by many of the young women of the age, on the point of matrimony; by those especially who are so well satisfied with their abilities for the conduct of a married life, as to suppose any conjugal instructions affronts to their understandings.

In the following language, Sally was, one day, addressed by her mother, a plain, sensible woman, who without the self-sufficiency and affectation of a fine lady was intrinsically of more worth than half the fine ladies in Kent or Christendom.

You are now, my dear, going to be your own mistress, and I have so good opinion of you as to believe that you will pride yourself on being a good wife. I believe too, that you very well know the behaviour proper for a wife in every situation: but though I have such a favourable opinion of you, I cannot help mentioning a few particulars relating to a woman's behaviour to the

man she marries, which well deserve your consideration—In the first place, my dear Sally, make yourself thoroughly acquainted with the temper of your lover, as you are inseparably united to him (for no man's temper can be thoroughly known before marriage) and accommodate your own to all its various changes, so that he may never have reason to charge you with having put him out of humour, Secondly, endeavour to make him place an unlimited confidence in you; and when you have gained that point, take every opportunity to do something to encrease his dependence on your discretion. Thirdly, be particularly attentive to every thing committed to your care; and in the management of your domestic affairs let your husband see that you study to act agreeable to his judgment, and to give him satisfaction.

These admonitions, with several others, equally well intended, were heard with patience. and remembered with pleasure: and it is highly probable that Sally would have squared her conduct after marriage, by them, had her wishes been compleated.

While Charles and Sally were preparing, with equal alacrity, to enter into the state to which their inclinations strongly led them, the latter met
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with a considerable disappointment, in consequence of the unlooked for behaviour of the former; which shocked her spirits to such a degree, that her health was evidently injured by it.

Charles, having received a letter from a young fellow of his acquaintance, a town's-man, an Ensign in one of the regiments sent to reinforce the army in America, was so animated by the account he gave of our success there, and with the encouragement given to all those who had distinguished themselves by their courage or conduct, that he felt himself seized with the military fever, and ardently longed to "bind his brows with victorious wreaths."

Charles, under the influence of his passion now appeared in a very romantic light to all his relations, and most of his friends, as he seemed not, setting aside his personal prowess, to be properly qualified for a soldier's life, his new passion, however, did not weaken the force of his attachment to his Sally, but all which even she could urge in order to prevent the needless exposure of his person in a remote country, was not forcible enough to make him give up his martial designs: he offered, indeed, to marry her before he embarked a volunteer to the American continent: but she

chose rather to wait for his return to his native land, than to undergo the double anxieties of a fond mistress, and a widowed wife. She had no doubts of his fidelity; but she had many, innumerable fears for his safety. With sighs she saw him wave his hand to her while he was under sail; and when her strained eyes could no longer perceive, with distinctness, the handkerchief which she had herself worked for him, she was conveyed, bathed in tears to her father's house, unable to support the pangs of separation. There her confederate, and much affected parents, did all in their power to console her, and hoped to alleviate the weight of her tender sorrows, by reminding her of his parting expressions.—“Be assured, my dearest Sally, (said he, when he took leave of her,) that I shall do nothing during my absence from you, to make you ashamed of your choice; and that I shall return with transports to your affectionate arms, when I have merited the applause of my king, by contributing to the defeat of his enemies.”

The repetition of these spirited expressions only served to render Sally more afflicted; for knowing her lover had a large share of that sort of courage which borders upon temerity, she could not think of his putting himself under military discipline, without supposing at the same time, that his intrepidity

pidity would hurry him with a precipitance more to be admired than commended, unto dangerous situations.

With an impatience not to be described, Sally waited for news from her Charles, who had promised to write to her as soon as he came to New York, where he intended to land, having letters of recommendation in his pocket to several merchants in that town.

In a short time after Charles' departure from England, the father of Sally, in consequence of his connection with a bold adventurer, was reduced to a very distressful state. In that state, however, he was visited by an opulent gentleman, who promised to restore him to his former prosperity, if he would give him his daughter in marriage; who was, he said, absolutely necessary to his happiness, and who had positively, he also said, refused to comply with his solicitations. Poor Sally was now plunged into a new affliction; and a severe conflict did she endure between her love for Charles and her filial affection.

While she was in this perplexing condition, a letter came to her father from one of his American correspondents, which informed him that Charles had fallen in the first battle that was fought after his arrival.

Sally

Sally wept bitterly when this melancholy intelligence was imparted to her; but hearing in a few minutes afterwards, that her father was on the point of being sent to prison, she consented to marry the man whose generous offers she had rejected. Scarce had Sally been married a "little month," when Charles returned, not only full of health, and full of love, but with considerable share of military reputation. He had not fallen in the field of battle; but it was the death of an officer of his name, which had occasioned the information received by the father of his mistress concerning him.

The first news which Charles heard upon his return to England, was the marriage of his Sally; the first news which she heard of it almost unbanned her intellects. His return indeed, proved very unfortunate both to her and himself: it plunged her into a torpid state, which deprived her of all relish for existence; and it drove him into a life of ebriety, for the dispersion of reflections not to be supported: from which he was, it is true soon released, but in a manner greatly lamented by all who loved and esteemed him—by his own rash hand.

ANEC-

(199)

A N E C D O T E
O F
D E A N S W I F T.

IN the year 1726, Swift attended the levée of Sir Robert Walpole, at Chelsea; where he sat down by the door, and drew the notice of the company by that singularity. Nobody knew him till Sir Robert entered, and went up to him very obligingly, Swift, without rising up, or other address, said, "For God's sake, Sir Robert, take me out of that cursed country, and place me somewhere in England." 'Mr. Dean,' (said Sir Robert) 'I should be glad to oblige you, but I fear removing you will spoil your wit. Look at that tree; (pointing to one under the window) 'I transplanted it from the hungry soil of Houghton to the Thames side, but it is good for nothing here! The company laughed, and the Doctor hurried off without reply.

ANEC-



A N E C D O T E

O F

SIR EDWARD PELLEW.

THE French General's Lady, who was on board the *Virginie*, lately captured by Sir Edward Pellew, was in bed when the action commenced, but was soon removed to a place of more safety; and in three minutes after she had left the bed, a shot tore it in pieces, knocked off the head of one man, and the arm of another. She was removed to the *Indefatigable*, and appeared to be overcome with terror and affliction. Sir Edward remonstrated with her, said all danger was over, that she and her son were safe, and promised her every protection in his power, begging of her, at the same, to say what was the cause of her terror. She acknowledged that she had been told, if she was taken by the English, she would be illtreated; but Sir Edward soon quieted her fears on that head. Seeing soon after an American vessel, he brought her to, and paid the Captain a sum of money to carry her and her son to her husband at Rochfort: he accompanying her to the vessel, and, on parting, she held out her hand to him, said she had not words to thank him, and put a diamond-ring in his hand, which he instantly returned, saying,

ing, he could not think of accepting it; and, flattering her, assured her he was amply repaid for any little attentions he had been able to shew her. Such an anecdote relieves one's mind amidst the horrors of war, and speaks much in favour of our gallant countryman.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTES.

ALEXANDER SEVERUS, the Roman emperor, was by nature liberal, and by principle an economist; affable in his manners, frugal in his diet, and simple in his dress. The majesty of the empire, says he, is to be supported by virtue, and not by the ostentation of riches. This prince would never suffer any office of trust or power to be sold, remarking that he who bought by wholesale, must sell by retail.

When some merchants made application to him for a piece of ground which the Christians had set apart for building a church on, he replied, it was of much more consequence that God should be adored in any manner; than that merchants should have any particular spot assigned them in preference to another, to carry on their commerce.

THE city of Dantzick takes its name from the German word Dantzen, which signifies *to dance*. The story of this etymology is, that certain peasants being accustomed to assemble upon the spot where Dantzick now stands, to celebrate festivals with rural sports, took a fancy to build a village upon it; for this purpose, they applied to the Bishop, who was the owner of the domain, who granted them as much ground as they could encircle, holding each other by the hand in a ring, and dancing round it.

A N E C D O T E

O F

The EMPEROR—JOSEPH II.

THE Emperor's generosity was not confined to men of distinguished merit, whom it is an honour to oblige. His purse was always open whenever he met with a proper though obscure object of charity. Going one morning into an elegant coffee-house, he asked for a dish of chocolate: he was simply dressed, and the waiters insolently refused it, under pretence that it was too early. He walked out without saying a word, and went into a small coffee-house, nicknamed

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the one-eyed; he asked for a dish of chocolate, and the landlord answered him politely, that it would be ready in a moment. While he waited for it as the coffee-house was empty, he walked up and down, and was conversing on different subjects, when the daughter of the house, a very pretty girl, came down stairs: the count wished her a good day, the ordinary salutation in France, and said to her father, that it was time for her to be married. "Alas! replied the old man, if I had a thousand crowns, I could marry her to a handsome young man who is fond of her; but the chocolate is ready." The Emperor having drank and paid, asked for paper, pen, and ink; the girl runs to fetch them, having no idea how they were to be employed; Count Falkenstein gave her an order on his banker for six thousand livres.



A N E C D O T E

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The PRINCE of WALES.

PREVIOUS to the last masquerade at the King's theatre, his Royal Highness was so feriously indisposed as to require the attendance of Dr. Reynolds, who, upon being asked whether

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the Royal Patient might with safety venture to the Opera House, gave his decided negative. The Prince was dissatisfied with the Doctor's mandate, at the same time assured him, no exertion on his part would be requisite, as he intended going in a *Domino*. The stern and inexorable doctor, still persisting in his opinion, added, that he would not answer for the consequence of such imprudence, it might occasion his Royal Highness's death; upon which the Prince immediately said, "*Beati sunt illi, qui moriuntur in Domino.*"

A N

ODE on SCIENCE,

By DEAN SWIFT.

OH heavenly born! in deepest cells
 If fairest science ever dwells
 Beneath the mossy cave;
 Indulge the verdure of the woods;
 With azure beauty gild the floods,
 And flowery carpets lave;
 For melancholy ever reigns
 Delighted in the sylvan scenes
 With scientific light;

While

While Dian, huntress of the vales,
Seeks lulling sounds and fanning gales,
 Tho' rapt from mortal fight.
Yet, goddess, yet, the way explore
With magic rites and heathen lore
 Obstructed and depress'd :
'Till wisdom give the sacred nine,
Untaught, nor uninspir'd to shine,
 By reason's power redress'd.
When Solon and Lycurgus taught,
To moralize the human thought
 Of mad opinion's maze,
To erring zeal they gave new laws.
Thy charms, O liberty ! the cause
 That blends congenial rays.
Bid bright Astræa gild the morn,
Or bid a hundred suns be born,
 To hecatomb the year ;
Without thy aid in vain the poles :
In vain the zodiac system rolls :
 In vain the lunar sphere.
Come fairest Princess of the throng,
Bring sweet philosophy along
 In metaphysic dreams ;
While raptur'd bards no more behold
A vernal age of purer gold
 In Heliconian streams.

Drive thralldom with malignant hand,
To curse some other destin'd land

By folly led astray :

Ierne bear on azure wing;
Energic let her soar and sing

Thy universal sway.

So when Amphion bade the lyre
To more majestic sound aspire,

Behold the madding throng,

In wonder and oblivion drown'd,

To sculpture turn'd to magic sound,

And petrifying to rig.



A N

A N E C D O T E.

“MY LORD, (said a prig of a sheriff once to Judge Burnet, on the circuit) there is a white bear in our town; your lordship, be sure, will go and see him: shall I have the honour to attend your lordship?”

“Why,” replied the judge “I am afraid it cannot be; because, you know, Mr. Sheriff, the bear and I both travel with trumpets: and it has never

never yet been settled, which should make the first visit."

The same personage, when he was only plain Tom Burnet, took it into his head to write a pamphlet, which did some execution, against the ministry. The great man complained to the bishop, who sending for Tom, "What," says he, "could induce you to do such a thing?" "I make you a very handsome allowance. You could not write it for bread." "No, sir," said Tom. "What did you write it for then, sirrah?" "For drink, sir."



O N

SELF APPROBATION.

OF all intellectual pleasures, Lord Shaftesbury observes, that self-approbation, that sunshine of the soul, is the greatest and most lasting; the eye is not so satisfied with seeing, nor the ear with hearing: the pleasures of the imagination, tho' great, affect but a small part of mankind; and as our faculties decline, they lose their relish; but self-approbation, from early youth to decrepid old age, is a continual source of joy.

GRA-

GRATITUDE.

*A Mark of true Magnanimity: Exemplified
in the History of Topal Osman.*

TOPAL OSMAN, who had received his education in the Seraglio, being in the year 1698, about the age of twenty five, was sent with the Sultan's orders to the Bashaw of Cairo. He travelled by land to Saed; and, being afraid of the Arabs who rove about plundering passengers and caravans, he embarked on board a Turkish vessel, bound to Damietta, a city on the Nile. In this short passage they were attacked by a Spanish privateer, and a bloody action ensued. Topal Osman gave here the first proofs of that intrepidity, by which he was so often signalized afterwards. The crew, animated by his example, fought with great bravery; but superior numbers at last prevailed, and Osman was taken prisoner, after being dangerously wounded in the arm and thigh. Osman's gallantry induced the Spanish captain to pay him particular regard: but his wounds were still in a bad way when he was carried to Malta, whether the privateer went to refit. The wound in his thigh was the most dangerous, and he was lame of it ever after; for which he had the name of Topal or Cripple. At that time Vincent Arnaud,

naud, a native of Marfeilles, was commander of the port of Malta, who, as his business required, went on board the privateer, so soon as she came to anchor. Osman no sooner saw Arnaud, than he said to him, can you do a generous action? Ransom me, and take my word, you shall lose nothing by it. Such a request from a slave in chains was uncommon; but the manner in which it was delivered, made an impression upon the Frenchman; who turning to the Captain of the privateer, asked what he demanded for the ransom. He answered one thousand sequins (near five hundred pounds) Arnaud, turning to the Turk, said, I know nothing of you; would you have me risk one thousand sequins on your bare word? Each of us act in this, replied the Turk, with consistency, I am in chains, and therefore take every method to recover my liberty; and you may have reason to distrust a stranger. I have nothing at present but my word to give you; nor do I pretend to assign any reason why you should trust to it. I can only say, that, if you incline to act a generous part, you shall have no reason to repent." The commander upon this, went to make his report to the Grand Master, Don Perellos. The air with which Osman delivered himself, wrought so upon Arnaud, that he returned immediately on board the Spanish vessel, and agreed with the cap-

tain for six hundred sequins, which he paid as the price of Ofman's liberty. He put him on board a vessel of his own, and provided him a surgeon, with every thing necessary for his entertainment and cure. Ofman had mentioned to his benefactor, that he might write to Constantinople for the money he had advanced; but finding himself in the hands of a man who had trusted so much to his honour he was emboldened to ask another favour; which was to leave the payment of the ransom entirely to him. Arnaud discern'd, that in such a case things were not to be done by halves, He agreed to the proposal with a good grace; and shewed him every other mark of generosity and friendship.

Accordingly Ofman, so soon as he was in a condition, set out again upon his voyage, The French colours now protected him from the privateers. In a short time he reached Damietta, and sailed up the Nile to Cario. No sooner was he arrived there, than he delivered one thousand sequins to the master of the vessel, to be paid to his benefactor Arnaud, together with some rich furs; and he gave the master of the vessel himself five hundred crowns, as a present. He executed the orders of the Sultan his master with the Bashaw of Cario; and setting out for Constantinople,

was

was the first who brought the news of his slavery. The favour received from Arnaud, in such circumstances, made an impression upon a generous mind too deep to be eradicated. During the whole course of his life, he did not cease, by letters and other acknowledgments, to testify his gratitude.

In the year 1715 war was declared between the Venetians and Turks. The grand Vizir, who had projected the invasion of the Morea, assembled the Ottoman army near the isthmus of Corinth, the only pass by which this peninsula can be attacked by land. Topal Osman was charged with the command to force the pass; which he not only executed successfully, but afterwards took the city of Corinth by assault. For this service he was rewarded by being made a Bashaw of two tails. The next year he served as lieutenant-general under the grand Vizir, at the siege of Corfu, which the Turks were obliged to abandon.

Osman staid three days before the place, to secure and conduct the retreat of the Ottoman troops. In the year 1722 he was appointed Seraskier (general in chief) and had the command of the army in the Morea. When the consuls of the different nations came to pay their respects, to him in this quality, he distinguished the French

by peculiar marks of friendship and protection. Inform Vincent Arnaud, says he, that I am fonder of my new dignity, as it enables me to serve him. Let me have his son in pledge of our friendship; and I will charge myself with making his fortune." Accordingly Arnaud's son went into the Morea, and the Seraskier not only made him presents, but granted him privileges and advantages which soon put him in a way of acquiring an estate. Topal Osman's parts and abilities soon raised him to a greater command. He was made a Bashaw of three tails, and Beglerberg of Romania, one of the greatest governments in the Empire, and of the greatest importance, by its vicinity to Hungary.

His residence during his government was at Nyssa. In the year 1727, Vincent Arnaud and his son waited on him there, and were received with the greatest tenderness. Laying aside the bashaw and governor, he embraced them, caused them to be served with sherbet and perfumes, and made them sit on the same sofa with himself; an honour but rarely bestowed by a bashaw of the first order, and hardly ever to a christian. After these marks of distinction, he sent them away loaded with presents. In the great revolution which happened at Constantinople, Anno 1739
the

the grand Vizier Ibrahim perished. The times were so tumultuary, that one and the same year had seen no fewer than three successive Vizirs. In September 1731 Topal Osman was called from his government to fill this place; which being the highest in the Ottoman empire, and perhaps, the highest that any subject in the world enjoys, is always dangerous, and was then greatly so.

He no sooner arrived at Constantinople to take possession of his new dignity, than he desired the French Ambassador to inform his old benefactor of his advancement; and that he should hasten to Constantinople while things remained in the present situation adding that a grand Vizir seldom kept long in his station. In the month of January 1732 Arnaud with his son, arrived at Constantinople from Malta, bringing with them variety of presents, and twelve Turks whom he had ransomed from slavery, these by command of the Vizir, were ranged in order before him. Vincent Arnaud, now seventy-two years old, with his son, was brought before Topal Osman, grand vizir of the Ottoman empire. He received them in the presence of the great officers of state, with the utmost marks of affection. Then turning to those about him and pointing to the ransomed Turks: "Behold, says he, these your brethren, now enjoying

joying the sweets of liberty, after having groaned in slavery: this Frenchman is their deliverer. I was myself a slave; loaded with chains, streaming in blood, and covered with wounds: this is the man who redeemed and save me; this is my master and benefactor: to him I am indebted for life, liberty, fortune, and every thing I enjoy. Without knowing me, he paid for me a large ransom, sent me away upon my bare word, and gave me a ship to carry me. Where is there a Mussulman capable of such generosity?" While Osman was speaking, all eyes were fixed on Arnaud who held the grand Vizir's hands closely locked between his own: the Vizir then asked both father and son many questions concerning their situation and fortune, heard their answers with kindness and attention, and then ended with an Arabic sentence *Alla Herim* (the providence of God is great,) he made, before them, the distribution of the presents they had brought, the greatest part of which he sent to the Sultan, the Sultana mother and the Kissler Aga (chief of the black Eunuchs). Upon which the two Frenchmen made their obedience and retired.

After this ceremony was over, the son of the grand Vizir took them to his apartments, where he treated them with great kindness. Sometime before they left Constantinople, they had a conference

ence in private with the Vizir, who divested himself of all state and ceremony. He let them understand, that the nature of his situation would not permit him to do as he desired, since a minister ever appears in the eyes of many, to do nothing without a view to his own particular interest; adding that a Bashaw was lord and master in his own province, but that the grand Vizir at Constantinople had a master greater than himself. He caused them to be amply paid for the ransom of the Turks, and likewise procured payment of a debt which they had looked on as desperate, he also made them large presents in money, and gave them an order for taking a loading of corn at Salonica: which was likely to be very profitable, as the exportation of corn from that Port had been for a long time prohibited. As his gratitude was without bounds, his liberality was the same. His behaviour to his benefactor demonstrated that greatness of soul which displayed itself in every action of his life. And this behaviour must appear the more generous, when it is considered what contempt and aversion the prejudices of education create in a Turk against a christian.

THE

T H E
F R I E N D :

THE fastest Friend the world affords
Is quickly from me gone ;
Faithless behold him turn his back,
And leave me all alone !

“ My friend, sincerely yours *till death* : ”
The world no further goes ;
Perhaps, while *earth* to *earth* is laid,
A tear of pity flows.

Be thou, my *Saviour* then my *friend*,
In thee my soul shall trust,
Who false will never prove in death,
Nor leave me in the dust.

Home while my other friends return,
All solemn, silent, sad,
With thee my flesh shall rest in hope,
And all my bones be glad.

TO



TO
SUBDUE PRIDE.

CONSIDER what you shall be. Your flesh returns to corruption and common earth again; nor shall your dust be distinguished from the meanest beggar or slave; no, nor from the dust of brutes and insects, or the most contemptible of creatures. And as for your soul, that must stand before God, in the world of spirits, on a level with the rest of mankind, and divested of all your haughty and flattering circumstances. None of your vain distinctions in this life shall attend you to the judgment-seat. Keep this tribunal in view, and pride will wither, and hang down its head.

A N E C D O T E

OF

Duc De Guisè, called Le Balafre.

IN 1640, the Parliament of Paris gave this distinguished prince the noble title of "the preserver of his country;"—an honourable title, which his eminent qualities of mind and of body well deserved, had they not been tarnished with insolence and ambition.

F f

At

At the battle of Renti, M. de St. Fal, one of his lieutenants, advancing too hastily towards the enemy, he gave him a stroke with his sword upon his helmet, and stopped him. After the battle, the Duke being told that St. Fal was much hurt at the affront he supposed himself to have received, sent for him to the King's tent, in which were the sovereign and the principal general officers, and told him, "M. de St. Fal you are offended, I find, at the blow which I gave you for advancing too hastily; but it is surely much better, that I should have given it to you to make you stop, than to make you advance. The blow is surely more honorable than disgraceful to you. I ask the opinion of these gentlemen." They one and all declaring, that a blow given to repress an excess of ardour, and of courage, conferred more honor than disgrace. St. Fal was satisfied.

T H E
G E N E R O U S R I V A L .
A T A L E .

I HAVE always been of opinion, that those harmless delusions which have a tendency to promote happiness, ought, in some measure, to be cherished. The airy visions of creative fancy, serve

serve to divert the mind from grief, and render less poignant the bitter stings of misfortune. Hope was given to man, to enable him to struggle with adversity; and, without her cheering smile, the most trifling distress would cut the thread of life. It was this fascinating deity that eased the love-lorn Edwin's fears: her gentle whispers soothed each froward care, and extended his view to scenes of fancied bliss—to that unhappy moment when propitious fortune should present him with the hand of Laura. Pleasing delusion! delightful thought! that made the moment of separation less painful, that soothed the rugged front of peril, and softened the rude aspect of terrifick war.

Edwin was the son of a merchant of some repute in the metropolis: at the commencement of the present war, he received an appointment in the army, and was soon after sent with his regiment to the continent.

Laura was the daughter of a banker of considerable eminence, a member of the British senate, and possessed of a very extensive fortune.

The attachment that subsisted between these young people was unknown to Laura's father, the proud, imperious Mr. Dalby, who expected to marry her to some person of distinction; or at least,

with one who was equal in point of wealth to himself. For this purpose, he invited the most wealthy part of the senate, peers and commons, to his splendid mansion at the west end of the town; having totally deserted that which had been for many generations the residence of his ancestors, in the east.

Miss Dalby possessed, in an eminent degree, the beauties of the mind, as well as those of the person; which, exclusive of her fortune, were sufficiently attractive to a man of sense and discernment. Many of these visitors became candidates for her election: most of them, however were rejected by her father, to whom she was enjoined to report the name and rank of each person who addressed her on the score of love. Some, the most wealthy, she was instructed to flatter with hopes of being the happy man; reserving her affections for him whom the venal parent should select to be her husband. It was some time before Dalby could fix his choice, which long hung suspended between an Earl and a Viscount, of nearly equal fortune: at length, the appearance of a ducal coronet banished from his mind both the one and the other; and he vainly flattered himself, in future to address his daughter by the high sounding title of— *Your Grace*.

The

The young Duke Delancy, led by curiosity to behold the lady who was thus exposed to sale—for it seems, the intention of Mr. Dalby was generally known—became enamoured of her person; and, on conversing with her, found her every thing he could wish. He instantly made proposals to Mr. Dalby; which, it is almost needless to say, were as instantly accepted. His grace, knowing that the consent of the daughter would avail him but little, without possessing that of the father, had not discovered to Laura the partiality he entertained for her; but having, as he imagined, secured the main chance, made a formal declaration of his love.

Laura listened with profound attention to the impassionate assurance of affection of the noble duke; and when he paused, in expectation of receiving a confirmation of his hopes, she raised her blushing eyes, wet with the tears of anguish, from the ground; and thanking him for the honour he intended her, candidly acknowledged the pre-engagement she was under to the absent Edwin.

Charmed with her candour, and interested by her artless tale, he determined to resign his pretensions, and support the cause of the young soldier.

Laura had preserved a regular correspondence
with

with her lover; and he was, therefore, but too well informed of the desperate situation of his suite. He longed to fly to the arms of his mistress, but scorned to desert his post. At length, fortune gave him an opportunity of realizing his wishes, at a moment when he least expected it. The Republican army suddenly attacked, in great force, the allied troops: an obstinate battle ensued, in which Edwin particularly distinguished himself; the enemy were completely routed; and the young soldier, for the courage he displayed in the action, was sent to England with the gladsome tidings of victory. Having delivered the dispatches with which he had been charged, he hastened to the house of Mr. Dalby; and, gained admittance, ran up stairs into the drawing-room, where he discovered his noble rival with the mistress of his heart. His sudden and unexpected appearance threw the lovely Laura into some disorder; and it was with much difficulty she retained spirits sufficient to meet her lover's fond embrace.

At this critical moment, Mr. Dalby entered the room; having from his study seen an officer cross the hall, and ascend the staircase. The words, "My dear, dear Laura! and do I once more behold thee in my arms?" from the enraptured Edwin,

win,

win, caught the ears of the astonished Dalby, who stood fixed and motionless, mute, and almost discrediting the organs both of sight and hearing. "Had I known, Sir," said his Grace, who beheld with as much pleasure and delight the agitation of Dalby, as the happiness of the youthful pair, "that the affections of your daughter had been placed on another object, I should not have offered the smallest violence to her inclination.

"My Lord—my Lord!" stammered out the enraged parent, "she is under no such engagement as you suppose." Then stepping up to Edwin—"And, pray, who the devil are you, Sir? Some fortune-hunter, I suppose! but you have missed your mark, young man: be pleased, therefore, to leave my house, and, if you venture here again, I shall find means—"

"My dear father!" said Laura, interrupting him, "you surely forget yourself! The gentleman whom you thus rudely threaten, is our neighbour's son, Mr. Langley, the West India merchant, in Lombard street.

"Mr. Langley's son!"

"Yes, Sir, returned Edwin;" and, though not blessed with equal fortune with yourself, I have yet sufficient to support the rank of a gentleman. I
love

love your daughter; I long have loved her; and she has taught me to believe that she returns my affection. I ask no fortune; give me my Laura, and dispose of your wealth in whatever manner you please!"

"Very romantic, faith!—And pray, fellow, do you know who you speak so freely to?"

O, very well, Sir!

"That I am George Dalby, Esq. a member of the house of commons?" Edwin bowed. "And that I have an estate, free and unincumbered—look you, Sir, free and unincumbered—that nets 10,000*l.* a year!"

"To none of these acquisitions am I stranger, Sir" returned Edwin.

"And you, Laura, will you so far disgrace yourself and me, to throw yourself away on a dry salter's son?—A fortune hunter!—A beggar!"

"A what, Sir!" interrupted Edwin, with much warmth. "But I forgot myself—you are my Laura's father!"

"Sir, said Laura, "I confess that I entertain a partiality for Edwin. I know his worth; and will
renounce

renounce all titles, rank and distinction, wealth and pleasure, to live the partner of his life!"

"Then, by heaven! as I know my worth, I will renounce you for ever! and, hence with your paramour! — you shall never more enter my doors!"

"Be it so," said the Duke, "mine are open to receive them! My house, my home, my fortune, all are theirs; they shall use them at their pleasure; they shall live in ease, in competence, and enjoy the pleasures of their loves: while mad ambition, insatiate avarice, and increasing pride, shall torture you with never-ceasing pangs, and embitter every future moment of your life!"

The disappointed, mercenary parent, flew, with bitter imprecations, from his tormentors; the lovers retired with their noble patron, and after having spent several days in a fruitless attempts to gain the consent of Dalby, were united in the holy bands of wedlock. Edwin has since, from his professional merit, and the interest of his grace, attained a distinguished rank in the army; and the dislike of Mr. Dalby to his daughter's choice has decreased, in proportion as he is risen to distinction. Several interviews have taken place, through the medium of their noble friend, and it is be-

lieved that time will root from the mind of Mr. Dalby every unfavourable impression the want of fortune in his son-in-law occasioned; and that Edwin and Laura will, at last, become the heirs of his immense property.

The union of this amiable pair has been blessed with two fine boys; and this increase of family has enlarged their happiness: they still continue to receive the notice of his grace, whom they consider as the author of their felicity, and invariably distinguished him by the appellation of *The Generous Rival*.

MARRIAGE.

MARRIAGE is certainly a condition, upon which the happiness or misery of life does very much depend; more than indeed most people think before hand. To be confined to live with one perpetually, for whom we have no liking and esteem, must certainly be an uneasy state. There had need be a great many good qualities to reconcile a constant conversation with one, where there is some share of kindness, but without love, the very best of all good qualities will never make a constant conversation easy and delightful. And
whence

whence proceed those innumerable domestic miseries, that plague and utterly confound so many families, but from want of love and kindness in the wife or husband; from these come their neglect and careless management of affairs at home, and their profuse extravagant expences abroad. In a word, it is not easy, as it is not needful, to recount the evils that arise abundantly, from the want of conjugal affection only. And since this is so certain, a man or woman runs the most fearful hazard that can be, who marries without this affection in themselves, and without good assurances of it in the other.

Let you love advise before you chuse, and your choice be fixed before you marry. Remember the happiness or misery of your life depends upon this one act, and that nothing but death can dissolve the knot.

A single life is doubtless preferable to a married one, where prudence and affection do not accompany the choice; but where they do, there is no terrestrial happiness equal to the married state.

There cannot be too near an equality, too exact an harmony betwixt a married couple; it is a step of such a weight as calls for all our foresight and penetration, and, especially the temper and education

cation must be attended to. In unequal matches the men are generally more in fault than the women, who can seldom be chusers.

Wisdom to gold prefer, for 'tis much less
To make your fortune than your happiness.

Marriages founded on affection are the most happy. Love (says Addison) ought to have shot its roots deep, and to be well grown before we enter into that state. There is nothing which more nearly concerns the peace of mankind—it is his choice in this respect on which his happiness or misery for life depends.

Though Solomon's description of a wife and good woman, may be thought too mean and mechanical for this refined generation, yet certain it is, that the business of a family is the most profitable and honourable study they can employ themselves in.

The best dowry to advance the marriage of a young lady is when she has in her countenance, mildness; in her speech, wisdom; in her behaviour, modesty; and in her life, virtue. Better is a portion in a wife, than with a wife. An inviolable fidelity, good humour, and complacency of temper in a wife, outlive all the charms of a fine face,

face, and make the decays of it invisible. The surest way of governing both a private family and a kingdom, is, for a husband and a prince to yield at certain times something of their prerogative.

A good wife, says Solomon, is a good portion; and there is nothing of so much worth as a mind well instructed.

Sweetness of temper, affection to her husband, and attention to his interests, constitute the duties of a wife, and form the basis of matrimonial felicity. The idea of power on either side, should be totally banished. It is not sufficient, that the husband should never have occasion to regret the want of it; the wife must so behave, that he may never be conscious of possessing it.

A N E C D O T E.

A HOUSEKEEPER being summoned to serve upon the grand jury, under the description of his being a *hop-merchant*, when he came into court, he declared himself ineligible to the office, since he could safely swear he should not be possessed of three hundred pounds, when all his debts were paid; saying the law therefore would not admit

admit of his serving upon the jury. The court expressed some surprize that a man in so capital a line of trade as that of a *hop-merchant*, should avow himself in such indifferent circumstances; when the party summoned explained the mistake, by saying, that though he had been usually honoured among his convivial friends with the appellation of a *hop merchant*, he was in reality nothing more than a *Dancing Master* !

ANECDOTE

O F A

CARPENTER.

A HUMOROUS fellow, a carpenter, being subpoena'd as a witness, on a trial for an assault; one of the counsel who was given very much to brow-beating the evidence, asked him what distance he was from the parties when he saw the defendant strike the plaintiff? The carpenter answered, "Just five feet, five inches and a half." "Prithee, fellow," says the counsel, "how is it possible you can be so exact as to the distance?" "Why, to tell you the truth," says the carpenter, "I thought, perhaps, that some fool or other might ask me, and so I measured it."

STORY

STORY OF HONORIA.

I AM the youngest daughter of a gentleman, who had more gaiety in his temper than œconomy, ran out of the greatest part of his fortune, and, dying when I was about twelve years old, left me and two sisters very slenderly provided for. But though my mother did not flatter herself that we should make that figure in life which she otherwise might have thought equal to her birth, yet she did not omit the least care in our education, in order to have us accomplished, as if we had very large fortunes to depend on. But in nothing more was her tenderness and anxiety shewn, than in giving our minds the strongest impressions of Religion and Virtue. The manner of her laying before our eyes the effect of the least deviation from honour, was, besides being just, very moving. Her talk never failed to touch our hearts: nor did she move our passions only; her own would rise at the discourse, and tears start affectingly from her. How often has she looked earnestly at us, and then, with a sigh, broke out, “ My dear, dear girls, I wish it had pleased Heaven you had not been of a sex which is exposed to so many dangers and difficulties before you can be settled in the world: you will have more personal accomplishments, than temptations of fortune; but remember, that
though

though beauty may have many admirers, few of them may be men of real honour. Carefully shun what the world calls innocent gallantry; there are unforeseen dangers in it, which young people had better avoid than run the temptation of; and depend on it, you will always find that to be *virtuous is to be happy.*”

When confirmed in these sentiments, I was recommended to a lady of distinction, as a companion for her daughter, who was much about my own age. She being acquainted with my relations, approved of me; nor was it long before the young lady did me the honour to grant me a large share in her friendship. Suppose me to have lived about a year in this scene of life, and to have attained some greater degree of knowledge and elegant accomplishments, as well as additional improvements in my person, when the young gentleman, who was the only son of his family, returned home from his travels. In short, it was about six months ago that Bellamond (for so shall I call the young lady's brother) came to England from the tour of Italy. He had not made that tour merely to say he had travelled, but to shew what improvements a rational mind may receive from travel. He had been educated in an English University, and
might

might give foreigners a better idea of English gentlemen than they commonly receive.

Such was Bellamond, when suddenly after his arrival he took an opportunity to make his addresses to me. I took them only for a modish gallantry, and paid no regard to them; but his importunity, and manner of speech, soon convinced me he had further views than I first imagined.

Be it sufficient that I say his designs were far from being honourable; nor could I, considering my state and fortune, expect they should be so. I studiously avoided all opportunities of private conversation, which he as industriously found or made. On this I expostulated with him in the most earnest manner which he endeavoured to put off with a genteel kind of raillery; and if I argued, he laughed. Frequency of conversation gave a greater boldness to his expressions, as well as mind; and at length he fairly offered, in his phrase, *to take care of me, and settle three hundred a year on me for life.* I rejected his proposal with such scorn and indignation for his treatment, that he became sensible this method would never prove effectual. In a few days after, he found me alone in his sister's chamber, and began to be rude and boisterous;

boisterous, but on my running to the window, and screaming out, he left the room.

It was now, I thought, too dangerous to trust myself to his importunities, and I was resolved to leave the family. I acquainted the young lady of my resolution, and was forced, by her, and her mother's entreaties, to tell the cause. The old lady desired me to remain easy a little time longer, and she would take such measures as should prevent my future disquietude. I staid with some anxiety: and the next day I could not help observing that Bellamond frequently looked at me in a steadfast manner, which seemed to speak concern. I attributed it to some compunction of mind, on having his base intentions discovered to his mother, who had taken an extraordinary fondness for me.

After dinner, Bellamond, his mother, and my young lady retired together, and I went to my own apartment. As I was sitting there, lost in a melancholy meditation, Bellamond entered, and, approaching me with much respect, desired me not to be confused. He said he came by his mother's orders to make reparation for the injury he had offered; which was, if I thought proper, to *accept me with honour*. I was in such confusion,

sion, that at first I could give no answer; but, recovering a little, desired him, tho' he had made me the object of his gallantry, not to make me that of his jests. He vowed he was in earnest, and, stepping out of the room, introduced the lady as witness of his sincerity. His mother immediately bid me look on her as my own mother; for, as her son really loved me, all other objections in regard to her entirely ceased.

Farther description of my behaviour would be tedious. I could not give a denial to such a proposal, and Bellamond had really engaged my heart; and my sense of *virtuous honour* was his only obstacle in his amour: but though that amour has ended in marriage, it was what I could never have flattered myself with. I shall in gratitude endeavour to make his life a continued scene of felicity and content, having in an uncommon manner experienced *that to be virtuous is to be happy*.



AN ANECDOTE.

A JOURNEYMAN, who lived with a capital Baker in the city of London, succeeded to an estate of one thousand five hundred pounds a year. Having taken possession, he invited his master and mistress to his country seat; and, at parting, told them, that, as he had the estate of a gentleman he would aim at the qualifications: for which purpose he would make the tour of Europe. The idea he conceived of the advantage arising from travel, made him deaf to the remonstrance of his friends, who foresaw the ruin of his estate; but he answered them, "That he had a good trade in his belly, and could never break till he had broke his neck." His expences abroad made a considerable hole in his estate, which after his return, he soon ran through entirely. When all was spent, he engaged again with his former master, and when his old acquaintance asked him what he could think when he acted so imprudently, he would say, "Why, I thought of nothing but my pleasure; my estate gratified my inclinations while it lasted; and now it is gone, has left this advantage, that I have seen more of the world than any journeyman baker in town, and I dine at my master's table, which I never did before."

A SHY QUAKER.

A BAILIFF who having a writ against a Quaker, made many, but very fruitless attempts at arresting him, fell a few days ago upon the following method. He arrayed himself carefully in the *costume* of the fraternity, and repairing to the Quaker's house enquired for *friend* Abimeleck, the housekeeper shewed him in, saying, ABIMELECK shall *see thee*.

After waiting about an hour, he rang the bell, and the house keeper re-appeared, "Where," demanded the Bailiff, is our friend ABIMELECK."

"Ah Friend," replied the knowing hand-maid, "ABIMELECK hath *seen thee*, but he doth not *like thee*."

 ANECDOTE.

A GENTLEMAN who possessed a small estate in Gloucestershire was allured to town by the promises of a courtier, who kept him in constant attendance for a long while to no purpose; at last the gentleman, quite tired out, called upon his

his pretended friend, and told him, that he had at last got a place. The courtier shook him very heartily by the hand, and told him he was very much rejoiced at the event. But pray, sir, said he, where is your place? *in the Gloucester coach*, said he, sir, I secured it last night; and you, sir, have cured me of *higher ambition*.

REPARTEE.

DR. L—in Oxfordshire had the poet Stephen Duck for his servant, who was very quick at repartee. As they were one frosty morning riding through a river together, the doctor's horse stumbles, and threw him into the water, and then fell to drinking: at which Stephen laughed very heartily. "Sirrah, do you laugh at me?" "No, sir, says Stephen, I don't laugh at you, but I laugh to think that your horse can't drink *without a toast this cold morning*."



THE

T H E

HAPPY SHIPWRECK.

WRETCHED object of my sighs and tears !
 O my child, how I pity thee ! Alas ! what
 will be thy hapless fate ? We shall die in this
 savage place ! O rigorous Heaven ! let me not see
 my child expire. Since I must die, let me die,
 at least, before him. O keep from a fond mo-
 ther, the heart-breaking cries of her son ! Thus
 the unfortunate Julia, weeping and watching her
 poor babe sleeping in his cradle ; thus the unfor-
 tunate Julia expressed her anguish.

She looks around. Alas ! nothing appears but
 the humiliating sequels of her misfortunes—naked
 walls, in a wretched hovel, almost without furni-
 ture ; her beautiful hair once adorned with flowers,
 now hangs dishevelled on her shoulders. Her
 countenance, in which the laughing graces were
 wont to play, is all bathed in tears. She deplores
 her melancholy fate. Now she accuses her father ;
 now her husband, and now all nature. Then fix-
 ing an eye of mingled anguish and pity on her
 babe, she sits, and sighs, and looks—in all the pen-
 sive acquiescence of woe.

Julius

Julius awakes, and smiling on his mother, stretches his little arms towards her. He clings to her neck, caresses her, and asks her for bread. —O my child, said the weeping mother, kissing him with the unutterable sensation of mingled love and grief. “O my child, wait a little. Your father will soon bring some, the earnings of excessive labour, and we will divide his bread of misery together.”

At length Dorival returns, exhausted with fatigue. He puts some coarse provision on the table. He sees his smiling boy and sighing Julia. He sits down—he covers his face with his hands—he weeps—he cannot speak—

This wretched pair, passionately in love with each other, had been unable to procure the consent of Wastcin, the father of Julia. In a moment of passion and imprudence, Dorival had dared to carry her off.

Five years had these hapless lovers wandered from place to place, flying from the resentment of an irritated father, with the unhappy fruit of their clandestine marriage. At length, they embarked for America. The vessel in which they sailed was shipwrecked; but, by the assistance of a fishing-boat they were saved, and landed on an island almost unknown.

Here

Here they had remained about a month. Dorival had entered into the service of a planter, named Palemon, who resided on the island. Every day he laboured in the sultry clime, and in the evening returned to find Julia and his boy in the cottage. There they wept over their unhappy lot. The good old planter would often come to soothe their griefs. He would relieve them, and bid them hope for happier days.

Nine years did Dorival live on this island, by the labour of his hands, and the bounties of Palemon. Not a day passed, but this good man did some kind office to lessen the grief that preyed upon them.

Julius was now fifteen years old. Palemon had a daughter of the same age, named Lucilia. Soon was it perceived that the young folks could not live asunder. Already they felt a certain sweet compulsion, that led them to see and to speak to each other every day—every moment.

Julius, in the plainest drefs, had all the winning attractions of youth, as if nature herself had taken care to adorn him. His flowing ringlets are negligently tied behind by a ribband which Lucilia had given him. His eyes were sparkled with a vivacity tempered with benignity and sweetness.

When he smiles, he displays two beautiful rows of ivory, and on his animated cheeks sit the sprightly train of love. His open countenance, which yet had never blushed, bears the sacred image of innocence. A natural and affecting action enlivens his conversation. An innate obligingness of disposition, an eagerness to anticipate every wish, his youth, his graceful person,—every thing in Julius, seems alike formed to delight and to charm.

And Lucilia, in the dress of a country maid, is also beautiful as the graces, and blooming as the rose with which Julius adorns her bosom. Her fine eyes never appear so charming as when tenderly fixed on Julius, nor moves she with such alacrity, as when she runs after him in innocent playfulness and gaiety.

Palemon perceives their growing passion with delight. One day he thus spake to Lucilia. "You love Julius. I observe it with pleasure. Fortune has not been kind to him. He is not rich; but his good qualities are in themselves a treasure. Never, my dear daughter, will I be like those barbarians, who sacrifice the felicity of their children to the sordid views of interest. The example of the unfortunate Julia is too striking not to confirm me in these principles. No, my child, never
will

will I reduce thee to the deplorable situation of detesting marriage and its relations. Be discreet, and continue to love Julius. He merits your affection. I love you both, and you shall be each my children. O my daughter! I have not a wish but for your happiness; and my fondest hope is to see you united to Julius, under the auspices of a tender passion."

Lucilia thanks her father, and, hastening to her lover; relates all that had passed. "Yes, Julius," said she, "Palemon loves us. This good parent, how he weeps with tenderness whenever he speaks of you! He loves you as if you were his own son. He pities the situation of your parents. He would fain see you all happy. How charming is it, my dear friend, to meet with such a man to soothe one in adversity!" "Ah! Lucilia, answered Julius," could you know the respect with which my parents inspire me for your excellent father! "The moment my mother perceives him coming towards our hut, O my son," says she; behold our benefactor. Entreat heaven to bless him. "When he enters, I fly into his arms. And then he embraces me so tenderly! My dear Lucilia, how delightful is it thus often to see one's benefactor!" Thus Julius and Lucilia were mutually delighted

I i 2

and

and in their innocent transports they embraced each other, repeating often these endearing conversations.

Although the two lovers were now inseparable, it gave no uneasiness to their parents, for innocence presided over every word and action. Friendship, rather than love, brought them together, sometimes in a shady wood, sometimes on the flowery margin of a brook, and sometimes on the sea-shore. The warbling of birds; the murmuring of the water, which with difficulty seems to force its way through a rocky channel; or the tempestuous roaring of waves;—these are the objects that attract their attention,—these their only pleasures.

In the mean time, Julia, far exiled from her father, and oppressed with the weight of his hatred, incessantly wept over her flight and her unhappy fault. Dorival endeavoured to console her. “ Julia,” said he, “ my dear Julia, weep no more, Heaven, which witnesses your grief, has already pardoned you. Your father; whom interest and severity have deprived of his daughter, already, without doubt, laments you. Yes! he demands you again of every object that surrounds him. He reproaches himself with his severity, and pities us.” —“ My dear husband,” answered Julia, “ suffer
me

me to regret a father, who would have ever loved me but for that fatal passion. Alas! perhaps he is no more, and I hurried him to his grave! O my father; if you yet live, if my dying voice can yet but reach you, hear the cries of this remorse that preys upon me. Forgive a wretched daughter, who would implore that forgiveness at your feet, and would then expire with agony and shame."

At this moment Palemon enters, "Dorival, resumes Julia, behold this venerable man. My father, if he be yet living, is now of his age." In speaking these words, she regarded Palemon with a most affecting look;—she sighed. "O my children," exclaimed Palemon, I am the messenger of happiness, "Live Julia." "What happiness?" says she, eagerly: "Angel of joy, have you any news of my father? does he yet live?" "Alas! my dear Julia, I know not whether he be living or dead; but, O this happiest of my days, I yet bring you joy."

Fortune has at last crowned my fondest wishes. A considerable estate, which I expected not, and which without you should not have been wished for, is fallen to me by the death of a relation whom I hardly knew. I received the account by a letter, delivered to me by a person just escaped from shipwreck. Come, and share with me the bounties
of

of providence. I will one day give my daughter to Julius. Henceforth we will be but one family. But what! Julia, you weep! What can be wanting to your good fortune?" "My father,"—at these words Julius enters out of breath, Lucilia, trembling, follows him. "O my mother! what, what is the matter, my son? Speak." "I was on the shore with Lucilia, when on a sudden the most mournful accents seemed to come from the neighbouring wood. We listened. An unfortunate man was invoking death. I went to him, but oh! what a sight! I saw an old man, as venerable as my father Palemon, stretched on the ground, without strength, pale as death, and perhaps already dead. I started back affrighted. Lucilia wept behind me. He called me to him, held out his hand, and with a voice so tender and so moving, said "Give me, if possible, some assistance, to delay, for a few moments the frightful death that awaits me."

"Come unhappy man," says Palemon, let us hasten to his assistance." Julia was fixed immovable at this recital. "An old man!" she exclaimed; "perhaps it is my father: I sink under my alarms!"

They leave the cottage, they arrive, the old man is beseeching heaven to restore his daughter.
"Julia,"

“ Julia,” said he, “ if yet your hand could close my eyes, if you could but know, that dying I forgive you, I shall expire contented.” “ She is restored you, my father!” “ Julia! my daughter! and Dorival! O young man! their son too and mine! My children, embrace your father. He yet lives, to forgive you.”

Palemon, who stood by during this affecting scene, the hand of Lucilia, weeping, in his, blessed heaven for this happy adventure. He raised the father and his children. “ Come,” said he, “ come to my habitation. Happiness will now be ours.” “ Generous man!” answered Wastein, what a port you offer me after tempest and shipwreck. The desire of riches had rendered my heart insensible, and has caused all the misfortune, in which I and my children have been involved.

The thirst of gold led me to trust my whole fortune on the fickle ocean. I have lost my all! What do I say? I have found my all, since I can now embrace my children. O excellent man! I receive them from your hands, and you will still be their father. How shall I return such an obligation, by what vows, by what fervent wishes recompence this goodness?” “ Your happiness, and that of your family,” said Palemon, “ will be my sweetest reward.”

Wastein

Wastein supported by Julia and Dorival, and Palemon leading Julius and Lucilia, new arrived at the cottage. Dorival enters the first, and receiving his father at the entrance of the hut: "Welcome, Sir," says he to the asylum of your children. Nine years already have they here deplored their crime. You have forgiven them. This abode of sorrow will henceforth be that of joy.

The two families, who from this moment made but one, lived together in sweet tranquillity. Two years after love crowned the virtues of Julius and Lucilia with the first of blessings, their happy union. They were married under the auspices of their venerable parents, who gave them their paternal benediction, and had yet the happiness, before they died, of embracing a lovely offspring, rising round and mingling both their graces.

SOLITUDE.

SOLITUDE is a rare attainment, and shews a well disposed mind when a man loves to keep company with himself; and a virtue as well as advantage to take satisfaction, and content in that enjoyment.

Solitude

Solitude cannot be well filled, and fit right, but upon very few persons. They must have knowledge enough of the world to see the follies of it, and virtue enough to despise all vanity.

That calm and elegant satisfaction which the vulgar call melancholy, is the true and proper delight of men of knowledge and virtue. What we take for diversion, is but a mean entertainment, in comparison of knowing ourselves.

Sir Henry Wotton who had gone on several embassies, and was intimate with the greatest princes, chose to retire from all; saying, the utmost happiness a man could attain to, was to be at leisure and to do good; never reflecting on his former years, but with tears, he would say, how much have I to repent of, and how little time to do it in.

True happiness is of a retired nature, and an enemy to pomp and noises. It arises, in the first place from the enjoyment of one's self; and, in the next, from the friendship and conversation of a few select companions. Though the continued traverses of fortune, may make us out of humour with the world; yet nothing but a noble inclination to virtue and philosophy can make us happy in retirement.

I prefer a private to a public life. For I love my friends, and therefore love but few.

The late amiable Mr. Shenstone used frequently to say, that he was never more happy than when alone, except when he had his friends about him. There are, says he, indeed, some few whom I properly call my friends, and in whose company I cannot but be more happy than in any solitary indulgences of imagination: but how seldom it is that you will allow me these extraordinary indulgences.

When the heart has long been used to the delightful society of beloved friends, how dreadful is absence, and how irksome is solitude. But those phantoms vanish before the sunshine of religion: Solitude and retirement, give us the opportunity for a wider range of thought, on subjects that ennoble friendship itself.



ANECDOTE
OF
Dr. JOHNSON.

DR. ROBERT LEVET, to whom Doctor Johnson very humanely gave apartments in his house for upwards of thirty years, having most of his practice amongst the poor and middling ranks of life, used to accept of gin, brandy, or any other liquor offered him, in the lieu of his fee, sooner than have his skill exerted without any recompence. This singularity Johnson used to rally with great pleasantry;—at one time he said, “ Though he hated inebriety, it was more excusable in Levet than in others, because he became intoxicated on principles of prudence, and when a man cannot get bread by his profession, perhaps he is pardonable to accept of drink.” At another time he would say,—“ Had all Levet’s patients maliciously combined to reward him with meat and strong liquor instead of money, he would either have burst, *like the dragon in the Apocrypha*, through repletion, or have been scorched up *like Portia by swallowing fire.*”

The common wealth of Learning.

A VISION.

IT is a matter of no small concern to the honest and well-meaning class of mankind that men of letters, swayed too frequently by the influence of prejudice, and biased by the different modes of education, are seldom actuated in their search after knowledge, by the desire and love of impartial and disinterested truth. That false pride, which is frequently the companion of studious persons, for the most part gives a tincture to all their sentiments and actions.

Decorus, a gentleman of taste, and of a liberal turn of mind, after reflecting for some hours upon this subject, and lamenting the existence of an evil so destructive to the peace of society, and so opposite to every principal of genuine philosophy, retired to rest. The meditations of the evening had greatly affected and fatigued his mind, and he sunk into a peaceful slumber, in which was represented the following vision.

The first object which distinctly presented itself to his notice, so far as the powers of recollection were faithful to their office, was a stately and majestic

jestic figure, but of the most condescending and affable deportment. She proceeded towards him by slow and regular advances, which at once excited both his attention and admiration. The novelty of the apparition was a sufficient cause for astonishment; he was surprized and started,—he paused, as if to recover himself from the alarm, and seemed to be in a state of suspense, as if doubtful what conduct to pursue. He therefore determined his own motions by those of the figure which presented itself to his observation.

He had time to consider his situation as it approached towards him. Being now, as he supposed, in a delicious meadow, apparently rich and extremely luxuriant, and far surpassing every thing he had before seen, his senses seemed to be arrested; and as it was variously intersected by different streams, these not only added to the beauty of the scene, but served to enrich the soil through which they passed and to cover the surface with the most beautiful verdure.

Whilst he was engaged in making reflections on the delightful scene, the Genius of the place (for such he afterwards found her) was advanced within a few paces of him. Decorus had stopped suddenly; she saw his passions were excited, and conscious of her own benevolent disposition, she thus accosted

attested him: "I am commissioned to acquaint thee with a few particular truths, which may be of the utmost service to thee in the conduct of thy future life. Thou art here within the territories of the Commonwealth of Learning, and the several streams with which those fertile meads are intersected, are so many various channels which supply the numerous wants and necessities of the inhabitants of the city before us."

The genius, after assuring Decorus that ~~he~~ was ready and desirous to shew him every thing which might serve to compose his mind, relating to the subject which had so much engaged his thoughts; paused for a few minutes, as if to give him an opportunity of reflecting upon what he had heard. He was convinced of the importance of those observations, which his respectable guide seemed willing to make; and this small interval gave him leisure to consider the benefit and advantage which would ensue, if each individual would make a laudable and generous use of the blessings which heaven has peculiarly bestowed upon him; if each would contribute to the utmost of his power to the general good of the community.

It cannot be supposed that the profusion of riches with which providence had supplied them, had
 escaped

escaped their notice, as they proceeded towards the city; but this was still more evident, after they had entered it, when they beheld the several currents and channels within it, and that these were large or small in proportion to the populousness of the several streets through which they were conducted. One thing was strikingly obvious, that every street had a channel of this sort, except two, in a distant part of the city, which, on account of their situation, were precluded from partaking of the common advantage. This the sagacity of Decorus could not fail to remark, and was preparing his mind to express this reflection in a language somewhat unfavourable to the inhabitants of those streets; but the Genius kindly interrupted him with this intimation:—That though providence had been less kind to them in this respect, his own natural sense, being so highly cultivated would not be deficient in pointing out various ways by which they might be serviceable to the general good.

By the assistance of so friendly a guide, Decorus was quickly presented with a view of the several parts of the city where the different sciences were more particularly resident, Grammar, Rhetoric, Logic, Arithmetic, Geometry, Music, and Poetry, had each their favourite spot, where they were more peculiarly cultivated. Arithmetic and
Geometry

Geometry took their station in the centre of the city, and in the principal streets adjoining; whilst Grammar took her station in the south east quarter, with Rhetoric on her right hand and Logic on her left. Poetry was seated near the side of the principal river, from whence the several streams diverged which supplied the different parts of the city, and Music a little higher near a pleasing cataract, which greatly tended, by its charming and enlivening echo, to harmonize the soul,—and by the most animating strains to compose the most delicious cadence and the most perfect concord. The sister arts, which branched from these, occupied the intermediate spaces; and the whole formed a most wonderful combination of science and art; at once the glory and admiration of all the world.

Decorus was informed by his guide that this would have been the happy condition of mankind, who would have continued to draw from hence their most valuable stores of knowledge; had not some spurious pretenders to science, by dint of clamour and effrontery, shaken the confidence of the public in the abilities and integrity of their benefactors; a confidence the virtues of which had been fully experienced, in raising their character to the highest eminence. “But you see,” continued

ntied the Genius, "by what means that spirit of contention and controversy was introduced into the world, which has ever since produced the most grievous calamities;—you see by what means true knowledge is attainable, and by which alone it can be preserved; of the one you discover every mark of candour, openness, and generosity, which prove her offspring to be genuine; but of the other you perceive every token of artifice and cunning, which demonstrate her to be the illegitimate issue of some cunning harlot, whose chief object is to promote dissensions, and foment and blow up every spark of malevolence and envy."

The Genius then conducted Decorus to the meadows without the gate on the opposite side of the city. Here his eyes were again feasted with the sight of verdant pastures and branching currents from the several parts of the city, which were inhabited by the sons of learning and the children of the muses; the reflections he had before made were again revived in him, and he could not help contemplating on the wonderful harmony he had seen amongst them, and the liberality with which they communicated their knowledge to mankind. In this train of thought was Decorus employed, when he was roused from his reverie by a sudden and unexpected sound; the

Genius, by the rustling of her wings, which she had just extended to prepare for flight, startled him, especially as he had not before perceived them, and the alarm at once closed the scene of his pleasures, and put a period to his dream.

Decorus, being thus awaked from his transport, was employed for some time in making many useful reflections upon the scene. He committed his scattered thoughts to paper, while they continued fresh upon his memory, and they are here presented to the world as a useful and serviceable caution, if duly attended to against unnecessary controversy, and to check that propensity to caviling and disputation, which has ever been injurious to sound learning.

Reflections on Religion.

BE careful, that while you profess a religion which deserves the most serious veneration, there be nothing in your particular manner of exercising it, that may give just cause of ridicule. Avoid therefore, all singularity, preciseness, or sourness. Be not apt to censure such as do not observe the same rules you have prescribed yourself; and freely join in a moderate use of the diversions

versions practised among those you converse with, if they are not unlawful in themselves, or directly lead to what is so. The easier your religion fits upon you, the securer it will be from the banter of the profane, and the more recommends itself to the imitation of your young companions; for nothing alienates the mind from religion, in that gay time of life, or rather gives a disgust to it so much, as too great austerity of manners in those who profess it. But let no complaisance engage you in actions which your own conscience condemns, or induce you to be ashamed of virtue or truth, much less to join in the laugh against them, or when any thing sacred is made the subject of mirth. Be assured, that however a debauchee may affect to ridicule a man, who will not run into the fashionable excesses, one may always venture to affirm, that he does not really think temperance, sobriety, &c. to be ridiculous things, and that the raillery, or rather pity, may be retaliated upon him on much better grounds.

ANEC-

ANECDOTE.

OF

V O L T A I R E

SOME years since, Voltaire wrote a very severe satire upon the King of Prussia, which so nettled him that he never could forgive it. Upon hearing that the Bard was at Leipfic, he told Count de —, one of his Aide-de-camps, that he could confer a singular obligation on him: the Aide-de-camp, who said he only lived to obey his Majesty, was told the object was to properly requite Mr. Voltaire for the obligation he had conferred in that satire. The hint was sufficient: the Count flew to execute his Sovereign's pleasure: he repaired to Leipfic; and, waiting one morning upon Voltaire, complimented him upon his extraordinary merit, and inquired if he was not the Author of that particular poem: to which the Bard very innocently replied, "Yes," 'Then, Sir,' said the Count, 'it is a scandal to the judgment of the present age, that you have not yet been properly recompensed for it. I have a commission, Sir, to reward you liberally for this production; and I have too great a sense of its value, and too much generosity, to deprive you of any part of your due.'

due.' Having said this, he fell to work, and caned him very severely, whilst the unfortunate Bard in vain pleaded for mercy. The obligation being thus requited, the Count drew up a receipt in the following terms, which he insisted upon Voltaire's signing, on pain of further corporal punishment: "received of his Prussian Majesty, by the hands of the Count de —, one hundred bastinadoes, very judiciously applied, for having written a satire upon his said Majesty; in full of all demands.

Witness my hand,

"Voltaire."

CHARITY.

CHARITY makes the best construction of things and persons, excuses weakness, extenuates miscarriages, makes the best of every thing, forgives every one, and serves all.

In order to our final doom and sentence, we need but this one enquiry, whether we were charitable or uncharitable? For they who are possessed with a true divine charity, have all Christian graces; They who have not this divine principle have no good in them, and that is enough to condemn

damn them, without enquiring what evil they have done.

When a compassionate man falls, who would not pity him ! Who that has power to do it, would not befriend and raise him up ? Or could the most barbarous temper offer an insult to his distress, without pain and reluctance ? True charity is always unwilling to find excuses ;—in generous spirits, compassion is sometimes an over-balance for self-preservation : God certainly interwove that friendly softness with our nature, to be a check upon too great a propensity towards self-love.

Under the gospel, God is pleased with a living sacrifice ; but the offerings of the dead, such as testamentary charities are, which are intended to have no effect so long as we live, are no better than dead sacrifices ; and it may be questioned, whether they will be brought into the account of our lives, if we do no good while we are living.

These death-bed charities, are too like a death-bed repentance ; men seem to give their estates to God and the poor, just as the part with their sins—when they can keep them no longer.

Charity obliges not to distrust a man, Prudence not to trust him before we know him.

The

The first duty of man, next to that of worshipping the Deity, is, ministering to the necessities of his fellow creatures.

Are we not all citizens of the world? Are we not all fellow subjects of the universal monarch? Is not the universe our home?

And is not every man a brother? Poor and illiberal is that charity which is confined to any particular nation or society.—Should we not *feel for the stranger, and him that hath no helper*? He who is charitable from motives of ostentation, will never relieve distress in secret.

T H E

Victim of Avarice and Duplicity.

THE subject of the present short memoir, was born in a small commercial town at a distance from the metropolis; his parents, poor but honest, having no fortune to bestow on him, thought they could not make choice of a more favourable plan to forward him in life than by giving him a liberal education. This is an error which too many parents in ordinary circumstances fall into, and I know of none more deserving the
 censure

condemnation of all sensible men; I mean where the future prospects of their children render it impossible that such an education can ever after prove to their advantage. On leaving college he indeed found himself capable by his learning, of fitting most situations in life, but he likewise found that he wanted a much more necessary article, for he had scarce a single guinea in his pocket, and his parents, as well as himself, began, when too late, to see the folly of their procedure.

Fortune however for once proved kind to him; and having always, when at college, evinced strong marks of genius, a medical gentleman of much private worth joined to public esteem, took him under his protection and friendship, and he soon shewed himself worthy of the trust reposed in him.

Being now in his own element, he prosecuted his studies with unwearied assiduity; and in the course of a few years gained a knowledge of his profession, that astonished even his employer. In this situation he continued till the death of his patron, who left him three or four hundred pounds. With this trifling sum removing to W— he commenced his career, and by his polite and affable behaviour, soon gained himself a number of friends. After a short residence in that part of the country, he became noted for his professional abilities,

abilities, his practice increasing every day, and his fortune accumulating beyond his fondest expectations. At W— he continued for twelve or fourteen years, and at the end of that period found himself possessed of a fortune to the amount of nearly twenty thousand pounds, with which he had an idea of retiring farther into the country, there to employ the remainder of his days. With this intention, and in order to arrange matters for his future conduct, he paid a visit to his friends, by whom he was received in the most polite manner, each striving to exceed the other in attention to one, whose fortune they expected eventually to inherit. It was no wonder, therefore, that after a stay of a few months, he left them with regret; but his departure was absolutely necessary, and he consoled himself with the fond idea, that he should soon return to them never more to be separated.

From this moment may be dated all his future troubles. On his return to W— he unfortunately became acquainted with *Avarus*, a character whose sole pleasure was confined within the narrow boundaries of his possessions, and who never felt an emotion of joy, but when adding to his treasures, or learning new methods of acquiring more. *Avarus* had a daughter, a lady of exquisite beauty, but educated in such a school, it

is little to be wondered at, if she imbibed in a certain degree the ideas of her father. She was indeed avaricious as her father, but that avarice proceeded from a nature very different from that by which he was actuated, Avarus hoarded up riches, which he had not heart to enjoy ; while his daughter, the more she acquired, the greater was her desire of dissipating her allowance on costly dresses and splendid equipages. It was the misfortune of Medicus, to be captivated with her form, before his cooler reason had time to convince him of the unworthiness of her mind : his passion was of the purest sort, and with an affection so disinterested he expected to be rewarded with a passion equally sincere. In this, however, he was disappointed ; but finding it her interest to conceal her real sentiments, the daughter of Avarus always declined giving him a decisive answer, and under various pretexts, and at different times, found means to extract from the unsuspecting Medicus, several large sums of money, still flattering him with the hopes of her consent, at a period not far distant. Medicus was too far gone to withdraw for any pecuniary consideration, and his mind being totally taken up with this single object, every other concern was neglected ; and although his new and extravagant manner of living daily increased his expences, he forgot to provide
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the means of defraying them. It was impossible a course so foolish as this could be of long duration. Money was the first article of which he began to see the approaching want, and the lady, discovering his situation, soon discarded him for another lover, whose coffers at least were better stored. Thus circumstanced, and beginning at length to see his folly, he determined to alter his conduct; but the period was now past; and those who were once proud to be counted his friends, now abandoned him to his foolish career.

Every attempt to recover his lost fame proved unsuccessful; his spirits drooped beneath the weight of retrospection, and he even began to shew very evident signs of insanity. These melancholy symptoms took place in the month of September, and early in the summer of next year he returned to the country in expectation of meeting there with that attention and civility, which at W—— he was denied; but here again he found himself disappointed, and his society avoided even by those who but a short time before had made him such professions of friendship. His parents, on whom he had settled a handsome annuity, were now no more; his other relatives received him indeed into their houses, but in that cool and forbidding manner, ever, to a feeling mind, more humiliating than

absolute refusal. He continued there, however, during the remainder of that year, notwithstanding all their insults, and in the beginning of the following removed to a sea-port town, and the better to conceal his former situation, the lost Medicus enlisted as a private soldier in a regiment then under orders for the continent.

During his stay there he conducted himself in a manner so very different from that of the other soldiers, that he was soon taken notice of by his commanding officer, who made every inquiry respecting him, but could not obtain any satisfactory information. At last, after much fruitless inquiry, he discovered the whole of his history, and feeling for his situation, had an interview with him, and endeavoured as much as possible to render him comfortable. Medicus seemed much pleased with the attention of his officer, and left him apparently in good spirits. The following morning the same officer having occasion to go on a hunting party to a neighbouring village, and set out pretty early, and had scarce got out of town, when the first object that presented itself to his view, was the mangled body of Medicus covered with his own blood. The unfortunate wretch finding he was discovered, revolved in his mind his former conduct, deserted by all the world, without a single person whom he could

could tell his friend, and despised and disowned even

“ By those his former bounty fed,”

had put a period to his existence!—This happened immediately on the breaking out of the present war, and is a circumstance well known to him whose mournful task it is to pen the narrative.

On the propriety of adorning Life, and serving Society, by laudable Exertion.

IN an age of opulence and luxury, when the native powers of the mind are weakened by vice, and habits of indolence are superinduced by universal indulgence, the moralist can seldom expect to see examples of that unwearied perseverance, of that generous exertion, which has sometimes appeared in the world, and has been called heroic virtue. Indeed, it must be allowed, that in the early periods of society there is greater occasion, as well as greater scope, for this exalted species of public spirit, than when all its real wants are supplied, and all its securities established.

Under these disadvantages there is, indeed, little opportunity for that uncommon heroism, which leads

leads an individual to desert his sphere, and to act in contradiction to the maxims of personal interest and safety, with a view to reform the manners, or to promote the honour and advantage of the community. Patriotisms, as it was understood and practised by a Brutus, a Curtius, a Scævola, or a Socrates, appears in modern times so eccentric a virtue, and so abhorrent from the dictates of common sense, that he who should imitate it would draw upon himself the ridicule of mankind, and would incur the danger of being stigmatized as a mad-man. Moral and political knight-errantry would now appear in scarcely a less ludicrous light than the extravagances of chivalry.

But to do good in an effectual and extensive manner within the limits of professional influence, and by performing the business of a station, whatever it may be, not only with regular fidelity, but with warm and active diligence, is in the power, it is the duty, of every individual who possesses the use of his faculties. It is surely an unsatisfactory idea, to live and die without pursuing any other purpose than the low one of personal gratification. A thousand pleasures and advantages we have received from the disinterested efforts of those who have gone before us, and it is incumbent on every generation to do something not only

only for the benefit of contemporaries but of those also who are to follow. To be born, as Horace says, merely to consume the fruits of the earth; to live, as Juvenal observes of some of his countrymen, with no other purpose than to gratify the palate, though they may in reality be the sole ends of many, are yet too inglorious and disgraceful to be avowed by the basest and meanest of mankind.

There is however little doubt, but that many, whose lives have glided away in an useless tenor, would have been glad of opportunities, if they could have discovered them, for laudable exertion. It is certainly true, that to qualify for political, military, literary, and patriotic efforts, peculiar preparations, accomplishments, occasions, and fortuitous contingences are necessary. Civil wisdom without civil employment, valour without an enemy, learning without opportunities for its display, the love of our country without power, must terminate in abortive wishes, in designs unsupported by execution. They who form great schemes, and perform great exploits, must of necessity be few. But the exertions which benevolence points out, are extended to a great compass, are infinitely varied in kind and degree, and consequently adapted, in some mode or other, to the ability of every individual.

To

To the distinguished honour of our times and of our country, it must be asserted, that there is no species of distress which is not relieved; no laudable institution which is not encouraged with an emulative ardour of liberality. No sooner is a proper object of beneficence presented to the public view, than subscriptions are raised by all ranks, who crowd with impatience to the contribution. Not only the infirmities of age and sickness are soothed by the best concerted establishments, and the loss sustained by the calamities of a conflagration repaired; but our enemies, when reduced to a state of captivity, are furnished with every comfort which their condition can admit; and all the malignity of party-hatred melts into kindness under the operation of charity. From the accumulated efforts of a community of philanthropists, such as our nation may be called, a sum of good is produced, far greater than any recorded of the heroes of antiquity, from Bacchus down to Cæsar.

It has been said, that the ages of extraordinary bounty are passed. No colleges are founded in the present time, it is true; yet not because there is no public spirit remaining, but because there is already a sufficient number raised by the pious hands of our forefathers, to answer all the purposes

posers of academical improvement. When a want is supplied, it is not parsimony, but prudence, which withholds additional munificence. The infirmaries diffused over every part of the kingdom, are most honourable testimonies of that virtue which is to cover a multitude of sins. And there is one instance of beneficence uncommon both in its degree and circumstances, which, though done without a view to human praise, must not lose even the subordinate reward of human virtue. He who lately devoted, during his life, a noble fortune to the relief of the blind, will be placed higher in the esteem of posterity, than the numerous train of posthumous benefactors, who gave what they could no longer retain, and sometimes from motives represented by the censorious as little laudable. While angels record the name of Hetherington in the book of life, let men inscribe it in the rolls of fame.

The motive of praise, though by no means the best, is a generous and a powerful motive of commendable conduct. He would do an injury to mankind who should stifle the love of fame. It has burnt with strong and steady heat in the bosoms of the most ingenuous. It has inspired enthusiasm in the cause of all that is good and great. Where patience must have failed, and perseverance been

wearied, it has urged through troubles deemed intolerable, and stimulated through difficulties dreaded as insurmountable. Pain, penury, danger, and death, have been incurred with alacrity in the service of mankind, with the expectation of no other recompense than an honourable distinction. And let not the frigidity of philosophical rigour damp this noble ardour, which raises delightful sensations in the heart that harbours it, and gives rise to all that is sublime in life and in the arts. When we are so far refined and subdued as to act merely from the slow suggestions of the reasoning faculty, we shall indeed seldom be involved in error ; but we shall as seldom achieve any glorious enterprise, or snatch a virtue beyond the reach of prudence.

The spirit of adventure in literary undertakings, as well as in politics, commerce, and wars, must not be discouraged. If it produces that which is worth little notice, neglect is easy. There is a great probability, however, that it will often exhibit something conducive to pleasure and improvement. But when every new attempt is checked by severity, or neglected without examination, learning stagnates, and the mind is depressed, till its productions so far degenerate as to justify disregard. Taste and literature are never
long

long stationary. When they cease to advance they become retrograde.

Every liberal attempt to give a liberal entertainment is entitled to a kind excuse, though its execution should not have a claim to praise. For the sake of encouraging subsequent endeavours, lenity should be displayed where there is no appearance of incorrigible stupidity, of assuming ignorance, and of empty self-conceit. Severity chills the opening powers, as the frost nips the bud that would else have been a blossom. It is blameable moroseness to censure those who sincerely mean to please, and fail only from causes not in their own disposal.

The praise, however, of well meaning has usually been allowed with a facility of concession, which leads to suspect that it was thought of little value. It has also been received with apparent mortification. This surely is the result of a perverted judgment; for intention is in the power of every man, though no man can command ability.

T H E

WISDOM of CONTENTMENT :

AN ANECDOTE.

ALL mankind would *make a figure*. To aspire to stations above us, is a maxim universally adopted; yet perhaps, the truest wisdom and the surest happiness is, to cultivate well the rank in which we are born; for why should any man covet to raise and distinguish himself farther than his real well-being may make necessary? Fuller, in his Holy State, relates an anecdote of an husbandman who claimed kinship with Robert Grossthead, Bishop of Lincoln, and there upon requested from him an office. " Cousin," " said the Bishop, " if your cart be broken, I'll mend it; if your plow be old, I'll give you a new one, and even seed to sow your land: but an husbandman I found you, and an husbandman I'll leave you." The Bishop thought it kinder (as it should seem) to serve him in his way, than to take him out of his way, and perhaps Stephen Duch, the thresher, had been better provided for, if, instead of being first pensioned, and afterwards ordained, he had been endowed with ten acres of land, and suffered to thresh on. By turning the laborious thresher into an inactive clergyman, they brought lunacy first, and

and then suicide, upon a man, who might otherwise have enjoyed himself with two cows and a pig, and ended his days with serenity and ease.

The ANCIENT POETS.

HOMER was the first poet and beggar of note among the ancients : he was blind, and sung his ballads about the streets. But it is observed, that his mouth was more frequently filled with verses, than with bread. Plautus, the comic poet, was better off : he had two trades : he was poet for his diversion ; and helped to turn a mill, in order to gain a livelihood. Terence was a slave ; and Boethius died in a jail.

MISPLACED INDULGENCE.

INDULGENCE, when shewn in too great a degree by parents to children, generally meets with a bad return. It seems to awaken a strange malignity in human nature towards those who have thus *displayed* an injudicious fondness. Children delight in vexing such parents. There may be

two

two reasons—I. It makes them feel foolish to be so *cockered* and teased with kindness. II. It discovers a weakness, over which they can insult and triumph. But whatever may be the cause, it furnishes an argument to parents, why they should never practise this behaviour towards their children. The late miseries of France arose under the government of a kind and indulgent monarch,

GENUINE FRIENDSHIP.

THERE is not, I believe, a character existing, which has been so scandalously spoken of, as the exquisitely susceptible and feeling man! Common minds bestow on him who possesses that temper of soul, every appellation of ridicule and contempt; the sensitive delicacy of his feelings, they term *affectation*; the excentric warmth of his attachments, *idle romance*. But their prejudice proceeds from their hearts being entirely void of those sympathizing chords which, in his bosom, instantly vibrate to the most delicate touch of sentiment.

Vulgar minds, either in men or women, always concur in the same opinion, that to get through this life we ought to have nothing to do with *fine feelings*; they will only retard our advancement,
 whatever

whatever may be our pursuit, whether of wealth or power. We must not entertain too high a sense of the dignity of human nature ! We must put up with many things ; such as unmerited insults from our *wealthy superiors* ; & therefore, in proportion as we are slavish to them, we shall be tyrannical to those who are so unfortunate as to be *our inferiors*. We must never contract friendship with the indigent, notwithstanding they should be peculiarly virtuous ; lest their poverty should clog our wings, and so be the means of protracting our soaring flight. Such attachments are the foolish emanation of a youthful inexperienced heart ; who, in the course of a few years, will know that not only the *days of Chivalry* are gone, but with them have also disappeared the days of disinterested love. Such is the creed of many—a doctrine which has done more mischief, and occasioned more wickedness, in the world than, perhaps, the foolish promulgators of such precepts are aware of. Many minds *naturally* inclined to justice, have, from an early instillation of these maxims—before their rectitude was founded on principle—been warped from their original bent, and have become sneaking sycophants, and often ungrateful villains ; who, for an increase of gold, would tear and cut the very heart by whose benevolence they are nourished. But as human frailty admits of many gradations, thank
Heaven !

Heaven! the most numerous order deserves not to be called *vicious*; neither merits it the title of *virtuous*. The members of it practise few flagrant vices; and, as seldom, eccentric instances of virtue: those eagle-flights suit not with the low views of their minds; the bright lustre of glorious actions, on too near a view, dazzles their microscopick opticks; and what they cannot bring to the level of their little conception, they imagine either to be too great for human nature; or else the transactions of a frantick and romantick brain—the common epithets which they generally bestow on that *exquisitely susceptible* and *feeling* mind I have before mentioned. It is in the breast of a person who possesses a soul so tuned, that we are to look for the true character of the man who was *formed after God's own image*.

His elevated and independent soul spurns at the wealthy wretch who would affront his honour, or allure him from the path of rectitude: he seeks not a friend in the splendid bosom of the trifling, and often licentious, courtier; nor in the gold-crufted breast of the rich, and as often avaricious, citizen. No! wherever he discovers a congenial mind; there he fixes; his heart clings to the object; and when the affection is reciprocal, no attachment can be stronger: he loves him, while
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enjoying the warm atmosphere of prosperity; and if the cold and cheerless winter of adversity changes the scene, those chilling blasts, which freeze common hearts, melts his to more than it's wonted softness. His tenderness meliorates the anguish of his companion: he had accidentally participated in all his happiness—he now voluntarily shares in all his misery; he pours the balm of sweet comfort into the bleeding wound of his friend; and, in assuaging his agonies, feels in his own breast the purest, the most exquisite of all pleasures—that of softening the sufferings of the afflicted. He rests not here; he is as tenacious of the interest, the peace of his friends as of his own. No lucrative, no distinguishing proposal, can prevail on him to abandon him, for one moment, to the idea that he *has abandoned* him. He is dearer to him than his own life; and he would sooner hazard the loss of it, than add one pang of misery to the already oppressed heart of his chosen, his virtuous friend. Such a friendship as this, by many, is called ideal, and never to be practised. But those who say so, have never felt the magnetick impulse which irresistibly draws you to a sister soul; they have never experienced the delicious rapture of listening to the elegant and refined precepts of truth and virtue, falling from the lips of a beloved friend: of one, who, by the grandeur of his senti-

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ments,

ments, and the ardour of his perseverance, fires you with the splendor of his example, and makes you aim at sublimer heights in virtue than, perhaps, your own unaided mind would have inspired you with the hopes of attaining; and who, by the sweet harmony of his manners, and the uncommon energy of his soul, "*makes a pastime of each weary step,*" in the rugged path of true honour. What would not a man sacrifice for the safety and happiness of such a friend? He is inestimable! But such fervour and stability of friendship cannot be found any where, but in the bosom of the most intelligent, the most magnanimous of mankind. I grant, they are seldom to be met with, because the common system of education tends more towards planting in the hearts of its pupils the baneful and destructive weeds of suspicion and deceit, than the beautiful amaranthus of generous philanthropy; which, extending its vivifying branches over all the world, yet reserves its sweetest shades to shelter the country from whence it sprung, and the friendly hands which assisted in its culture.

A WHIMSEICAL

ANECDOTE

Concerning the celebrated Rabelais.

THE cardinal de Billay, to whom Rabelais was a domestic physician, being troubled with a hypochondriac disorder, it was resolved by skilful gentlemen of the faculty, in a consultation, that an opening decoction should be prepared without delay for his eminence. Upon this Rabelais takes himself away, leaving the junto to prate themselves into a sweat for higher fees, orders a huge fire in the yard, and one of the largest kettles; into that kettle, brimful of water, he threw all the keys he could find or borrow; then stripped himself to his doublet, fell to stirring them about with all the anxiety of a cook, lest they should not boil well. The doctors, at their coming down, surprized at such an apparatus, and asking the meaning of Rabelais's diligence, he made the following reply to them; "I am about your prescription gentlemen; keys are certainly the best openers in the world, and if you are not satisfied with what I have done, I will dispatch a messenger to the arsenal for a dozen of battering cannon."

Use and Excellency of Learning.

THE most important and extensive advantages mankind enjoy are greatly owing to men who have never quitted their closets. To them mankind is obliged for the facility and security of navigation. The invention of the compass has opened to them new worlds. The knowledge of the mechanical powers has enabled them to construct such wonderful machines as perform what the united labour of millions, by the severest drudgery, could not accomplish. Agriculture too, the most useful of arts, has received its share of improvement from the same source. Poetry, likewise, is of excellent use to enable the memory to retain with more ease, and to imprint with more energy upon the heart, precepts of virtue and virtuous actions. Some philosophers have entered so far into the councils of divine wisdom as to explain much of the great operations of nature. The dimensions, distances, and causes of the revolutions of the planets, the path of comets, and the nature of eclipses are understood and explained. Can any thing raise the glory of the human species more than to see a little creature inhabiting a small spot, amidst innumerable worlds, taking a survey
of

of the universe, comprehending its arrangement, and entering into the scheme of that wonderful connection and correspondence of things so remote, and which it seems the utmost exertion of Omnipotence to have established? what a volume of wisdom, what a noble theology do these discoveries open to us? while some superior geniusses have soared to these sublime subjects, other sagacious and diligent minds have been enquiring into the most minute works of the infinite artificer: the same care, the same providence is exerted through the whole, and we shall learn from it, that to true wisdom, utility and fitness, appear perfection, and to whatever is beneficial is noble.

A remarkable Instance of Temerity

IN AN ENGLISH SOLDIER.

GEORGE HASLEWOOD, an English soldier, having been taken, in company with twenty-three Spaniards by prince Maurice, it was determined that eight of them should be hanged, in requital for a like sentence that had been made by Albert, the archduke, upon some Hollanders, and that it should be decided by lot on whom the punishment

punishment should fall. The Englishman happily drew his deliverance; but one Spaniard expressed great reluctance and terror of mind, when he put his hat into the helmet to try his fate, not so much in fear of death, as an antipathy to such an unnatural decision, in which he might make his own hand destroy himself, and be executed for the guilt of others, or acquitted for no innocence of his own. The Englishman consented to take what money he had, and stand to the change for him. The judges consented also to this request, as that of a fool or a madman, who deserved not the life he had so providentially obtained. Yet, such his fortune was, that he drew himself safe. When he was asked why he would put his life in such danger again for the safety of another, and after such a signal escape, so presumptuously to hazard it a second time? Because, said he, I thought I had a bargain of it; for, considering that I daily expose myself for the value of sixpence, I thought I might with much more reason venture it for twelve crowns.

Why



*Why Almighty God bath Patience with the
Wicked, and afflicts the Good in this
probationary State.*

WHY should God exercise so much patience towards wicked men, and bear so long with them, were it not, in great goodness, to give them time for repentance, that they may escape eternal miseries? Why shou'd he afflict good men all their lives, whose virtues deserve a more prosperous fortune, only to exercise their faith and patience, and to advance them still to more divine perfections;—unless he intended to reward their present sufferings, and their eminent virtue, with a brighter and more glorious crown?

ANECDOTE

OF

Bishop Warburton.

IT is well known that the Bishop's great work was the *divine legation of Moses*. To this he devoted much laborious study. A year or two before the death of this veteran divine, a fair lady, who

who was a near relation of his Lordship's, briskly observed to him, that she had seen him equipped in many dresses, but never saw him attired in the garb of an officer. "Do my Lord, put the Colonel's uniform on, indulge me with a *perspective en militaire*."——After some few objections, the good-natured Bishop complied with the request. In the mean time, the lady prepared a large circle to receive her new Adonis. Immediately as his Lordship entered, his mentor announced Brigadier-General Moses—Ladies and Gentlemen, permit me to introduce you to Brigadier-General Moses, an Officer of much worth and experience.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

NOTWITHSTANDING the great and real improvements which have been made in the affair of female education, and the more enlarged and generous views of it which prevail in the present day, there is still a material defect, which is not in general the object of attention to remove. The defect seems to consist in this, that too little regard is paid to the dispositions of the mind, that the indications of the temper are not properly cherished, nor the affections of the heart sufficiently regulated.

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The exterior should be made a considerable object of attention, but not the principal, not the only one. The grace should be industriously cultivated, but they should not be cultivated at the expence of the virtues. The arms, the head, the whole person should be carefully polished, but the heart should not be the only portion of the human anatomy which should be totally overlooked.

Musick, dancing and languages, gratify those who teach them, by perceptible and almost immediate effects, and every observer can, in some measure, judge of the progress. The effects of these accomplishments address themselves to the senses; and there are more who can hear and see, than there are who can judge and reflect.

Personal perfection is not only more obvious, it is also more rapid; and even in very accomplished characters, elegance usually precedes principle.

But the heart, that natural seat of evil propensities, that little troublesome empire of the passions, is led to what is right by slow motions and imperceptible degrees. It must be admonished by reproof, and allured by kindness. Its liveliest advances are frequently impeded by the obstinacy of prejudice, and its brightest promises often ob-

secured by the tempests of passion. It is slow in its acquisition of virtue, and reluctant in its approaches to piety.

The labours of a good and wise mother, who is anxious for her daughter's most important interests will seem to be at variance with those of her instructors. Humility and piety form the solid and durable basis on which she wishes to raise the superstructure of the accomplishments, while the accomplishments themselves are frequently of that unsteady nature, that if the foundation is not secured, in proportion as the building is enlarged, it will be overloaded and destroyed by those very ornaments, which were intended to embellish what they have contributed to ruin.

The more ostensible qualifications should be carefully regulated, or they will be in danger of putting to flight the modest train of retreating virtues, which cannot safely subsist before the bold eye of public observation, nor bear the bolder tongue of impudent and audacious flattery.

Merely ornamental accomplishments, will but indifferently qualify a woman to perform the *duties* of life, though it is highly proper she should possess them, in order to furnish the *amusements* of it. Yet though the well-bred woman should learn to dance,

dance, sing, recite, and draw, the end of a good education is not that they may become singers, dancers, players, or painters: its real object is to make them good daughters, good wives, good mistresses, good members of society, and good christians.

To an injudicious and superficial eye, the best educated girl may make the least brilliant figure, as she will probably have less flippancy in her manner, and less repartee in her expression, and her acquirements will be rather *enamelled* than *embossed*. But her merit will be known by all who come near enough to discern, and have taste enough to distinguish.

A truly good and well educated young lady, will be found in the bosom of retirement, in the practice of every domestic virtue, in the performance of every amiable accomplishment, exerted in the shade, to enliven retirement,—to heighten the endearing pleasures of social intercourse,—and to embellish the narrow, but charming circle of family delights; and to this amiable purpose dedicating her more elegant accomplishments, instead of exhibiting them to attract admiration, or depress inferiority.

One great art of education consists in not suffering the feelings to become too acute by unnecessary awakening, nor too obtuse by want of exertion. The former renders them the source of calamity, and totally ruins the temper; while the latter blunts and debases them, and produces a dull, cold and selfish spirit. The precious sensibility of an open temper, the amiable glow of an ingenuous soul, the bright flame of a noble and generous spirit, are of higher worth than all the documents of learning, of dearer price than all the advantages which can be derived from the most refined and artificial mode of education.

Sensibility, delicacy, and an ingenuous temper are of more esteem than language or music, for they are the language of the heart, and the music of the according passions. Every appearance of amiable simplicity, of honest shame, will be dear to sensible hearts; they should carefully cherish every such indication in a young female; for they will perceive that it is this temper wisely cultivated, which will one day make her enamoured of the loveliness of virtue, and the beauty of holiness, from which she will acquire a taste for the doctrines of religion, and a spirit to perform the duties of it.

Prudence

Prudence is not natural to children, however, they can substitute art in its stead. But there is something more becoming in the very errors of nature where they are undisguised, than in the affectation of virtue itself, where the reality is wanting. The precise and premature wisdom which some girls have cunning enough to assume, is of a more dangerous tendency than any of their natural failings can be, as it effectually covers those secret, bad dispositions, which if they displayed themselves, might be rectified. The hypocrisy of assuming virtues which are not inherent in the heart, prevents the growth and disclosure of those real ones, which it is the great end of education to cultivate.

This cunning, which of all the different dispositions girls discover, as most to be dreaded, is increased by nothing so much as fear. The indiscreet transports of rage which many betray on every slight occasion, and the little distinctions they make between venial errors and premeditated crimes naturally dispose a child to conceal, what she does not care however to suppress; anger in one, will not remedy the faults of another.

Notwithstanding girls should not be treated with unkindness, nor the first openings of the passions blighted by cold severity, yet they should be accustomed

customed very early in life to a certain degree of restraint. The natural cast of character, and the moral distinctions of the sexes should not be disregarded even in childhood.

That bold, independent, enterprising spirit, which is so much admired in boys, should not when it happens to discover itself in the other sex, be encouraged, but suppressed. Girls should be taught to give up their opinions betimes, and not pertinaciously carry on a dispute, even if they know themselves to be in the right. Yet they should not be robbed of the liberty of private judgments, but by no means encouraged to contract a contentious or contradictory turn. It is of the greatest importance to their future happiness, that they should acquire a submissive temper, and a forbearing spirit: for it is a lesson the world will not fail to make them frequently practise, when they come abroad into it, and they will not practise it the worse for having learned it the sooner.

There is more piety, as well as more sense, in labouring to improve the talents which children actually have, than in lamenting that they do not possess supernatural endowments or angelic perfections. A girl who has docility will seldom be found to want understanding enough for all the purposes of a social, a happy, and an useful life, and

and those who hope to do a great deal, must not expect to do every thing. If they know any thing of the malignity of sin, the blindness of prejudice, or the corruption of the human heart, they will also know, that the heart will always remain after the very best possible education, full of infirmity and imperfection. They should consider that they are not educating cherubims and seraphims, but men and women; creatures who at their best estate, are altogether vanity: how little can be expected from them in the weakness and imbecility of infancy! our passions themselves, by proper management may be made subservient to some good end; for there is scarcely a single one which may not be turned to profitable account, if prudently rectified and skilfully directed into the road of some neighbouring virtue. Envy and lying must be always excepted, they must be radically cured before any good can be expected from the heart which has been infected with them. For envy, though passed through all the moral strainers cannot be refined into viriuous emulation, or lying improved into an agreeable turn, for innocent diversion.

To win the passions, therefore, over to the cause of virtue, answers a much nobler end than their extinction could possibly do, even if that could be effected;

effected; for they resemble fires, which are friendly and beneficial when under proper direction; but if suffered to blaze without restraint, they carry devastation along with them; and, if totally extinguished, leave the benighted mind in a state of cold and comfortless insanity.

ON A SWARM OF BEES

Settling on the Duchess of Rutland.

RUTLAND, of ev'ry charm possess'd
Which decorates the female breast,
Of beauty which excels all praise!
Accept these unblemish'd lays,
And where the lab'ring metre tries
T' express the language of thine eyes,
Thy form divine, thy face so fair,
Thy snowy bosom, graceful air;
If there is one presumptive line,
Th' offspring of this poor brain of mine,
Shall dare endeavour to pourtray
The graces which round Rutland play,
Spare, gently spare, the rude attempt;
Nor doom my boldness to contempt.

Ambition

Ambition 'tis inspires my mind,
 My heart is but too soon inclin'd,
 As the little flutt'ring bees
 On the loveliest flowers seize;
 So where the sweetest honey's found,
 Will swarms poetic most abound.

OF AN

UNTUTORED SAILOR,

Who damned his Sovereign.

WHEN the grandfather of the present King was once upon his voyage in the royal yacht to Hanover, he felt a pleasure in discoursing with a lively active tar, whose replies were shockingly ill-bred. The captain, whom he greatly feared, declared, that if he again neglected to say, "And please your Majesty," he should be severely punished. The King soon asks him another question. The flurried sailor, meaning to answer in the affirmative. "Yes, and please your Majesty!" stops when he should pronounce the *last* word; and self-irritated at his want of recollection, exclaims aloud, "damn your hard name, I can't think of it for the blood of me."

A N E C D O T E.

M. GOFFE of Geneva, relates an anecdote, which, says he, is perhaps superior to the well-known one of the Roman chastity. "An artist, rather in years, had an ulcerous humour flying about his face in a most shocking manner, quite insupportable to all who approached it, on account of its pestiferous and nauseous smell. No barber would perform the usual operation, and the poor man found himself totally neglected, and at last abandoned by his very servant. His daughter, who was married, the mother of a family and endowed with all the amiable and good qualities that do honour to her sex, saw with incredible sorrow her father's disease grow worse for want of proper assistance, and on account of the total neglect of his person. Moved by her filial affection, she surmounted all female prejudices, and took the resolution of going daily to practise in a barber's shop the painful task of handling a razor. There she used to shave all the country people that presented themselves (the shop was of the inferior kind,) and in a short time found herself sure of her hand. With true heart-felt joy she went to her father, and looking at him tenderly, "Cheer up, my good father, said she, you shall be under no obligation

obligation to any body for the future; I'll take care of you." From that time this worthy and virtuous woman assiduously attended him till the hour of his death.

ON THE

Affectation of good Breeding.

THE qualifications which fit a man best for the purposes of society, is good-breeding; while there is scarce any thing more disgusting than the aukward imitation of good-manners, so frequently met with among the civilest and most obliging people in the world, your half bred people of no fashion.—True politeness, as it makes men easy to themselves, diffuses an air of ease round about them; and by removing that disagreeable restraint which shackles all our faculties before our superiors, gives a freedom to conversation, without encouraging an unbecoming familiarity. This is indeed good breeding, and those only who are blest with good sense can or dare appear truly well-bred.—The proud man and the fool must have recourse to forms; they have occasion for them to hedge in their dulness; and there-

fore, by a careful and supercilious reserve, endeavour to impose an awe upon their inferiors, who keep the silence of a Pythagorean, and like the chaplains of an archbishop, dare not utter a word while his grace is at the table.

But surely, of all mistaken points of breeding, ceremony, and an over-prefing civility, are the most ridiculous. "If a person," says Swift, "makes me keep my distance, it is some happiness that he must keep his own at the same time: and, in that case, the honest man has an advantage of the proud one." But the punctilios of ceremony destroy the comforts of life, and keep even friends for ever at a distance;—whilst the exertions of an overstrained civility, worry and tease us into a compliance with what we dislike. I have read somewhere, in the history of China, that two loaded waggons never met on the road, but their drivers most ceremoniously compliment each other upon making way.

A N E C D O T E.

DURING the rebellion in the year 1745, the clan of Glenco were quartered near the house of Lord Stair. The Pretender, being afraid they

they would remember that the warrant for the massacre of their clan had been signed by the Earl's father, sent a guard to protect the house. The clan quitted the rebel army, and were returning home: the Pretender sent to know their reason. Their answer was, "that they had been affronted;" and when asked what the affront was, they said, "the greatest of any; for they had been suspected of being capable of visiting the injuries of the father upon the innocent and brave son."

ADDRESS TO HEALTH.

A H! whither art thou flown, sweet goddess,
Health?

Why is my cheek with endless sickness pale?
In vain does fortune pour her glittering wealth:
Unblest'd by thee, I only can bewail!

The glimm'ring taper, dark'ning, dies away,
Ere in sweet sleep my heavy eye-lids close;
The sun o'er yon high mountain darts his ray,
Ere sinks my weary frame to calm repose:

Nor, oft, e'en this to enjoy, is it my lot;
By troubled dreams my anxious soul's oppress'd:
In sweet oblivion, all their cares forgot,
While others sleep, I only find no rest.

Scarce

Scarce has the circling year beheld my prime ;
My nerves the strength of manhood hath not
 brac'd

But to the silent grave, before my time,
Ere age demands, pale sickness bids me haste.

The vital spark not gently dies away ;
But, quench'd by the hand of violence, expires :
So fall I death's poor, weak, defenceless prey,
While not e'en hope one pleasing thought in-
spires !

I can no more—so long as life remains,
How small the share of pleasure I may know !
While flows the purple current through my veins
No soothing pow'r can ease give to my woe.

Dr. MILES COWPER.

THE late Dr. Miles Cowper, of Edinburgh, was buried in the cemetery of the old Church of Restalrig, about a mile east from Edinburgh, where those of the episcopal persuasion are commonly interred. His death was very sudden. Not finding a gentleman at home with whom he went to dine, he repaired to a tavern, and ordered dinner, and fell down dead while it was getting ready.

The

The following epitaph was found in his repositories :

Here lies a priest of English blood,
 Who, living, lik'd what'er was good ;
 Good company, good wine, good name,
 Yet never hunted after fame ;
 But as the first he still preferr'd,
 So here he chose to be interr'd,
 And unobserv'd from crowds withdrew,
 To rest among a chosen few,
 In humble hope that divine love
 Will raise him to the blest above.

It may perhaps deserve mention, that Dr. Cowper's library fold for 5*l*. and the liquors in his cellar for 150*l*.



T H E

Devotion of Boerhaave.

BOERHAAVE through life, consecrated the first hour after he rose in the morning to meditation and prayer ; declaring, that from thence he derived vigour and aptitude for business, together with equanimity under provocations, and a perfect

perfect conquest over his irascible passions. "The sparks of calumny ; he would say, " will be presently extinct of themselves, unless you blow them; and therefore, in return, he chose rather to commend the good qualities of his calumniators, (if they had any) than to dwell upon the bad."



A
COLLECTION
OF INTERESTING
Anecdotes, Memoirs, &c.

ANECDOTE
OF
DOCTOR YOUNG.

THIS eminent writer, and amiable man, was remarkable for the urbanity of his manners and the cheerfulness of his temper, prior to a most disastrous family contingency, which threw a shade on all the subsequent part of his life. He was once on a party of pleasure with a few Ladies, going up the water to Vauxhall; and he amused them with a tune on the German flute. Behind him several Officers were also in a boat rowing for the same place, and soon came alongside of the boat where the Doctor and the Ladies were.

B

The

The Doctor, who was not very conceited of his playing, put up his flute on their approach. One of them instantly asked, "Why he ceased playing, or put up the flute in his pocket?" "For the same reason (said he) that I took it out, to please myself." The son of Mars very peremptorily rejoined, "That if he did not immediately take out his flute and continue his music, he would instantly throw him into the Thames." The Doctor, in order to allay the fears of the Ladies, pocketed the insult with the best grace he could, and continued his tune all the way up the river.

During the evening, however, he observed the Officer who acted thus cavalierly, by himself in one of the walks, and making up to him, said, with great coolness, "It was, Sir, to avoid interrupting the harmony either of my company or your's, that I complied with your arrogant demand; but that you may be satisfied courage may be found under a black as well as a red coat, I expect you will meet me to morrow morning at a certain place, without any second, the quarrel being entirely *entre nous*."

The Doctor further covenanted in a very peremptory manner, that the business should be altogether

together settled with swords. To all these conditions the Officer implicitly consented. The duellists met the next morning at the hour and place appointed; but the moment the Officer took his ground, the Doctor presented to his head a large horse pistol. "What (said the Officer,) do you intend to assassinate me?" "No (said the Doctor,) but you shall this instant put up your sword, and dance a minuet, otherwise you are a dead man." Some short altercation ensued, but the Doctor appeared so serious and determined, that the Officer could not help complying. "Now, Sir, (said the Doctor,) you forced me to play yesterday against my will, and I have obliged you to dance this day against your's: we are again on an equal footing, and whatever other satisfaction you demand, I am ready."

The Officer forthwith embraced the Doctor, acknowledged his impertinence, and begged for the future they might live on terms of the sincerest friendship, which they ever did after.

THE

THE PEEVISH PAIR ;

A MORAL TALE,

For the married of both Sexes.

THE happiness of domestic life is sometimes destroyed by the crushing weight of a capital calamity ; but, in general, domestic felicity is interrupted by a number of little grievances originating from the imperfections of those who, though they find it convenient upon the whole to live together under the same roof (setting aside all mutual regard, which is, however, the strongest cement of domestic life,) are continually harassing each other, either by an oblique deviation from their respective modes of thinking, or by a declared opposition to their respective sentiments and opinions, in the most irritating manner, so that they live in a state of perpetual disquiet ; and, instead of endeavouring, by reciprocal compliances, in various shapes, to make their cohabitation happy, they take pains to render it reciprocally disagreeable. In how many families do we find the harmony of them disturbed by paroxisms of passion ! In how many more may the discordant dialogues carried on in them be attributed

buted to a series of peevish complaints and petty provocations !

Of all the couples that were ever joined by the saffron-robed deity, few did him less credit than Mr. and Mrs. Jolliffe, as soon as they had surfeited themselves with the first-fruits of matrimony. The honey-moon was certainly sweet enough : but though it might have been extremely palatable to their own taste, their carriage wanted the seasoning of discretion to make it relished by their friends ; who, while they rejoiced to see them both look as if they did not repent of the deed they had done, (for there are some pairs who come away from the altar of Hymen as if they had halters about their necks,) thought that they might have shewn their mutual satisfaction in a less disgusting way.

The fulsome deportment of new-married men and their wives before company, has been often reprehended, and with reason ; for surely they, by such deportment, give no favourable proofs of their understandings, whatever prejudices they may excite in favour of their hearts : No—seldom is an union of them to be discovered by any visible signs or tokens : the union of persons is commonly brought about by motives very different
from

from those which affection would have suggested.

The Jolliffes were united by love, because they appeared handsome in each others eyes, and because they were too young to suppose that they should be tired of loving when their new connection became familiar to them. Equally poetical and just are the following lines, which Addison has put into the mouth of his Numidian Prince :

Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.

Mr. Jolliffe having married his Lucy more for her features, and for her complexion, than for her internal charms ; more for the tincture of her skin, than for her talents or her temper, soon found her beauty so familiar to his eyes, that its power over him gradually diminished : *it palled upon the sense*, and he began to wish that he had not loaded himself with shackles, the pressure of which grew every day, from the time they first pained him, less supportable ; they grew, indeed, intolerable, not to be endured.

Many men in Jolliffe's condition would have given a vent to their painful sensations in a
language

language full of sound and fury, in a storm of words: they would have rattled their chains; they would have made every room in their houses ring with their execrations against the cursed state in which they were doomed to a taxation, for the removal of which they would have drank gallons of tea with the greatest pleasure. But the matrimonial hero of the present narrative was not of a fiery disposition: he was not at all addicted to a clamorous disclosure of his domestic grievances: he felt them keenly indeed, but he discovered his feelings chiefly by the fullness of his looks, and the peevishness of his interjections. Mrs. Jolliffe happening to be of the same sulky temper, as fretful a woman as ever breathed, and heartily sick of her George, when he ceased to compliment her upon her personal attractions, was in a continual pout from morning to night, and found herself out of humour with every thing about her. With all the peevishness of her husband, she had, however, more spirit, and in consequence of her superior vivacity, often treated her servants with the overflowings of that discontent which his indifference had provoked. It must be confessed, that this etching is a harsh one: I wish it may not be thought too correct by many of those for whose examination, (I will not say instruction,) it was drawn.

When

When a married couple are in the state of conjugal unhappiness above mentioned, they cannot be supposed to be very desirous of each others company; for on what can their conversation turn, but upon the grievances which each of them endures from the mutual cessation of conjugal love?

The Jolliffes, in their state of unhappiness, certainly took pains to avoid any close conferences, being well assured that they could hardly converse upon any subject without coming to a quarrel; and neither of them chose to risque the utterance of expressions which might terminate in a separation, and so they grumbled on when they were at home. At home, however, they were seldom together; to each of them almost any place was more agreeable; they were of course to be met with oftener in others houses than in their own. By their frequent and separate engagements abroad, they contrived to avoid spending much time with each other; but when they did meet, their peevishness returned with double force, and every moment was miserable, though neither of them could scarce tell why it was so. They could not fairly charge each other with the commission of any capital offences, but they were unhappy.

In

In this unenviable way Mr. and Mrs. Jolliffe lived for some years; and, having no children, there were no parental ties to strengthen the conjugal ones. Quite weary at last of living in a state of perpetual contradiction, though they never came to an open rupture, they mutually agreed to separate in form, for their mutual relief.

When the articles of agreement were signed and sealed by Mr. and Mrs. Jolliffe, the latter went to reside with a female friend, with whom she had been very intimately connected from her infancy; and, upon her removal to her house, could not keep the satisfaction which she felt, in consequence of her separation within decent bounds. She was, indeed, checked a little by her friend for her effusions; but the reproofs which she received, rather served to encourage than to suppress them. Mr. Jolliffe, on his part, not feeling himself less pleased with his new arrangement, enlarged the circle of his acquaintance, and plunged himself into new scenes of dissipation.

It has often been observed, that the very persons who are ready to fight when they are in conversation together, are, notwithstanding the opposition

position of their sentiments always together ; and that, though they are sure to dispute with no small warmth whenever they meet, seem to be never happy asunder. The Jolliffes were of this whimsical turn : during the years which they dragged on, sincerely wishing to break the bands which tied them to the oar of matrimony, they really thought they should be happy if they could only bring themselves to live as if they were not married ; and, after having signed their articles of separation, they behaved as if they wondered that they had not adopted such a mode of proceeding before : they seemed to be surprized at their having punished themselves so long. But how great is the fickleness of human nature.

When the Jolliffes had been a few months released from each other by mutual consent, without the interposition of lawyers, they began to wish for the demolition of the agreement, which had occasioned their residence in different parts of the town.

Mrs. Jolliffe, supported at first by her pride, felt all her love return ; that love which she felt for her handsome George when he first made his addresses to her.

These

These new feelings, or rather the revival of her old ones, threw her into a train of reflections on her past conduct; with which, though she could not reproach herself with any criminal action, she was not at all satisfied.

George, not less displeased with his past behaviour, began to think he had deprived himself of a great deal of conjugal felicity by it.

In short, both he and Mrs. Jolliffe now sincerely wished to reside under the same roof, and felt themselves very uneasy in their state of separation; but each of them was also too proud to take any steps to open the door of reconciliation: and it is highly probable that if some of their friends had not officiously, but surely with a laudable solicitude, interfered, they would never have been re-domesticated. By their interference, however, a reconciliation was soon brought about. The once peevish pair listened to the remonstrances and to the persuasions of their friends, and, in a projected interview, all former animosities were forgotten: the broken threads of conjugal affection were joined, and, from that time, the reconciled husband and wife, both convinced, by experience, that they were unable to live unconnected with each other, in the most amiable sense

fenfe of the words, endeavoured to make amends for their paft peevifhnefs, by faying and doing every thing in their power to promote each others connubial felicity.

THE AFFECTIONATE WIFE

AND

HEROIC DAUGHTER,

A FRENCH ANECDOTE.

IN this polite age, when a princefs enters into the fifth month of her pregnancy, phyficians, furgeons, and men-midwives affume the direktion of her health: ſhe is ſcarce allowed to ſtir out of her apartment, in the eaſieſt carriage, and upon the ſmoothed road; the riſque is too great for her condition. Were ſhe ever ſo deſirous of making an excuſion only from Verſailles to Fontainbleau, they would, with ſolemn faces oppoſe it. Cayet, ſub-preceptor to Henry IV. relates, that, “ Jean of Albret, having requeſted to accompany her huſband in the Picardy wars, the king, her father, laid his commands upon her to come away, ſhould ſhe prove with child, to be delivered

delivered in his house; adding, that he would take care of the child, boy or girl." This princess being pregnant, set out, in her ninth month, from Compiègne, crossed all France down to the Pyrenees, and in a fortnight reached Pau, in Berne. She was very desirous, added the historian, to see her father's will, which was kept in a large gold box, with which also was a gold chain of such a length as to go twenty-five or thirty times about a woman's neck: she asked him for it. "Thou shalt have it" said he, "on thy shewing me the child now in thy womb, so that it be no puny, whimpering chit. I give thee my word the whole shall be thine, provided that whilst thou art in labour, thou singest me a Berne song, and I will be at thy delivery." Between mid-night and one o'clock on the 13th of December, 1553, the princess's pains came on: her father, on notice, hastened down, and she, hearing him come into the room, chanted out the old Berne lay,

*Notre Dame du Bout du Pont,
Aidez moi en cette heure, &c.*

Immediately after delivery, her father put the gold chain about her neck, and gave her the gold box, in which was his will, saying, "There, girl,
that

that is thine, but this belongs to me." taking up the babe in his gown, without staying till it was dressed, and carried it away to his apartment. The little prince was fed and brought up, so as to be inured to fatigue and hardship, frequently eating nothing but the coarsest common bread; the good king, his grandfather, had given such orders. He used, according to the custom of the country, to run about bare-headed and bare-footed, with the village boys, both in winter and summer.

Who was this prince?—Henry the Fourth,

THE RECLAIMED HUSBAND,

IT is the custom among too many married women, when their husbands prove unfaithful, when they have unchaste connections, to discover their resentment in such a manner as to frustrate their own designs. Keen invectives and clamorous reproaches are feeble efforts to recall a wandering heart to the first object of its love: such efforts will, in general, only tend to banish it for ever. There are some wives who have
had

had recourse to gentle means and mild proceedings, for the reformation of their wedded libertines, and for the recovery of their affections; those wives certainly take the method most likely to gain the consummation of their matrimonial wishes.

Antonio, a Florentine of rank and fortune, on his marriage with Bianca, the daughter of a Milanese gentleman of a good family, but in no way upon a footing with him, promised himself the highest felicity in the nuptial state, as he had raised her to a sphere in life to which her birth had not entitled her, and as she had given him the greatest encouragement to believe that his ardent passion for her was sincerely returned. It was her beauty which first allured his eye, but it was her merit which won his heart. With many personal, she had also many intellectual charms; with many brilliant accomplishments she had not a few shining virtues; and had she been elevated to a throne, she would have rather dignified than disgraced it.

With such an attractive and so amiable a wife, Antonio thought himself, and surely not without reason, one of the happiest husbands in Florence—in all Italy: and Bianca, on the other hand, by
her

her whole behaviour sufficiently convinced him that her felicity depended entirely upon the continuance of his conjugal affection. She loved him, indeed, with such a warmth, as well as purity of passion, that she was wretched in his absence ; and was often ready to say to him, in the fondling language of Juliet, when business forced him from her :

————— I would have thee gone,
 And yet no farther than a wanton's bird,
 That lets it hop a little from her hand,
 Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
 And with a silk thread pulls it back again,
 So jealous loving of his liberty.

It will be naturally supposed, by some readers of this tale, that a woman of such a cast, especially an Italian, was of a suspicious disposition ; and that the extravagance of her love made her liable to be alarmed by every appearance of neglect in the man who reigned sole in her tender bosom. Such a conclusion is by no means irrational, or to be wondered at ; but the heroine of these pages, though born in a land which may be called the region of jealousy, was not personally acquainted with the green-eyed monster. She felt, it is true, an inexpressible uneasiness
 when

when Antonio was under a necessity, arising from his public avocations, to leave her, for days, for weeks, for months; but as she had the firmest reliance on his conjugal honour, and the strongest assurances of his conjugal regard, her disquiets were not additionally sharpened by any reflections injurious to his fidelity. Those who find themselves disposed to say, "Such a wife deserves the most constant of husbands," will be still more so before they get to the end of this narrative. It is now time to take a nearer view of Antonio, and to bring him forward upon the canvass. Young, gay, handsome, sensible, and accomplished, he made a brilliant figure among the fair, and though not an abandoned libertine, had been engaged in several fugitive connections, which proved him to be of a changeable temper. It was from the visible turn in his temper to variety, that three-fourths of the city of Florence, when they beheld him with his lovely bride, prognosticated that a large portion of infelicity would fall to her share, if she placed the happiness of her life on the stability of his attachment to her. Their predictions were natural, but they were not verified; for though Bianca did consider the stability of her husband's attachment essential to her domestic happiness, she had not the misery of a jealous wife, (the misery pre-supposed) superadded.

peradded to the wretchedness of the neglected one.

As Antonio was a man on whom no woman could look with indifference, a man whom the majority of females beheld with the eyes of partiality, he had the most powerful temptations to draw him from his matrimonial duties; and as he was, with a thousand good qualities, as well as winning *agtements*, of an amorous constitution, they were too often irresistible—too often; the words may be, with propriety, repeated, for he frequently, in the gratification of his licentious passions, produced scenes of exquisite distress in the families, whose daughters were rather seducing than seduced; and plunged himself into numberless situations of which he sincerely repented, when he seriously reflected upon them.

There are but too many persons in the world at all times ready to put us out of conceit with ourselves, our friends, our houses, our furniture, with every thing, in short, belonging to us. When such people endeavour to sow dissention between married pairs, they are more than impertinent, they are guilty of very mischievous proceedings. To hear those who behave in this manner with a total inattention, is to treat them

as

as they deserve, but it is also to treat them with too much consideration; they merit corporal punishment, and it is a pity that no penal laws are in force for the correction of the wanton follies of malevolence.

By one of these malevolæ (for her concealed enemy, under the specious mask of friendship, was a woman) Bianca was briskly attacked; and had she been addicted to jealousy, she must have been robbed of her peace, as jealousy and peace can never dwell together in the same breast. When the former enters it, the latter immediately wings its flight,

By this false friend Bianca was informed, that her husband was faithless; that it was impossible to enumerate the breaches he had made in his nuptial vows; that he associated with the most profligate women in Florence; and that he, of course, had no pretensions to the tenderness which she discovered for him.

This friendly intelligence was imparted to Bianca in a compassionating tone, and the communicative creature, from whose lips it flowed with a volubility equal to her malice, lamented, every now and then, with the strongest appearances of sympathetic

pathetic concern, her union with a man who had, by his actions, amply convinced her that he was too general a lover to be permanently devoted to any one woman.

When this malevolent lady had finished her inflammatory address, not without hopes that it would have rendered the affectionate wife as miserable as she wished her to be, merely because she could not (galled by the pressure of her own domestic grievances) bear to see another woman happy in the marriage state, she waited with the utmost impatience for an answer, full of resentment, full of rage ; but she was inconceivably disappointed. Bianca, instead of making a reply agreeably to her expectations, delivered a speech in return which breathed nothing but—mildness and content.

“ If you think you have told me any news, my
 “ dear Camilla, said she, with the greatest calm-
 “ ness of utterance, by acquainting me with An-
 “ tonio’s visits to other women, you are very
 “ much mistaken. I am no stranger to them ;
 “ but while he behaves in the most unexcep-
 “ tionable manner, when he favours me with his
 “ company at home, I think it my duty (I am sure
 “ it is my interest) to give no disturbance to his
 • pleasures

“ pleasures abroad, which do not make him re-
 “ gardless of me. Whenever I have the happi-
 “ nefs of his fociety, he is cheerful, and good-
 “ humoured, and not only speedily complies with
 “ all my little requests, but strives to read my
 “ wishes in my eyes, that he may gratify them
 “ before they are verbally expressed. Can I, then,
 “ with the least propriety, blame such a husband
 “ for amusing himself with other women? No,
 “ Camilla: while he continues so kind to me, I
 “ I shall not upbraid him with his infidelities.”

This speech silenced the lady, who had provoked it by her needless disclosures, attended with commentaries equally unnecessary, and she made no more attempts to irritate her friend to resent her husband's inconstancy, lest she should be thought really actuated by the *evil spirit* which too plainly appeared to be *her ruling spirit*, notwithstanding all her endeavours to conceal the baseness of her intentions.

Bianca, however, though she seemed, before Camilla, to be sufficiently satisfied with Antonio's behaviour to excuse his irregular amours, was far from being pleased with his conduct, or easy under the weight of her reflections upon his temporary desertions. As a prudent wife, she carefully

 kept

kept all her uneasiness confined to her own bosom ; but, as a woman of quick sensibility, she felt Antonio's vagrant propensities too forcibly to enjoy that mental quiet which even those among her dearest intimates imagined in her possession. It was the first, the supreme wish of her heart, to reclaim her roving husband ; but not thinking (like some other hot-headed politicians upon other occasions) that violent measures would be efficacious, she determined to adopt the most gentle modes of proceeding for the attainment of her laudable desires ; she resolved also, at the same time, to keep a strict guard over her words, and even her looks, that Antonio might not hear or see any thing to lead him to suspect she had the slightest knowledge of his supplemental engagements.

In one of his rural excursions, happening to be uncommonly struck with the beauty of a young country girl, he was stimulated by a passion which he could not controul, to gain a conquest over her virtue ; and, as he had met with considerable success in all his amorous manœuvres, he was not deterred from an attack by any apprehensions of a defeat. But as he found, upon a minute enquiry into his new dulcinea's life, parentage, and education, that she was the only daughter of
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very honest, though poor peasants, and had been carefully taught by them to look upon a good name as a jewel not to be estimated, he very prudently made his approaches to an intimacy with her, in the most cautious, in the least alarming manner. Instead of attacking her, he directed his flattery against the father and mother, particularly the latter; and reckoned upon the power of his purse with all that presumption natural to those minions of fortune, who have been accustomed to find their money sufficient to procure them every sort of pleasure this world can afford.

Pretending to be extremely indisposed one day, while he was upon a concerted ride by the cottage where the parents of his fair rustic inhabited, he was, agreeably to his hopes, invited by them, with as much respect as civility, to step into their little hovel, and to stay there till he was better. The civilities he met with were very grateful to him, and the alacrity with which they bestirred themselves to remove the indisposition he complained of, gave him additional satisfaction. After having conversed some time with the old Baucis and Philemon, and accepted of what they offered him, as anodynes to his pains, he presented some pieces of gold to the latter, and
took

took his leave ; but before he got to the door, turned about and asked them if they had not a daughter. On their answering him in the affirmative, he then desired to know if they were willing to part with her to have her placed in an advantageous situation. He had been previously informed that it was their design to send her to service, and consequently was not surprised when they replied, that Jaquinetta would be proud to be taken into a good lady's house, and do her best to please her. Animated by this reply, Antonio told them, that if they would send Jaquinetta to a lady of his acquaintance (giving them her name and place of abode) she might depend upon being well received, well treated, and well paid, if she proved deserving of encouragement.

The parents of Jaquinetta now poured out their gratitude in expressions which were not the less acceptable to the ears of their supposed benefactor, because they came from lips unacquainted with the language of elegance, and called their daughter out of a field, in which she was at work, to communicate the glad-tidings to her, for they were too simple-hearted, too ignorant of the world, to imagine that the fine gentleman who had put them in a way to provide for their child,

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harboured designs of an infamous nature (however countenanced by the great) against her.

The appearance of Jaquinetta threw all the blood in Antonio's body into a state of agitation. Destitute as she was of every advantage resulting from dress, she charmed his eye, and had she been alone with him, her virtue would have been perhaps, in no small danger; but he was too much corrected by the presence of her parents to discover any amorous emotions at the sight of her; such emotions he certainly felt, but he kept them down; nay, so great was his command over his passions, that he seemed hardly to take notice of her; and he retired without ever stealing a glance.

When he had made this beginning, which had, in his opinion, a very promising aspect, he steered his course to the lady whom he had prepared for the intelligence he had to impart,—a lady who had been often useful to him upon similar occasions. To her Jaquinetta was introduced a few days afterwards by her mother, in consequence of Antonio's recommendation, and hired upon the spot. "I like your daughter's looks so well, said Mariana to the old woman, from what I have heard of your bringing her up, that I shall give her more than I intended to, so young

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a servant, and if she behaves discreetly in her station, she shall find her place a profitable one.

Thoroughly satisfied with these flattering assurances, and fully persuaded that she had disposed of her daughter to advantage, the unsuspecting mother of Jaquinetta returned home to her cottage, calling down blessings all the way she went on the heads of Antonio and Mariana. Had she known the secret of their hearts, her blessings would have been converted into execrations.

The character of Antonio wants no development, and a few traits of Mariana's will mark her's—She was in the autumn of life, and one of those women who are more to be dreaded by those among her own sex, who wish to keep their virtue in the highest preservation, than the most formidable men. She had been handsome, and was far from having a person void of allurements. When Jaquinetta entered into her service, her manners were seducing beyond expression.

Such was the woman into whose hands Jaquinetta was placed, and under whose protection she would have found herself in the most trying situation, if Bianca had not removed her from
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the house in which her ruin was projected, before it could be accomplished.

Bianca, having by chance, met with a letter from Mariana to her husband, concerning this innocent girl, and discovered by the contents of it, that she was, between them, doomed to destruction, repaired privately to the deluded parents, and acquainted them with the danger to which their daughter was exposed, earnestly pressed them to send for her home directly, while she was in a state of innocence, as she was pretty well assured that no attempts had yet been made to violate her chastity. She also, without letting them know that Antonio was the person who had recommended their daughter to so improper a woman as Mariana, desired them to put her under her care, upon her removal. With this request they readily complied, after having repeatedly thanked her for her generous behaviour, which sufficiently convinced them of the goodness of her heart. They recovered their Jaquinetta, and carried her to her new mistress. When Antonio (having been prevented from going to Mariana after the arrival of Jaquinetta, by some business which called him another way) returned to his palazzo, in order to acquaint Bianca with the determination of a law-suit, in which she was particularly

particularly interested, the first person he saw, upon his arrival, was Jaquinetta. He was very much surprised at the sight of her at his own house, but he asked her no questions. No sooner did he see Bianca, however, than he said to her, with a smile, "Where did you pick up this pretty creature in my absence."

Bianca, without seeming to have any knowledge of his proceedings relating to her, told him, that as she had accidentally heard of her being hired by Mariana, she had apprehensions with regard to the safety of her honour in her house, which strongly prompted her to remove her from it. "You are, very sensible, my dear Antonio, continued she, smiling, that Mariana is not the properest person to have young women, who are to get their living under her care, especially girls as pretty as Jaquinetta is."

Conscious of having schemed Jaquinetta's ruin,—convinced that Bianca had, by some means, discovered his iniquitous designs, and charmed with the delicacy of her conduct upon the occasion, he was almost determined to bid adieu to all his illegal intimacies, and attach himself for the future to her alone : he was thoroughly weaned from all
such

such intimacies in a short time afterwards, by a singular accident :

In consequence of a sharp quarrel between him and one of his mistresses, (a very amiable woman, setting aside her unlawful connection with him,) Antonio had not only withdrawn his person but his purse from her, so that she was, by his desertion, reduced to a pitiable condition ; and her spirits were so much affected by the mortifying alteration in her circumstances, that she had several times attempted to lay violent hands upon herself, but had been prevented from committing so criminal an action, by the fortunate interposition of the honest villagers with whom she lodged.

Bianca, hearing of this unhappy creature's melancholy situation, which she sincerely compassionated, was so moved by the recital, that she could not help to pay her a visit, in order to render her life more supportable, by pecuniary assistance and Christian consolation. Making herself, therefore, look as much like an old woman, and as forlorn a figure as she could (for particular reasons) she directed her steps to the humble habitation where the despairing Ursula pined away her cheerless hours.

. Meeting

Meeting her in a field adjoining, which led to the public road, feebly advancing with the aid of her landlord's son, she accosted her in the most soothing terms, and entreated her to return to her apartment, as she had something to communicate which merited her attention.

Before she could receive an answer from the afflicted fair one, she perceived her husband driving towards them in a superb carriage, and apparently in danger from the wild and irregular movement of two mettlesome horses.

Antonio having, upon mature consideration, repented of his cruelty to a woman whom he had seduced, was hurrying to seal a reconciliation ; and, indeed, from his eagerness to see her again, made too violent a use of his whip. The nearer the carriage approached, the more immediate his danger seemed to her. Ursula, terrified at the thought of his being killed, fainted in the arms of her new friend. Just at that moment, Antonio seeing her in that condition, and evidently on his account, jumped out, and threw himself on the ground. There, stunned by the fall, he lay for some minutes, without any signs of life. When he recovered, with the help of the young man by whom Ursula was attended,
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and beheld his wife (whom he instantly recognized, in spite of her disguise,) not only supporting her in her arms, but hanging over her with the tenderest concern painted in her face, he was more agitated than he yet had been ; and his agitation now produced the happiest effects. At Bianca's earnest request he made a handsome provision for the much-injured Ursula, and from that hour, thoroughly *reclaimed*, became an *exemplary husband*.

ON THE UNHAPPINESS OF WOMEN,

WHETHER SINGLE OR MARRIED.

THE condition of the female sex has been frequently the subject of compassion to medical writers, because their body is such, that every state of life brings its peculiar diseases ; they are placed, according to the proverb, between Scylla and Charybdis, with no other choice than of dangers equally formidable ; and whether they embrace marriage, or determine upon a single life, are exposed, in consequence of their choice, to sickness, misery, and death.

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It were to be wished, that so great a degree of natural infelicity might not be increased by adventitious and artificial miseries ; and that beings, whose beauty we cannot behold without admiration, and whose delicacy we cannot contemplate without tenderness, might be suffered to enjoy every alleviation of their sorrows. But, however it has happened, the custom of the world seems to have been formed in a kind of conspiracy against them, though it does not appear but they had themselves an equal share in its establishment ; and prescriptions which, by whomsoever they were begun, are now of very long continuance, and by consequence of great authority, seem to have almost excluded them from content, in whatsoever condition they shall pass their lives.

If they refuse the society of men, and continue in that state which is reasonably supposed to place happiness most in their own power, they seldom give those that observe their conduct, or frequent their conversation, any exalted notions of the blessings of liberty, for whether it be that they are angry to see with what inconsiderate eagerness the rest of their sex rush into slavery, or with what absurd vanity the married ladies boast the change of their condition, and condemn the heroines who endeavour by their example to
assert

assert the natural dignity of their sex ;—whether they are conscious that, like barren countries, they are free only because they were never thought to deserve the trouble of a conquest ; or imagine that their sincerity is not always unsuspected, when they declare their contempt for men ; it is certain, that they generally appear to have some great and incessant cause of uneasiness, and that many of them have at last been persuaded, by powerful rhetoricians, to try the life which they had so long contemned, and put on the bridal ornaments at a time when they least became them.

Such is the condition of life, that whatever is proposed, it is much easier to find reasons for avoiding than embracing marriages, though a certain security from the reproach and solitude of antiquated virginity, has, in the manner it is usually conducted, many disadvantages, which take away much from the pleasure which society promises, and which it might afford, if pleasures and pains were honestly shared, and mutual confidence inviolably preserved.

The miseries indeed, which many ladies suffer under conjugal vexations, are to be considered with great pity, because their husbands are often

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not taken by them as objects of affection, but forced upon them by authority and violence, or by persuasion and importunity ; equally resistless, when urged by those whom they have been always accustomed to obey and reverence ; and, it very seldom appears, that those who are thus despotic in the disposal of their children, pay any regard to their domestic and personal felicity, or think it so much to be enquired whether they will be happy, or whether they will be rich.

There is an œconomical oracle received among the prudential and grave part of the world, which advises fathers to marry their daughters, lest they should marry themselves : by which, I suppose, it is implied, that women, left to their own conduct, generally unite themselves with such partners as can contribute very little to their own felicity. Who was the author of this maxim, or with what intention it was originally uttered, I have not yet discovered, but imagine, that however solemnly it may be transmitted, or however implicitly received, it can confer no authority which nature has denied ; it cannot licence Titius to be unjust, lest Caia should be imprudent ; nor give right to imprisonment for life, lest liberty should be ill-employed.

That

That the ladies have sometimes incurred imputations which might naturally produce edicts not much in their favour, must be confessed by their warmest advocates; and I have indeed seldom observed, that when the tenderness or virtue of their parents has preserved them from forced marriages, and left them at large to chuse their own path in the labyrinth of life, they have made any great advantage of their liberty: for they have generally taken the opportunity of an independent fortune to trifle away their youth in the amusements of the town, and lose their bloom in a hurry of diversions, recurring in a succession too quick to leave room for any settled reflections: they have grown old without growing wise; they have seen the world without gaining experience; and at last have regulated their choice by motives trivial as those of a girl, or mercenary as those of a miser.

Melantha came to town upon the death of her father, with a very large fortune, and with the reputation of a much larger; she was therefore followed and caressed by many men of rank, and by some of understanding; but having an insatiable desire of pleasure, she was not at leisure, from the park, the gardens, the theatres, visits, assemblies,

assemblies, and masquerades, to attend seriously to any proposal, but was still impatient for a new flatterer, and neglected marriage as always in her power, till in time her flatterers fell away, some wearied with treating, and others offended by her inconstancy: she heard of concerts to which she was not invited, and was more than once forced to sit still at an assembly, for want of a partner. In this distress, chance threw in her way Philaurus, a man vain, glittering, and thoughtless as herself, who had spent a small fortune in equipage and dress, and was shining in the last suit for which his taylor would give him credit. He had been long endeavouring to retrieve his extravagance by marriage, and therefore soon paid his court to Melantha, who, after some weeks of insensibility, at last saw him at a ball, and was wholly overcome by his performance in a minuet. They married; but a man cannot always dance, and Philaurus had no other method of pleasing: however, as neither of them was in any degree vicious, they live together with no greater unhappiness than vacuity of mind, and that tastelessness of life, which proceeds from a satiety of juvenile pleasures, and an utter inability to fill their place by nobler and more suitable employments. As they have known the fashionable world at the

same

same time, they agree in their notions of all those subjects on which they ever speak, and being able to add nothing to the ideas of each other, they are much inclined to conversation, but very often join in one wish, "That they could dream more and think less."

Arabella, after refusing a thousand offers from men equal in rank and fortune, at last consented to marry Clodius, the younger brother of a duke, a man without elegance of mien, beauty of person, or force of understanding, who, while he courted her, could not always forbear illusions to her birth, and hints how cheaply she would purchase an alliance to so illustrious a family. His conduct, from the hour of his marriage, has been insufferably tyrannical, nor has he any other regard to her than what arises from his desire that her appearance may not disgrace him. Upon this principle, however, he orders always that she should be gaily dressed, and splendidly attended; and she has, among all her mortifications, the happiness which she always wished for, of taking place of her elder sister.

A PICTURE OF TRUE POLITENESS.

POLITENESS is the just medium between form and rudeness. It is the consequence of a benevolent nature, which shews itself to general acquaintance in an obliging, unconstrained civility, as it does, to more particular ones, in distinguished acts of kindness. This good-nature must be directed by a justness of sense, and a quickness of discernment, that knows how to use every opportunity of exercising it, and to proportion the instances of it to every character and situation. It is a restraint laid by reason and benevolence upon every irregularity of the temper, which, in obedience to them, is forced to accommodate itself even to the fantastic laws which custom and fashion have established, if by that means it can procure, in any degree, the satisfaction or good opinion of any part of mankind: thus, paying an obliging deference to their judgment, so far as it is not inconsistent with the higher obligations of virtue and religion.

This must be accompanied with an elegance of taste, and a delicacy observant of the least trifles, which tend to please or to oblige: and though its foundation must be rooted in the heart, it can
scarce

scarce be perfected without a complete knowledge of the world.

In society, it is the medium that blends all different tempers into the most pleasing harmony, while it imposes silence on the loquacious, and inclines the most reserved to furnish their share of the conversation. It represses the ambition of shining alone, and increases the desire of being mutually agreeable—It takes off the edge of railery, and gives delicacy to wit—It preserves a proper subordination amongst all ranks of people, and reconciles a perfect ease with the most exact propriety.

To superiors, it appears in a respectful freedom ; no greatness can awe it into servility, and no intimacy can sink it into a regardless familiarity.

To inferiors, it shews itself in an unassuming good-nature. Its aim is to raise them to you, not to let you down to them. It at once maintains the dignity of your station, and expresses the goodness of your heart.

To equals, it is every thing that is charming ; it studies their inclinations, prevents their desires, attends to every little exactness of behaviour, and
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all the time appears perfectly disingaged and careless.

Such, and so amiable is true politeness; by people of wrong heads and unworthy hearts disgraced in its two extremes, and by the generality of mankind, confined within the narrow bounds of mere good-breeding, which in truth, is only one instance of it.

B O N M O T.

DURING a court mourning, Lord D—— thought to say a very polite thing to her Grace. “You look, said he, like so many brilliants displayed by a jeweller to the best advantage on black.”—“My Lord; said she, every thing is brilliant here but your observation, and that is *mournful* indeed.”

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OF

ADMIRAL BLAKE.

THIS country never produced a man of more resolute courage, or unshaken integrity, than Admiral Blake. His heart was entirely English. The love of his country was the principle from which he never deviated. Whatever party prevailed at home, he was still the same, the defender of his country, and the avenger of her wrongs. "It is not (said he, when Cromwell assumed the Sovereign Power,) the business of a seaman to mind state affairs, but to hinder foreigners from fooling us. Let us not perplex ourselves with domestic disputes, but remember that we are English, and our enemies foreigners; enemies, which, let what will party soever prevail, it is equally the interest of our country to humble and restrain."

H O P E.

COME Hope, thou sweetest balm of human woe;

And bid the gushing tear forget to flow:

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Calm

Calm the rude passions struggling in my breast,
 And lull, with promis'd joys, my woes to rest :
 Lest I should sink beneath the ponderous load ;
 Be thou my staff thro' life's vexatious road ;
 Or rather walk attendant by my side,
 My sweet companion, and my faithful guide ;
 Shew me where, on some distant rural plain,
 A safe retreat from sorrow's anxious train,
 Retir'd and buried in an humble cot,
 " The world forgetting, by the world forgot."
 My long lost troubles may for ever cease,
 And years of woe be crown'd by years of peace.

ON TRUE PATIENCE,

As distinguished from Insensibility.

HOWEVER common, and however intense
 the evils of human life may be, certain it is,
 that evils equally great, do not affect all men
 with an equal degree of anguish ; and the dif-
 ferent manner of sustaining evils, arises from one
 of these two causes ; a natural insensibility, or an
 adventitious fortitude, acquired by the exertion
 of patience. Apathus, when a school-boy, was
 not remarkable for quickness of apprehension, or
 brilliancy

brilliancy of wit ; but though his progress was slow, it was sure, and the additional opportunities of study, which he enjoyed by being free from those avocations which vivacity and warmth of constitution occasion, made him a tolerably good scholar. The fullness of his deportment, however, alienated the affections of his teachers ; and, upon the slightest misdemeanors, he often underwent the punishment of the rod, which he always bore without a tear, and without complaint. He had not long been at school, before his father and mother died of a contagious fever. Preparatory to the disclosure of so mournful an event to an orphan son, many precautions were taken, many phrases of condolence studied. At length, the master took him aside, and after several observations on the instability of human affairs, the suddenness of death, the necessity of submission to Providence, and inefficacy of sorrow, told him, that his parents were no more. To this, Apathus replied, by observing, without any visible alteration in his countenance, that he suspected something of that kind had happened, as he had not received his letters at the usual time ; but that he had not said any thing on the subject, as he thought his being possessed of a fine fortune by the event, was a matter that concerned nobody but himself. “ For, (says he) as the death was sudden,

sudden, there probably was no will, and my father being pretty warm, as they call it, and I being an only son, I think I shall be very well off." Here he was interrupted by his master, who was now desirous of some degree of that grief which he had before been solicitous to prevent. " And are you not affected (said he) with the loss of the dearest friends you had in the world ? " " Why, Sir, (replied the insensible) you have just now been teaching me to submit to Providence, and telling me, we must all die, and the like ; and do I not practise your precepts ? " The master was too much astonished to be able to answer, and hastily left the young man ; who probably concluded the day with a feast of gingerbread, or a game at marbles.

Soon after he left school, he took it into his head to enter into the state of matrimony. But here let the gentle reader be informed, that he was not induced to submit his neck to the yoke by any of those fine feelings which constitute love. The object of his choice had ten thousand pounds ; and he considered that ten thousand pounds would pay for the lady's board. When the little prattlers were arrived at that age when none can behold them without pleasure, they were seized with an unfavourable small-pox,
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and severally carried from the cradle to the grave. The constant attendance of the mother, on this occasion, brought on a fever, which, together with a weakness, occasioned by an advanced state of pregnancy, proved fatal. Then, at last, Apathus was observed to fetch a sigh, and lift up his hands to heaven—at the sight of the undertaker's bill. A thousand misfortunes in business have fallen to his lot, all which he has borne with seeming fortitude. He is now, at length, reduced to that state, in which gentlemen choose to take lodgings within the purlieu of St. George's-fields: but there is no alteration in his features; he still sings his song, takes his glass, and laughs at those silly mortals who weary themselves in wandering up and down the world without controul.

Thus Apathus affords a striking instance of that power of bearing afflictions which arises from natural insensibility. Stoicus will give us a better idea of patience as a virtue.

From that period at which the mind begins to think, Stoicus was remarkable for a quality, which, in children, is called shamefacedness. He could never enter a room full of company without shewing his distress, by a violent suffusion of blushes. At school, he avoided the commission
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of faults, rather through fear of shame than of punishment. In short, an exquisite sensibility, at the same time that it gave him the most exalted delight, frequently exposed him to the keenest affliction. Thus, from being acquainted with grief, though a stranger to misfortune, he acquired a habit of bearing evils before any heavy ones befel him.

Stoicus was designed for a literary life, which, to the generality of mankind, appears almost exempt from the common attacks of ill-fortune: but if there were no other instance of the peculiar miseries of the student, Stoicus alone might evince the groundlessness of such an opinion. From a sanguine temper, he was prone to anticipate success; and from an enterprising disposition, was little inclined to sit down contented without a considerable share of reputation. Influenced by his love of fame, he ventured to appeal to the public taste, and actually sent into the world a performance of great merit: but as the work wanted some popular attractions, it was soon neglected and sunk into oblivion.

An evil of this kind, perhaps, the merchant or the manufacturer may treat with contempt.

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They, however, who with the same feelings have been in the same predicament, will know the anguish which secretly tormented the disconsolate Stoicus. This disappointment was the first affliction of his life, and on this he long meditated without intermission. He has not again ventured to publish, and therefore has had no cause of uneasiness from the ingratitude of the many-headed monster: but the evils of his private life have been numerous and afflictive beyond conception. The death of an amiable wife, a constant state of sickness, expectations continually disappointed, have concurred to overwhelm him—but all their efforts have been fruitless. The reflections of philosophy and religion fortify him against every attack, and I never visit him without observing a placid smile of resignation diffused on his countenance. He is sensible of the real weight of every evil, and at the same time sustains it with alacrity. He draws resources from himself in every emergency, and with the nicest feelings is become perfectly callous.

This is genuine patience, and though the former may by some be thought a happiness, the latter only can be esteemed a virtue. Sensibility, with all its inconveniencies, is to be cherished by those who understand and wish to maintain the dignity
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of their nature. To feel for others, disposes us to exercise the amiable virtue of charity, which our religion indispensably requires. It constitutes that enlarged benevolence which philosophy inculcates, and which is indeed comprehended in Christian charity. It is the privilege and the ornament of man; and the pain which it causes is abundantly recompensed by that sweet sensation which ever accompanies the exercise of beneficence.

To feel our own misery with full force is not to be deprecated. Affliction softens and improves the heart. Tears, to speak in the style of figure, fertilize the soil in which the virtues grow. And it is the remark of one who understood human nature, that the faculties of the mind, as well as the feelings of the heart, are meliorated by adversity.

But, in order to promote these ends, our sufferings must not be permitted to overwhelm us. We must oppose them with the arms of reason and religion; and to express the idea in the language of the philosopher, as well as the poet of Nature; every one, while he is compelled to feel his misfortunes like a man, should resolve also to bear them like a man.

ANEC-

OF

THOUGH ill-qualified either by the habits of his life, or the inclinations of his mind, to compliment the ladies, some moments are known to have arisen in which he soared above his natural impoliteness, and assumed the gallantry and good breeding of a professed admirer of the sex. Having one day clasped within both his hands the hand of Mrs. Piozzi, remarkable for its symmetry and its whiteness, he smiled, and pointing at it as she withdrew it, said, "You have sometimes reproached me with the vanity of giving the preference to my own works; is it not a full confutation of the charge to declare, that *this* is the finest work that ever came *out of my hands?*"

THE UNFORTUNATE LOVERS.

A Moral Tale.

LORD WELBROKE was a native of London ; and having had the misfortunè to lose his noble parents in his infancy, the care of his education

education devolved upon strangers, who strove rather to cherish his passions than to subdue them. Naturally virtuous, however, as he grew up, study, and the culture of the fine arts, became his favourite amusement ; and to indulge these with the greater freedom, he spent the most part of his time at his estate, which was not distant many miles from the capital.

One day, as his Lordship took a solitary walk, absorbed in thought, he found himself in the heart of a little forest, and heard two female voices. On turning to one side, he beheld—with transport beheld—a young lady of angelic form, and an elderly one, who seemed to be her mother.

He accosted them with respect, and presently learned their names and their station. Mrs. Bruce, the mother, further added, that she was a widow of a Scotch gentleman, whose estate had been forfeited on account of his activity on the rebel side in the year 1745 ; that she and her daughter Sophia, rented a little farm about two miles off ; and that it was owing to the fineness of the evening they had strayed so far.

The young Lord begged of the ladies, that they would permit him to wait on them home ;
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and on their arrival at their homely asylum, he beheld the Temple of Virtue and of Innocence. It appeared to him the work of enchantment; and with difficulty could he prevail with himself to quit it.—His whole soul was now engrossed with the idea of Sophia. He frequently renewed his visits; and in a little time, charmed with her beauty, her virtue, and her sensibility, and regardless of her want of fortune, he determined to marry her. During the eve of his nuptials, as he was on the road to wait upon his bride, he met a servant in tears, who informed him, that two men in masks, with a number of attendants, had by force taken possession of the house, and that they had carried off, they knew not whither, Mrs. and Miss Bruce.

Distracted at the news, Welbroke clapped spurs to his horse, returned to Welbroke Castle, and ordered his servants to search through every different road. But every effort to procure tidings of the ravishers was vain.—Three days had elapsed when he had received an anonymous letter, informing him that Mrs. Bruce and her daughter were no more.—Had death instantly followed upon this intelligence, it had been well. A fever was the consequence of it; and for near a year he remained in a state of the most excruciating

ciating uncertainty, and almost bereft of reason. At the end of that period, he seemed to have regained his former tranquillity; and, tired of a country which had no longer any charms for him, since it contained the grave of his Sophia, he determined to make the tour of Europe.

Thus were the affairs of Lord Welbroke situated, when, on his arrival at Rome, he met with, and contracted a peculiar friendship for Farelli, one of the youngest, but, at the same time, one of the most distinguished, painters of Italy.

Though fortune smiled not at the birth of this Italian, yet Nature had been lavish to him of her gifts.—His education had been excellent; and the beauties of Homer and Virgil were not more familiar to him than those of Raphael and Corregio.—He was susceptible of violent passion; but his soul, though elevated and benevolent, was naturally melancholic and gloomy; a circumstance, which, perhaps, rendered him the more endearing to the disconsolate Welbroke. The generosity of his Lordship, and the gratitude of the painter, kept equal pace:—The union was so firmly linked, that, in Rome, they received the appellation of the two brothers.

His

His Lordship continued about two years in the unreserved indulgence of his melancholy, and of his passion for the fine arts. Farelli and he could no longer live asunder. At the expiration of this period, Welbroke received a letter from the hand of Mrs. Bruce herself, informing him, that her daughter was still alive; that her heart was invariably his; that, having escaped from the villains who had carried them off, they had recovered possession of their house; but that, till they had the happiness of meeting in England, she would delay all mention of particulars. The surprise, the ecstasy of his Lordship are not to be described. He instantly began to prepare for his return into England; and Farelli, the friend of his heart, having, with pleasure embraced the offer of accompanying him, they set off in a carriage and four, and at length arrived in London.

No sooner did they reach Grosvenor-street, than his Lordship calling to the coachman to stop, alighted; and having ushered the Italian into an elegant house, he left him, begging him to consider every thing around him as his own till he should return,

There are secrets in love, which are not, at all times, to be revealed, even to a friend. Farelli
was

was still a stranger to the passion of his noble benefactor ; and for some days he hardly once saw him, or knew what conjecture to make. At length Welbroke proposed a trip to his estate in the country, which was about twenty miles distant ; and, on their arrival, having previously revealed to him the story of his love, he introduced him to Mrs. Bruce, and to the mistress of his heart. Lost in ecstatic admiration of the heavenly graces of Sophia, the painter stood without speech, and without motion. In vain did he attempt to conceal his confusion. The whole company perceived it, but never dreamt the cause of it. Day after day did this unhappy passion triumph with redoubled sway in the breast of Farelli :—every consideration gave place to it. The caresses of his friend, hitherto the pleasure of his life, yet heightened a flame which gradually preyed upon his life—his life, which was one continued, but fruitless struggle to banish Sophia from his heart, to banish himself for ever from her presence.

The absence of the Duke of Vermont, Lord Welbroke's uncle, whom affairs of state had called for a few weeks to the Continent, was now the only obstacle to his Lordship's marriage. Every hour he was expected, and every hour planted a
fresh

fresh dagger into the heart of the Italian. At length his Grace arrived ; and Welbroke and his dear Sophia were within a few minutes of being solemnly united in the bands of wedlock.

Great God ! support me while, with quivering hand, I write the rest.—Just, though impervious, are the motives of all thy actions !

Almost in the very instant that Sophia had prepared to come forth from her apartment, dressed in all her bridal ornaments, to meet her beloved Lord, and to proceed with him to the altar, the frantic Italian rushed into her presence, and with one plunge of his sword, sent her into the regions of immortality.

The shriek of death was heard by the servants of the family.—They flew to the chamber of Sophia, who was already breathless, and extended upon the ground. “ ’Tis I, ’tis I, cried the Italian, who have slain your mistress—behold my bloody sword.—Suffer me this instant to expire upon her body, and I will bless you.” It is not in language to express the situation of the young Lord, or the hapless mother, when the fatal tidings reached their ears. The murderer was immediately conveyed to London under a strong guard ; and when brought

brought to his trial he attempted not to extenuate his crime ; he freely confessed, that it was in the madness of disappointed love he had committed the horrid deed ; and, as the only favour, he begged that his punishment might be instantly enforced. Within two days the wretched culprit was brought from his horrid dungeon ; and, amidst the execrations of a multitude of spectators, he received the reward of his bloody perfidy. Let his example teach us to be doubly diligent in the correction of our passions, and in permitting them not to trample upon the laws of reason and virtue !

EPITAPH ON MR. GAY.

BY MR. POPE.

OF manners gentle, of affections mild ;
 In wit, a man ; simplicity, a child :
 With native humour tempering virtuous rage,
 Form'd to delight at once and lash the age :
 Above temptation, in a low estate,
 And uncorrupted, ev'n among the great :
 A safe companion, and an easy friend,
 Unblam'd thro' life, lamented in the end.

These

These are thy honours ! not that here thy bust
 Is mix'd with heroes, or with Kings thy dust ;
 But that the worthy and the good shall say,
 Striking their pensive bosoms—Here lies GAY.

AFFLICTIONS.

WE ought to make a good improvement of
 past and present afflictions. If they are
 not sanctified to us, they become a double cross ;
 but if they work rightly in us, and convince us
 of our failings, and how justly we are afflicted,
 they do us much good. Affliction is a spiritual
 physic for the soul, and is compared to a furnace ;
 for as gold is tried and purified therein, so men
 are proved, and either purified from their dross
 and fitted for good uses, or else entirely burnt up
 and undone for ever. Therefore may all who
 labour under any kind of affliction have reason to
 say with Job, “ when he hath tried me, I shall
 come forth as pure gold.”

Let a man live (says Mr. Steele) but two or
 three years without affliction, and he is almost
 good for nothing, he cannot pray, nor meditate,

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nor

nor keep his heart fixed upon spiritual things; but let God smite him in his child, health, or estate, now he can find his tongue and affections again; now he awakes, and falls to his duty in earnest; now God has twice as much honour from him as he had before. Now, saith God, this amendment pleaseth me; this rod was well bestowed; I have disappointed him in his great benefit and advantage.

It may be boldly affirmed, that good men generally reap more substantial benefit from their afflictions, than bad men do from their prosperities; and what they lose in wealth, pleasure, or honour, they gain, with vast advantage, in wisdom, goodness, and tranquillity of mind.

Prosperity is not without its troubles, nor adversity without its comfort. A mind that can bear affliction, without murmur, and the weight of a plentiful fortune, without vain-glory—that can be familiar, without meanness, and reserved, without pride, has something in it great, particularly pleasing, and truly admirable.

Nothing would be more unhappy, (said Demetrius) than a man who had never known affliction. The best need afflictions for the trial of their virtue:

tue : How can we exercise the grace of contentment, if all things succeed well ; or that of forgiveness, if we have no enemies ? He, who barely weeps at misfortunes, when it is in his power to heal them, is not touched with them to the heart, and only sheds the tears of a crocodile. If you are disquieted at any thing, you should consider with yourself—Is this thing of that worth, that for it I should so disturb myself, and lose my peace and tranquillity ?

The consideration of a greater evil, is a sort of remedy against a lesser. They are always impaired by affliction, who are not improved by it. A virtuous man is more peaceable in adversity, than a wicked man in prosperity. The keeping ourselves above grief, and every painful passion, is indeed very beautiful and excellent ; and none but souls of the first rate seem to be qualified for the undertaking.

It were no virtue to bear calamities, if we did not feel them.

Divine Providence always places the remedy near the evil ; there is not any duty to which Providence has not annexed a blessing ; nor any affliction

affliction for which virtue has not provided a remedy.

If some are refined like gold, in the furnace of affliction, there are many more, that, like chaff, are consumed in it.

Sorrow, when it is excessive, takes away fervour from piety, vigour from action, health from the body, light from the reason, and repose from the conscience. Resignation to the divine will is a noble and needful lesson.

Yet there is a gloomy pleasure in being dejected and inconsolable. Melancholy studies how to improve itself, and sorrow finds wonderful relief in being more sorrowful.

To be afflicted with the afflicted, is an instance of humanity, and the demand of good nature and good breeding: Pity is but an imaginary aid; and yet were it not for that, sorrow would be many times utterly insupportable.

Mirth is by no means a remedy for grief; on the contrary, it raises and inflames it. The only probable way, I know of, to soften or cure grief

in others, is by putting on an appearance of feeling it yourself; and you must, besides, talk frequently and feelingly on the occasion, and praise and blame as the sufferer does; but then remember to make use of the opportunity this condescension and familiarity gives you, of leading him, by degrees, into things and passages remote from his present bent of mind, and not unpleasing in themselves. In this manner, and by this policy, you will be able to steal him away from his afflictions with his own approbation, and teach him to think and speak of other things than that alone which frets—or rather wrings his heart.

None should despair, because God can help them, and none should presume, because God can cross them. A firm trust in the assistance of an Almighty Being, naturally produces patience, hope, cheerfulness, and all other dispositions of the mind, that alleviate those calamities which we are not able to remove.

He who is puffed up with the first gale of prosperity, will bend beneath the first blast of adversity.—Reproof in adversity hath a double sting.

There is but one way of fortifying the soul against all gloomy presages and terrors of the mind;

mind ; and that is, by securing to ourselves the friendship and protection of that Being who disposes of events, and governs futurity.

Events which have the appearance of misfortunes, often prove a happy source of future felicity ; this consideration should enable us to support affliction with calmness and fortitude,

ANECDOTE OF DIOCLES.

DIOCLES having made a law that no man should come armed into the public assembly of the people, he, thro' inadvertency, chanced to break that law himself ; which one observing, and saying, " he has broke a law he made himself." Diocles, turning to his accuser, and with a loud voice said, " No ; the law shall have its sanction ;" and drawing his sword, killed himself.

ON GOOD HUMOUR,

AND

SOCIAL MIRTH.

WHEN the verdure of spring, the luxuriance of summer, and the pride of autumn, bloom and flourish no longer, to cheer our spirits amid

amid the gloom which winter casts around, we must have recourse to those ingenious authors, whose glowing imaginations have caught the fading landscape of the year, and preserved it in all the beauties of poetic description. Here we may enjoy either a perpetual spring, or an unfading summer; and from the noise and hurry of the town, retire to country life and rural simplicity. When this employment ceases to delight, then we may consult the sacred records of antiquity; and, in order to pass our lives in an agreeable and useful manner, enquire how those men who have acquired renown, passed their's: this will give fortitude to our minds, and resolution to our virtue; for we shall seldom find any man conspicuously great, whose life was not marked by some extraordinary difficulties; at least, whose tablatore was not distinguished by some peculiar strokes. These circumstances are what call to action those excellencies of character which ennoble and perpetuate names.

But this is a sort of amusement that will not always please: the gloom of a winter's day may so dispose the mind, and make it so indolent, that it shall be dissatisfied when it contemplates superior excellence, because it thinks itself unable to equal or excel it. But allowing both of these
sources

sources of amusement to fail, there is another of social mirth and friendship, to which we are greatly indebted during those months, when no other inducement would be sufficient to draw us from home, if it were not to be happy in the house of a friend : here one common complaint of an intemperate season gives a keener relish to those enjoyments which mitigate the severity, and make ample amends for all the inconveniencies of it. I have often seen a general complaint of this nature to be the very means of as general a proposal for amusements ; which, having innocence and mirth on their side, have insensibly given a stronger rivet to all the social virtues : so that when I feel a cold nipping frost in the severest winter, I have some consolation to think, that, perhaps, in those associations of mankind which this may cause, the mutual resentments of friends shall subside, and benevolence and social virtue diffuse their warmest influence through every heart.

There is an urbanity, which, when it takes place, dissipates every gloom, and relaxes all restraint, and gives us to enjoy social mirth without interruption, and domestic happiness without reserve. And though I am ready to grant, that human life is worthy the most serious attention
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and improvement, I cannot be brought to allow that no recreations are lawful, and that innocent trifling might not always be allowed. For my own part, I see not why the severity of reason should never permit the smile of wit, and the laugh of jocularitv; nor why wisdom should always consist in a contracted brow, as if poring over the records of the dead, or pronouncing the severest sentence upon the living—If imagination must not subdue reason, might not reason regulate imagination? Suppose every opportunity be taken of exercising the most benevolent virtues of the human mind, we shall find many vacancies lie heavy upon our hands, which were surely much better filled by the agreeable sallies of wit, than suffered to pass by as a total blank of human existence.—Mirth diffuses its pleasing sensations throughout our whole frame, and not only promotes a chearful and happy flow of animal spirits, but better disposes the mind to all the amiable offices of friendship and benevolence. Take away but these seemingly inferior supports of human happiness, good-nature and a disposition to please, and you will find some of the nobler virtues greatly weakened thereby. That amiable levity (if I may be allowed the expression) in some, charms us with its ease, inspires every other person with a pleasing chearfulness, and introduces a freedom

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which is the very spirit of social felicity.—The man who makes me laugh, while virtue and innocence do not blush, has laid the surest foundation of my regards—he has in some sort made himself necessary to my happiness.

As human life consists of a thousand opportunities, perpetually occurring to give a lively turn to imagination, and engage its active powers on the side of mirth and friendship, the decent manner of improving these by innocent wit and amusing jocularities, contains nothing that the severest censure can justly reprove, or the strictest moralist condemn.

BROTHERLY AFFECTION.

TIMOLEON, the Corinthian, is a noble pattern of fraternal love ; for being in a battle with the Argives, and seeing his brother fall down dead with the wounds he had received, he instantly leaped over his dead body, and with his shield protected it from insult and plunder ; and tho' forely wounded in this generous enterprize, he would not by any means retreat to a place of safety,

safety, till such time as he had seen the corpse carried off the field by his friends. How happy for Christians, would they imitate this Heathen, and as tenderly screen from abuse and calumny the wounded reputation or dying honour of an absent or defenceless brother.

ANECDOTE

OF

DOCTOR JOHNSON.

DOCTOR JOHNSON sitting one night with a number of ladies and gentlemen, the former, by way of heightening the good humour of the company, agreed to toast ordinary women and match them with ordinary men. In this round one of the ladies gave Mrs. Williams, the Doctor's old friend and house-keeper, and another matched her with Doctor Goldsmith. This whimsical union so pleased the former lady, that though she had some pique with the latter in the beginning of the night, she ran round the table, kissed her, and said she forgave her every thing that happened for the *a propos* of her last toast!

toast!—"Aye, says Johnson! This reconciliation puts me in mind of an observation of Swift's,—that the quarrels of women are made up like those of ancient kings, *there's always an animal sacrificed on the occasion.*

INFELICITIES OF RETIREMENT

TO

MEN OF BUSINESS.

I Have been for many years a trader in London. My beginning was narrow, and my stock small; I was, therefore, a long time brow-beaten and despised by those who, having more money, thought they had more merit than myself. I did not, however, suffer my resentment to instigate me to any mean arts of supplantation; nor my eagerness of riches to betray me to any indirect methods of gain; I pursued my business with incessant assiduity, supported by the hope of being one day richer than those who contemned me; and had, upon every annual review of my books, the satisfaction of finding my fortune increased beyond my expectation.

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In a few years my industry and probity were fully recompensed ; my wealth was really great, and my reputation for wealth still greater. I had large ware-houses crowded with goods, and considerable sums in the public funds ; I was caressed upon the Exchange by the most eminent merchants ; became the oracle of the common council ; was solicited to engage in all commercial undertakings ; was flattered with the hopes of becoming in a short time one of the directors of a wealthy company ; and, to complete my mercantile honours, enjoyed the expensive happiness of being for sheriff.

Riches, you know, easily produce riches : when I had arrived to this degree of wealth, I had no longer any obstruction or opposition to fear ; new acquisitions were hourly brought within my reach, and I continued for some years longer to heap thousands upon thousands.

At last I resolved to complete the circle of a citizen's prosperity by the purchase of an estate in the country, and to close my life in retirement. From the hour that this design entered my imagination, I found the fatigues of my employment every day more oppressive, and persuaded myself that I was no longer equal to perpetual attention,
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and that my health would soon be destroyed by the torment and distraction of extensive business. I could image to myself no happiness but in vacant jollity, and uninterrupted leisure ; nor entertain my friends with any other topic, than the vexation and uncertainty of trade, and the happiness of rural privacy.

But notwithstanding these declarations, I could not at once reconcile myself to the thoughts of ceasing to get money ; and though I was every day inquiring for a purchase, I found some reason for rejecting all that were offered me ; and, indeed, had accumulated so many beauties and conveniencies in my idea of the spot, where I was finally to be happy, that, perhaps, the world might have been travelled over, without discovery of a place which would not have been defective in some particular.

Thus I went on, still talking of retirement, and still refusing to retire ; my friends began to laugh at my delays, and I grew ashamed to trifle any longer with my own inclinations ; an estate was at length purchased, I transferred my stock to a prudent young man who had married my daughter, went down into the country, and commenced lord of a spacious manor.

Here

Here for some time I found happiness equal to my expectation. I reformed the old house according to the advice of the best architects. I threw down the walls of the garden, and enclosed it with palisades, planted long avenues of trees, filled a green-house with exotic plants, dug a new canal, and threw the earth into the old moat.

The fame of these expensive improvements brought in all the country to see the show. I entertained my visitors with great liberality, led them round my gardens, shewed them my apartments, laid before them plans for new decorations, and was gratified by the wonder of some and the envy of others.

I was envied; but how little can one man judge of the condition of another? The time was now coming, in which affluence and splendor could no longer make me pleased with myself. I had built till the imagination of the architect was exhausted; I had added one conveniency to another till I knew not what more to wish or to design; I had laid out my gardens, planted my park, and compleated my water-works; and what now remained to be done! what, but to look up to turrets, of which, when they were once raised, I had no farther use; to range over
apartments,

apartments, where time was tarnishing the furniture ; to stand by the cascade, of which I scarcely now perceived the sound ; and to watch the growth of woods that must give their shade to a distant generation.

In this gloomy inactivity, is every day begun and ended : the happiness that I have been so long procuring is now at an end, because it has been procured ; I wander from room to room till I am weary of myself ; I ride out to a neighbouring hill, in the centre of my estate, from whence all my lands lie in prospect round me ; I see nothing that I have not seen before, and return home disappointed, though I knew that I had nothing to expect. In my happy days of business I had been accustomed to rise early in the morning ; and remember the time when I grieved that the night came so soon upon me, and obliged me for a few hours to shut out affluence and prosperity. I now seldom see the rising sun, but to tell him, with the fallen angel, " how I hate his beams." I wake from sleep as to languor or imprisonment, and have no employment for the first hour but to consider by what art I shall rid myself of the second. I protract the breakfast as long as I can, because when it is ended I have no call for my attention, till I can with some degree of decency
grow

grow impatient for my dinner. If I could dine all my life, I should be happy ; I eat not because I am hungry, but because I am idle ; but, alas ! the time quickly comes when I can eat no longer ; and so ill does my constitution second my inclination, that I cannot bear strong liquors : seven hours must then be endured before I shall sup ; but supper comes at last, the more welcome, as it is in a short time succeeded by sleep.

Such is the happiness, the hope of which seduced me from the duties and pleasures of a mercantile life. I shall be told by those who read my narrative, that there are many means of innocent amusement, and many schemes of useful employment, which I do not appear ever to have known ; and that nature and art have provided pleasures, by which, without the drudgery of settled business, the active may be engaged, the solitary soothed, and the social entertained.

These arts I have tried. When first I took possession of my estate, in conformity to the taste of my neighbours, I bought guns and nets, filled my kennel with dogs and my stable with horses ; but a little experience shewed me, that these instruments of rural felicity, would afford me few gratifications. I never shot but to miss the mark,

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and, to confess the truth, was afraid of the fire of my own gun. I could discover no music in the cry of the dogs, nor could divest myself of pity for the animal whose peaceful and inoffensive life was sacrificed to our sport. I was not, indeed; always at leisure to reflect upon her danger; for my horse, who had been bred to the chace, did not always regard my choice either of speed or way, but leaped hedges and ditches at his own discretion, and hurried me along with the dogs, to the great diversion of my brother sportsmen. His eagerness of pursuit once incited him to swim a river; and I had leisure to resolve in the water that I would never hazard my life again for the destruction of a hare.

I then ordered books to be procured, and by the direction of the vicar had in a few weeks a closet elegantly furnished. You will, perhaps, be surpris'd when I tell you, that when once I had ranged them according to their sizes, and piled them up in regular gradations, I had received all the pleasure which they could give me. I am not able to excite in myself any curiosity after events which have been pass'd, and in which I can therefore, have no interest: I am utterly unconcerned to know whether Tully or Demosthenes excelled in oratory; whether Hannibal lost Italy
by

by his own negligence or the corruption of his countrymen. I have no skill in controversial learning, nor can conceive why so many volumes should have been written upon questions, which I have lived so long and so happily without understanding. I once resolved to go through the volumes relating to the office of justice of the peace, but found them so crabbed and intricate, that in less than a month I desisted in despair, and resolved to supply my deficiencies by paying a competent salary to a skilful clerk.

I am naturally inclined to hospitality, and for some time kept up a constant intercourse of visits with the neighbouring gentlemen: but though they are easily brought about me by better wine than they can find at any other house, I am not much relieved by their conversation; they have no skill in commerce or the stocks, and I have no knowledge of the history of families or the factions of the country; so that when the first civilities are over, they usually talk to one another, and I am left alone in the midst of the company. Though I cannot drink myself, I am obliged to encourage the circulation of the glass; their mirth grows more turbulent and obstreperous; and before their merriment is at an end, I am sick with disgust, and, perhaps, reproached with my sobriety.

fobriety, or by some fly insinuations insulted as a cit.

Such is the life to which I am condemned by a foolish endeavour to be happy by imitation ; such is the happiness to which I pleased myself with approaching, and which I considered as the chief end of my cares and my labours. I toiled year after year with cheerfulness, in expectation of the happy hour in which I might be idle : the privilege of idleness is attained, but has not brought with it the blessing of tranquillity.

A SERIOUS ANECDOTE.

AN ancient author relates, that a company of vain and profligate persons having been drinking and inflaming their blood, in a tavern at Boston, in New-England; upon seeing the Rev. Mr. Cotton, a pious and amiable minister, coming along the street, one of them told his companion, " I'll go, and play a trick upon old Cotton." Accordingly he approached him, and crossing his way, whispered in his ear, " Cotton, thou art an old fool."—" True" (replied Mr. Cotton) " I confess

selfs I am so ; the Lord make both me and thee wiser then we are ; even wise to salvation !" struck with his answer, the man related it to his associates, and notwithstanding their then situation, it failed not to cast a damp upon their spirits in the midst of their frolics.

THE EXEMPLARY SON:

A Moral Tale.

THE ill treatment and injuries which some children receive from their parents, without having deserved their severe proceedings, are sufficient to divest them of all filial affection, and to drive them to behave in a very undutiful manner. When those children who have had the most irritating provocations, return good for evil, in consequence of the distresses of their cruel parents, and fly to give them all the relief in their power, they are surely entitled to the highest eulogiums, as they are then truly ornamental to human nature ; the highest ornaments to it, by proving themselves to be more than nominal,—to be real Christians.

Charles

Charles Rowley, the son of an eminent merchant in the second city in England, had, till he entered into his seventeenth year, all the reason in the world to think himself peculiarly happy in a father, as that father not only did every thing he could think of to make his present life happy, but seemed to employ no small part of his time in scheming the most probable foundation for his future felicity.

Unfortunately for poor Charles, about that juncture he lost his mother. He did not, indeed, lament her decease with filial concern, as she had never distinguished him with any proofs of her maternal love, (having bestowed all her love of that kind upon a younger brother of his, whose untimely death had hastened her own,) but he could not help being very sensibly affected by it, as it left his father (who was heartily tired of her, and had a second wife in his eye) at liberty to marry again.

The lady whom Mr. Rowley, for some time before his much-wished-for release, had pitched upon for his second, was a jolly handsome widow, and did not want understanding. She had, indeed, made a number of bold pushes, in order to re-enter the marriage state, (with lucrative views,)

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as she had only a small, precarious income, for the support of herself and a couple of full-grown children. All her efforts, however, were fruitless. In vain did she set off her person and her mind to the best advantage, as she had not only the straitness of her circumstances, but two dead weights, a boy and a girl, to retard the execution of her matrimonial designs. She had, it is true, many admirers; and there were several men who, being in easy situations, would have overlooked her pecuniary deficiencies, but they could not bring themselves to marry her with all her growing incumbrances.

When Mr. Rowley, therefore, after having seen the remains of his dear wife decently deposited in a family vault, made his amorous addresses to her, she gave him the most delicate encouragement (quite weary of her widowhood, not a little also mortified at the length of it,) and kindly consented to take him for better and for worse, the moment he could marry her without flying in the face of decorum.

Very soon after his father's marriage with Mrs. Broughton, Charles perceived a dispiriting coolness in his behaviour to him; and, in a short time afterwards, discovered hardly any traces of that paternal

paternal regard which had rendered him the happiest of sons. The alteration he perceived was the more afflicting, as the children of the woman whom he had married shared the regard of which he regretted the loss: to them his carriage was partially parental; to him he ceased in his carriage to be a father.

Mr. Rowley, before his second marriage, had intended to bring up his son to his own business, and under his own eye; but, at the instigation of his wife, sent him to an uncle he had in London by the mother's side, in the same branch of commerce, to finish his probationary years in the counting-house. Mrs. Rowley having procured the removal of Charles, and by that removal the substitution of her son in his room, was mightily well satisfied with her address; and Mr. Brownlow, who had always seen something very promising in his nephew, for whom he had a great regard, received him with equal satisfaction.

Mrs. Rowley, however, pleased as she was with the departure of Charles from a house in which she wanted not to see any of her husband's relations, doubly pleased with the progress which her Harry made in his affections by his artful behaviour (considerably assisted by her political lectures,)

tures,) was so much mortified and alarmed at the encomiums, Mr. Brownlow lavished on his nephew, in almost every letter to his brother-in-law, that she had the strongest desire imaginable to prevent a continuance of them. She was mortified by those encomiums, because she felt, in spite of all her prejudices against the person on whom they were bestowed, the justness of them ; and alarmed, because she was apprehensive of their operating upon his father's mind in a manner most disagreeable to her. She was, at first, contented with his dismissal, she now wished for his being disinherited, and, to arrive at the completion of that wish, was the whole employment of her thoughts.

Having a head naturally fertile in expedients, and being pushed on by stimulations sufficiently obvious, she in a little time put things into a train which seemed to insure her success. A female friend of her's in London, to whom she communicated her wishes and her schemes, returned the following answer to the epistle which contained them ; laconic, but to the purpose : “ I do not at all wonder at your wishes, and I will do all in my power to forward your schemes : George will do the business required, I dare say, with
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a great deal of pleasure. More in my next: going to drefs for Ranelagh."

These few lines were satisfactory enough to Mrs. Rowley, as they convinced her of her friend's readiness to be serviceable to her in an affair which she had extremely at heart ; but she could not help anxiously desiring to hear that the proposed designs were in a way to be carried into execution.

By the very next post Mrs. Rowley received a longer letter from Miss Morrison, and the perusal of it filled her with the utmost flattering expectations ; the conclusion of it she read several times with renewed delight. " George likes your scheme prodigiously, and is resolved to drive at an intimacy with young Rowley, with whom he is at present but slightly acquainted. He tells me that he will lay any wager he draws him into a *delicious scrape*: You know, I believe, what George means by such a one. If old Brownlow (says he) does not write soon to his father in a different style, when I have had him under my hands, I will give up all pretensions to a frolic."

George Morrison was a city-buck, clerk to an Italian merchant in Mrs. Rowley's neighbourhood :
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by his spirited proceedings, Mrs. Rowley fondly hoped that Charles would not only lose his uncle's regard for him, but entirely deprive himself of his father's esteem.

Unhappily for Charles, he fell, thoughtless, into the snares spread for him by his new friend, to whom he became so strongly attached, that his uncle was alarmed ; imagining, and not without reason, that his intimacy with young Morrison could not be attended with any good, but might with many bad consequences.

Mr. Brownlow, however, though he was alarmed at his nephew's violent connexion with his favourite companion, did not for a while throw out the smallest hint concerning his own disapprobation of it, as he never heard of his committing any capital irregularities abroad, nor could fairly correct him for any disorderly proceedings at home ; but, on his staying out one evening the whole night, and returning the next morning rather in a fluttered condition, he could not refrain from lecturing him in a serious manner (in a manner equally serious and sensible) on the impropriety, not to say imprudence, of his conduct : concluding his lecture, in which admonitions and reproofs were judiciously intermixed with

with the most earnest entreaties, to break off all acquaintance with George Morrison, to whose overpowering temptations and persuasions he imputed the very censurable indiscretion of which he had been guilty.

Charles, during the kind and salutary lecture, which his uncle addressed to him, felt all the poignancy of his reproof, and listened with great attention to his admonitions. At the conclusion of it he repeatedly promised to comply with his entreaties. Heartily ashamed, indeed, of the transactions of the night, into which he had been decoyed by his false friend, his promises were certainly sincere. It was the want of resolution, more than the want of a good heart, which made him act in opposition to them.

Mr. Brownlow, satisfied with his nephew's contrition and assurances, told him that he would not acquaint his father with what had happened to his disgrace and disadvantage; but added, "I will not, Charles, make another concealment of the same kind."

Mr. Brownlow kept his promise religiously, and mentioned not a syllable of Charles's imprudent behaviour to his father; but Mr. Rowley was,
not-

notwithstanding, fully informed of it (from what quarter may easily be guessed,) and the information was accompanied with a number of inflammatory circumstances. Those circumstances forcibly co-operated with the malignant reports previously circulated within his hearing to his son's prejudice, snapped every weakened thread of paternal affection. "I renounce him for ever: let his uncle keep him if he pleases. I will have nothing more to do with him." Such was his short, but severe determination,

Mrs. Rowley, though she pretended, with a well-affected hypocrisy, to be extremely sorry at the above-mentioned resolution of her husband, was secretly rejoiced at it, as it completed the conquest to which she had long aspired.

In consequence of his final and unfatherly determination, Mr. Rowley wrote a sharp letter to Charles, and sent by the same post, a pretty rough one to Mr. Brownlow, for having deceived him by a false account of his son's behaviour. Charles was very deeply affected by his letter, and Mr. Brownlow was exceedingly sorry to find himself severely treated for a deception of which, as his intentions were laudable, he was not ashamed; doubly sorry to find that his nephew's indiscretion
had

had been communicated to his father with the most malevolent aggravations, and that the malevolence of the informant had totally excluded him from his paternal regard and protection. The concern, however, was, in a very short time, considerably encreased.

Charles, having unsuspectingly imparted to George the contents of his father's cruel letter to him, and signified his design of going down to Bristol immediately, in order to exculpate himself in person from the very unjust allegations which had been made against him, was strongly urged by his friend to carry his design into execution. "I'll go with you, Charles," added he, "and swear through thick and thin for you."

They set out accordingly together, but with very different views. Charles sincerely intended to make the most vigorous efforts to recover his father's esteem: George as sincerely wished to widen the breach between them; and flattered himself, with an execrable satisfaction, that his new frolic would do his business with his uncle. George loved mischief in every shape; and the lessons which he received from his sister, in close alliance with Mrs. Rowley, were not thrown away upon him; he paid but too much attention to them.

Poor

Poor Charles, by the commission of a second indiscretion, less venial than the first, had the mortification, the misery, to find himself abandoned by his uncle, as well as by his father. The discovery which he, at the same time, made of his friend's treacherous behaviour, sharpened every pang which he felt from the desertion of his father and his uncle : from the former he hardly expected, though he earnestly wished for it, a favourable reception, when he undertook his journey ; but he hoped to meet with a parent in the latter at his return, little imagining what an iniquitous plot had been formed to close the hands, and to harden the hearts of them both against him.

Charles was severely shaken by the distresses into which George had plunged him, but they did not drive him to despair. The consciousness of having been more sinned against than sinning, supported his spirits, and he determined to do every thing in his power to gain a subsistence by his own industry. That resolution was certainly a commendable one, equally so was his resolution to have no farther connections with Morri-son of any kind whatever.

While he was considering one day to whom of all his uncle's commercial acquaintance he should

should apply, a gentleman, who had dealings now and then with Mr. Brownlow, and who had always behaved in a manner partially obliging to him, surprised him with a visit. Mr. Howell, (that was the gentleman's name) after having explained the cause of his abrupt appearance, offered to send him, under the care of a brother of his, to the East Indies.

Charles embraced the offer, which was undoubtedly a very friendly one, and might be productive of very fortunate consequences; but he could not restrain himself from mixing wonder with his gratitude. "I am sufficiently thanked," said Mr. Howell, stopping him in the midst of his grateful effusions: "You seem to be surprised at this proof of my friendship for you, after the indiscretions which you have committed. I am strongly disposed to be your friend, because I really believe you would not have been guilty of them, had you not been connected with George Morrison: by him you have been extremely ill used, and I have great reason to think, that your removal to a considerable distance from him will of itself be of no small advantage to you. I leave you, therefore, to prepare for your voyage without delay."

When

When he had finished his preparations, generously assisted by his new and sincere friend, he made several attempts to see his father, whom he still loved, attributing all his unkindness to him to the machinations of his enemies ; but, by the vigilance of his jealous and avaricious mother-in-law, his very filial attempts were rendered fruitless. He was forced to set sail from England without that blessing for which he anxiously longed.

While Charles was, by a combination of happy circumstances, raising a fortune with honour at Bengal, his father was, by a train of unmerited disappointments, reduced to so low a condition, that he was but just able to exist.

The narrowness of his circumstances he bore with the philosophy of a Christian ; but, as a man, as a parent, he was sometimes scarce able to endure the recollection of his cruel behaviour to a son, who had not, with all his failings, deserved the treatment he received from him. Smote by remorse, one day, he wrote a very penitential letter to Charles, in which, after having given a full account of his distressful situation, he declared that, reduced as he was, he could even make himself happy with his scanty income, if he had the happiness of folding him in his repenting arms.

N

Charles

Charles was deeply affected by his father's letter, by which he found that his pecuniary misfortunes had been occasioned by the bankruptcy of his uncle; and that his remorse, with regard to him, arose from the confession his mother-in-law made a little before her death, having been thrown into a dangerous illness by the failure of all her avaricious schemes, added to the irritating behaviour of her own children. The moment he had read his father's letter, almost blinded with tears of pity and filial love. Charles determined to remove himself, and his effects, by the very first opportunity, to his native country. He was soon enabled to execute his design: he was in a short time under sail; but it is impossible to express the impatience he discovered to set his foot upon the English shore.

On his arrival in England, he hastened with an encreased impatience to the obscure village in which his father was meanly accommodated with the bare necessaries of life, and, after an interview, (not to be described, but which did honour to them both) conducted him to a more suitable apartment.

By settling a very handsome annuity upon his father, Charles made himself appear in a very advantageous

vantageous light ; but his affectionate and dutiful deportment, still more than his generous behaviour, after what had happened, occasioned his being called by every body who knew him,—by every body who heard of his uncommon carriage, the *Exemplary Sen.*

ANECDOTE OF VAN TRUMP.

DURING the heat of a naval engagement between the English and Dutch fleets, Trump being excessively thirsty, called for a bowl of wine, which his servant had no sooner delivered him, but a cannon ball took his hand off just as he was retiring from his master. The brave Admiral, touched with a noble compassion, spilt the wine on the deck, saying, “ It is not fit I should quench my thirst with the blood of a faithful servant.” And as soon as he had spoke these words, a bullet took from him the power of ever drinking again.

AN INSTANCE OF GENEROSITY

IN

MR. WILKS THE ACTOR.

AS MR. WILKS was one of those to whom calamity seldom complained without relief, the following act of benevolence may be thought deserving of recital.

Mr. Smith, a gentleman educated at Dublin, being hindered, by an impediment in his speech, from engaging in orders, for which his friends designed him, left his own country, and came to London in quest of employment, but found his solicitations fruitless, and his necessities every day more pressing. In this distress he wrote a tragedy, and offered it to the players, by whom it was rejected. Thus were his last hopes defeated, and he had no other prospect than of the most deplorable poverty. But Mr. Wilks thought his performance, tho' not perfect, at least worthy of some reward, and therefore offered him a benefit. This favour he improved with so much diligence, that the house afforded him a considerable sum, with which he went to Leyden, applied himself to the study of physic; and prosecuted his design
with

with so much diligence and success, that when Dr. Boerhaave was desired by the Czarina to recommend proper persons to introduce into Russia the practice and study of physic, Dr. Smith was one of those whom he selected. He had a considerable pension settled on him on his arrival, and was one of the chief physicians at the Russian court.

AMELIA :

OR

FRATERNAL LOVE.

AMELIA GRANT was the only daughter of Sir Charles Grant, a gentleman of fortune in a remote corner of this island. Sir Charles, after a military service of many years, retired at the age of fifty to the enjoyment of an easy competency, and the rational felicities of domestic life. Lady Grant was one of the most excellent of women, and she had educated Amelia on a plan similar to that which had enlarged her own mind. It was in a sweetly retired situation, in the county of Cornwall, that Colonel Grant had taken up his residence, within a mile of the sea coast, but far from the habitation of any-

any person with whom a social intercourse could be held. In this solitude, far from the busy haunts of men, this amiable family lived till Amelia had just completed her nineteenth year. At this juncture a ship was wrecked on the coast, and many of the crew perished. Colonel Grant, with the assistance of his domestics, afforded every possible relief to the survivors. One young gentleman, who was thrown on shore, lay as dead, till the humane services of the Colonel and his family restored him to his senses. He was conveyed, with the other persons who had been preserved, to the Colonel's house, where they remained a few days to refresh themselves, and then took a grateful leave of their benefactors; all but Mr. Lessie, (for that was the young stranger's name,) who felt an attachment for which he could not account: he therefore feigned an indisposition, and took leave of his companions, promising to follow them to London in a few days. They were no sooner gone, than Lessie discovered the cause of his disorder. He read in the eyes of Amelia a language to which he had hitherto been a stranger, and found in every feature of her sweet face the irresistible tyranny love.

Lessie was a man of too much honour, whatever his feelings might be, to engage in a clandestine

define address to the daughter of his benefactor. He immediately made Colonel Grant the confident of his passion. The Colonel communicated the young gentleman's sentiments to his Lady, and she informed her daughter of Mr. Lessie's prepossession in her favour.

This is the honourable way of making love ; and if gallants in general would address themselves to the father, or mother, before they seek to gain the affections of the daughter, we should not hear of so many unhappy matches. The truest, the most lasting love, will succeed to the consciousness of having discharged the filial duties.

Miss Grant had beheld young Lessie with an eye of more than common regard ; there could be therefore not a moment's hesitation in her compliance with the wishes of her parents. Though Amelia possessed a disposition so prompt to the discharge of every duty, that she would have sacrificed much of her own happiness to have advanced the repose of her father and mother, yet she could not but be happy to find their sentiments in a perfect coincidence with her own. In a word, it was agreed, on all hands, to admit Mr. Lessie's addresses.

Ceremony

Ceremony is a superfluous attendant, when good sense, reason, and virtue, form the company. A few weeks only were wasted in the idle ceremony of courtship, and a day was fixed for celebrating the nuptials of the happy pair. Reserve was now thrown aside: all parties considered themselves as advancing to a period which would encrease and continue their felicity; but there was an event in the hands of time to dash the flowing bowl from the thirsty mouth. It was hitherto only known that Mr. Lessie had been a successful voyage, and that he was returned to enjoy his good fortune in his native island.—The day was fixed for the marriage. Sir Charles was gone to Exeter to purchase a licence for the wedding: Lady Grant and the young couple were engaged in an agreeable conversation on the prospect of the approaching felicity; when her Ladyship, in the gaiety of her heart, said, “We know little of you yet, Mr. Lessie; we have taken you in a stranger and an outcast, and are about to adopt you for our son; pray let us know who you are?” “Madam,” said Lessie, “I should be glad to comply with your request, if it were in my power; but I hardly know who, or what I am: I have heard that I am descended from an honourable family, and I have no doubt of its
having

having been a virtuous one, from the warmth of the attachment which binds me to the kindred virtues of your's. This paper, Madam, will inform you of all that I myself know respecting my origin : if I should ever be happy enough to learn more, depend on it that my discoveries shall not be a moment concealed from those to whom I lay under such unbounded obligations."—Thus saying, he delivered a paper into her hands, containing the following words : " Let the child with whom this is delivered, when he has reached the age of discretion, be informed, that he is the only son of Roderick Lessie, Esq ; of the Shire of Fife, by his wife Margaret Sinclair ; but charge the youth to keep this circumstance a secret as long as he shall reside in Scotland."

Lady Grant having cast her eyes on the paper, fixed them for a moment on Mr. Lessie, hesitated, trembled, turned pale, and fainted. It was some hours before she was restored to her senses, when the first words she uttered were, " Let me see him once more ere I die ; *once again let me behold my boy, my Lessie !*"—Not to keep the reader in suspense, the story is this : Miss Sinclair, when very young, was privately married to Mr. Lessie, without the knowledge and consent of her father. It was a love match, and the secret was inviolably kept.

O

Mr.

Mr. Lessie died when his lady was in the sixth month of her pregnancy ; his disorder was rapid ; but he had time to deliver to her a bond of seven hundred pounds, as a provision for the future child. The infant was put to nurse with a trusty old woman, and, when he was about two years of age, his mother married Mr. Grant, without the slightest suspicion that she had ever been a wife before.

When young Lessie was fifteen, the faithful nurse, who had long since received the amount of the bond, delivered him the principal sum, having genteely supported him on the interest of it. She also gave him the above recited paper, in his mother's hand-writing, and advised him to seek his fortune in some distant part of the world. This advice he followed, went to the West-Indies, and engaged with a planter ; who was so well pleased with his services, that he bequeathed him a considerable part of his fortune. With this fortune he was returning to settle in his native country, when the waves threw him on the coast of Cornwall, where he was on the point of marrying his own sister.

Colonel Grant returned before his lady had recovered from the shock the discovery had given her.

her. The whole family were inconsolable for many days, but their prudence, their virtue, their religion, have at length subdued their grief; and they are now all gratitude for the prevention of an event which was once the object of their wishes.

Mr. Leffie has taken up his abode in the family; and the reciprocal conduct of him and Amelia affords a proof that the most violent passion may be subdued by the superior influence of reason.

ANECDOTE

OF

A LATE LORD MAYOR.

HIS Lordship having business with the master of an eminent tripe shop in St. James's-market, in the course of which he took pleasure in conversing with the shop boy, whose attention and adroitness solicited his Lordship's notice; one day seeing the young man, who was naturally chearful, rather dull, he took an opportunity of enquiring into the cause of it; the young man
very

very candidly told him, that his master was about to retire from business, and to let the shop: and that in all probability he should lose his place, which was his all, as he had neither money, nor friends. His Lordship finding what he said to be true, and withal that he had an excellent character, immediately purchased the shop, &c. and placed him in it, which to this time he occupies with credit to himself and his generous patron.

ANECDOTE OF MICKLE.

MICKLE, the translator of Lusiad, inserted in his poem an angry note against Garrick, who, as he thought, had used him ill, by rejecting a tragedy of his. Some time afterwards, the poet, who had never seen Garrick play, was asked by a friend in town to go to King Lear. He went, and, during the first three acts, said not a word. In a fine passage of the fourth, he fetched a deep sigh, and, turning to his friend, "I wish," said he, "the note was out of my book!"—How often, alas, do we say and write bitter things of a man, on a partial and interested view of his character, which, if we knew throughout, we should wish unsaid or unwritten!

AN

AN AFFECTING STORY.

CONSTANTIA was possessed of many amiable qualities ; and, but for love, could not, perhaps, have been accused of one human frailty. It was her fortune to be born in Holland, daughter to a man of affluent fortune, amassed by commerce, and sister to an officer of rank. The father could not be more devoted to his wealth, than the brother jealous of his honour ; Constantia was the care and delight of both. She inherited from her father, prudence ; and from her brother, that chaste reserve, and elevated dignity, which, if noble in her sex, always appear with a superior lustre in the other. Born to such qualities, possessed of so many virtues, what was there could subdue Constantia's heart ? One thing alone, but that famous for levelling all ranks, and burying distinction ; a British Officer, a man who had inherited, from an illustrious family, all their spirit and greatness, but none of their possessions, whose heart was rich in nobleness, but his sword, (like the poor Chamont's) which was all his portion, served in the troops commanded by her brother. It was easy to distinguish in him a soul and a descent, ill suited to his fortune. His Colonel did not want the spirit to discern on such occasions ;
he

he pitied, he honoured, and loved him. The respect, with which he was received in the family, first drew Constantia's eyes upon him; she thought it merit to compassionate, and glory to reverence, what her brother pitied and admired; and love that follows swift upon the heels of tenderness, when joined with true esteem, soon took the place of every other passion. Lyfander, whose modesty would not have aspired to love, whose gratitude and friendship would not have suffered him to be ambitious on such terms, could not be sorry he was beloved. He saw the first of her sex in merit, as well as quality, regard him with a look of tenderness, beyond the power of friendship or compassion. He suffered that flame to glow into the full height, whose first sparks he had smothered; he watched his opportunity, and he disclosed his gratitude and adoration; he pleaded with success; and the lady, above all disguise, did not affect to hide her willingness to hear him, and be persuaded. When there are greater difficulties the lesser vanish. Had there been no conditions necessary to Lyfander's happiness, but the consent of Constantia, that had been for a while withheld, and form prevailed against a real inclination: but here was a necessity for the consent of a father, and the approbation of a brother—both necessary—both, at least, not easily obtained.

tained. The task was difficult ; but it must be attempted ; success was eagerly desired, and form submitted to necessity. What must have been denied to the lover, the lady solicited with her own voice ; the brother was the most likely to be gained, and he was the first addressed ; he honoured her for her judgment, and he applauded her disinterested passion : he congratulated his friend ; but he told them, he expected the due regard on one hand, and the obedience on the other, should be paid, to whatsoever were the decisions of her father. No passion is so easily flattered as love, none hopes so soon, nor does any bear a disappointment worse. What was so easily obtained from the brother, the father absolutely refused : and the son, in whom a filial obedience was the first principle, exacted from his friend a promise, under that sanction, more sacred to a soldier than an oath—his HONOUR, never to solicit the object of his wishes afterward. Lyfander would, at any time, have sacrificed his life to such an engagement ; but here was more—his love, and that proved too powerful.

The fury of a Romish persecution had just at this time driven the worthy Mira, a pattern of firm friendship and true piety, with her little family, to Holland. The friendly heart of Constantia
had

had renewed an early intimacy, and misfortune had thrown in an additional claim of tenderness to her affection; in all things, but her love, Mira had been the confidant of her fair friend; she had solicited to know the cause of a melancholy, that was now grown almost to despair, but she had pressed in vain. At length, what she had so often requested ineffectually, the miserable friend communicated; "You have seen Lyfander—interrupt me not with his praises—I am with child."—If her religious friend started at this, with what horror did she attend to the resolves that followed! "I know," continued the despairing Constantia, "the fury of my brother will not be contented with a less sacrifice than my life; that of the unguarded unborn infant; and that of its unhappy father; no less atonement will, in his rigid eye, wipe off the infamy from his family; great ills must be suffered to obviate greater. I have resolved what course to take; there is but one way, and I conjure your eternal and inviolable secrecy, when I have told it. I shall retire to Harlem, I shall live there unknown: if possible, unseen and unattended. I must encounter the hour of pain alone, and, if I survive, these hands must kill the offspring of our tenderness. If I return, be secret, if not, I do require it of you to tell Lyfander how it was I perished." The stream of tears

tears that ran unwiped along the cheeks and the neck of the devoted Constantia, were hardly more than those of her astonished friend. "I have bound myself to secrecy," replied she, "and, on one condition, I will keep it. It is not a difficult one, and if you deny me, God, before whom I made the oath, be witness between you and me, it is no crime to break it. Promise me, that before you lay the hands of death upon the poor innocent, you will dress it, kiss its little lips, and once give it suck." The promise was made, and the unhappy fair one went her way. All people were amazed; the family was distressed; the lover distracted. A few weeks called him on private affairs to Britain. It was many months before the disconsolate Mira heard from her friend; at length a short letter, barren of circumstances, invited her to Harlem. She knew the hand of her Constantia; but she trembled at the silence to all incidents. She went in private; she stopped, half dead with agony, at the little cottage; her pale friend opened the hospitable door to her with one hand, and, in the other, held the smiling pledge of her unviolated promise. "I have obeyed you, Mira, said she, (smiling in all her weakness) I have obeyed the terms which you have imposed; and nature has done all the rest." Far from discovery, there was not suspicion; all was secret that had happened.

P

Constantia

Constantia was received with rapture by her family, but that was little : Lyfander was returned, possessed of an ample fortune. He married the rescued object of his true passion : he brought her to his country, in which she lived and died, an honour to an honourable family.

FROM THE BOOK OF WISDOM :

*Hearken unto thy Father—despise not thy Mother
when she is old.*

TIS Wisdom speaks—her voice divine,
Attend my son, and life is thine.—
Thine, taught to shun the devious way,
Where folly leads the blind astray :
Let virtue's lamp thy footsteps guide,
And shun the dang'rous heights of pride ;
The peaceful vale, the golden mean,
The path of life pursue serene.

From infancy what sufferings spring—
While yet a naked helpless thing,
Who o'er thy limbs a cov'ring cast,
To shield thee from th' inclement blast ?

Thy

Thy Mother—honour her—her arms
 Secured thee from a thousand harms ;
 When helpless, hanging on her breast,
 She sooth'd thy sobbing heart to rest ;
 For thee her peace, her health destroy'd,
 For thee her ev'ry pow'r employ'd ;
 Thoughtful of thee before the day
 Shot through the dark its rising ray ;
 Thoughtful of thee, when fable night,
 Again had quench'd the beams of light.
 To Heav'n, in ceaseless pray'r, for thee
 She rais'd her head, and bent her knee.
 Despise her not now—now feeble grown—
 Oh! make her wants and woes thy own ;
 Let not thy lips rebel ; nor eyes,
 Her weakness, frailty, years, despise ;
 From youthful insolence defend,
 Be patron, husband, guardian, friend.
 Thus shalt thou sooth, in life's decline,
 The mis'ries that may once be thine.

HISTORY OF FANNY.

AS my situation, at present, admits neither of
 relief nor comfort, I do not trouble you with
 this on my own account, but in hopes that the
 picture

picture which I am about to draw may be the means of preserving fathers from the like calamities.

I am now in the fifty-sixth year of my age; I had the misfortune, at forty, to lose an excellent wife, who left me one only daughter, four years old.

My love to my wife was such, that I really believe nothing but the violent affection I bore to this little pledge could have given me resolution to survive her.

Little Fanny (for that was her name) was now become my only care and pleasure, and I enjoyed more and more of this latter every day, as she grew more capable of becoming my companion.—I fancied I did not only trace in her the features, but that goodness and sweetness of temper which had distinguished her mother from the greater part of her sex. She was always a stranger to those severities which some parents contend for, as necessary in the education of children, and, therefore, instead of fear, she contracted for me that reverence which love and gratitude inspire into good and great minds towards superiors. In short, I had, in my little
Fanny

Fanny, at the age of fourteen, a companion and a friend.

She was now the mistress of my house, and studied my humour in every thing. She often declared her highest satisfaction was in pleasing me, and all her actions confirmed it.—When business permitted me to be with her, no engagement to any company or pleasure could force my Fanny from me; nor did she ever disobey me, unless by doing that which she knew would most please me, contrary to my own request, as by sacrificing her innocent diversions abroad, to keep me company at home.

On my part, I had no satisfaction but in what my child was concerned. She was the delight of my eyes, and joy of my heart. I became an absolute slave to a very laborious business, in order to raise her fortune, and aggrandize her in the world.—These thoughts made the greatest fatigues not only easy, but pleasant; and I have walked a hundred times through the rain with great cheerfulness, comforting myself, that by these means Fanny would hereafter ride in her coach.

She was about eighteen years of age, when I began to observe some little alteration in my
Fanny's

Fanny's temper. Her cheerfulness had now frequent interruptions, and a sigh would sometimes steal from her, which never escaped my observation, though I believe it always escaped her own. I presently guessed the true meaning of this change, and was soon convinced, not only that her heart had received some impressions of love, but who was the object of it.

This man, whom I will call Philander, was on many accounts so deserving, that I verily believe I should have been prevailed on to favour my child's inclinations, though his fortune was greatly unequal to what I had a right to demand for her, had not a young gentleman, with a very large estate, offered himself to my choice. I was unable to resist such an acquisition of fortune and of happiness, as I then thought, to my daughter. I presently agreed to his proposals, and introduced him to her as one whom I intended for her husband.

As soon as his first visit was ended, Fanny came to me, prostrated herself at my knees, and begged me, as I tendered her future happiness, never to mention this match to her more, nor to insist on her receiving a second visit from Leontius, (for

to I will call the gentleman) whom, would to God I had never heard of..

Now was the first moment I uttered a harsh word to my poor child, who was bathed in tears, (as I am while I am writing). I told her in an angry tone, that I was a better judge of what would contribute to her future happiness than herself; that she made me a very ungrateful return for all the cares and labours I had undergone on her account, to refuse me the first command of importance I had ever laid on her, especially as it was only to give me the satisfaction of seeing her happy, for which I had agreed to leave myself a beggar.

I then left her, as I had no reason to expect an immediate answer, to contemplate on what I had said; but, at my departure, told her, that if she expected to see me more, the terms must be an absolute compliance with my commands, and then she should never ask me any thing in vain.

I saw her no more that evening, and the next morning early received a message from her, that she could no longer endure my absence, or the apprehension of my anger, and begged leave to attend me in my dressing room. I immediately sent

sent for her, and when she appeared, began—
“ Well, Fanny, I hope you have thoroughly considered the matter, and will not make me miserable, by a denial of this first——”

“ No, papa,” answered she, “ you shall never be miserable if your poor Fanny can prevent it: I have considered, and am resolved to be obedient to you, whatever may be the consequence to me.” I then caught her in my arms, in an agony of passion, and floods of tears burst at once from both our eyes.

The eagerness of Leontius soon completed the match, as there remained no obstacle to it, and he became possessed of my all ; for besides my darling child, my little companion, my friend, he carried from me almost every farthing which I was worth.

The ceremony being over, the young couple retired into the country, and I had the pleasure of seeing my Fanny run away in a coach and six of her own. Little did I then think that it was the last unfulfilled pleasure I was to derive from her sight.

They returned at the end of a month, though they had proposed to stay longer ; and my child,
the

the moment she arrived in town, immediately sent me word she should visit me the next morning. I repaired hastily to her husband's house; but guess my surprize, when a servant told me, that neither his master nor his lady were at home.—I returned; thinking to have met with her at my own house, but in vain: I now began to grow extremely uneasy at my disappointment;—I went once more to her husband's house, and received the same answer as before. I then enquired for her maid, who was at last produced to me, with her eyes swelled with tears, and from her I learned that the villain Leontius had insisted on her not visiting me, confined her to her room, and ordered all the servants to carry no message or letter from her.—I flew up stairs and burst open the door of the room, which was locked.—I there found my child in a situation which I am not able to describe, any more than all the circumstances of our meeting.—

As soon as passion permitted, she spoke to me as follows:—"Sir, I am undone! My husband is jealous of me for a man whom I have never seen since our marriage. He found me reading a letter I had formerly received from **Philander**, and snatched it from me, which he might have commanded, for I never have, nor never would disobey

Q

him

him. This letter, having no date, he fancied I had just received it, and has treated me ever since with inhumanity not to be described. - When I have endeavoured to convince him of my innocence, he has spurned me from him with indignation, and these poor arms, in return for their tenderest embraces, have many marks of his violence upon them." Here she sunk upon me. Can words paint my affliction, or the horrors I then felt?—Should I attempt it, this scene alone would almost fill a volume—I will, therefore, hasten to a conclusion.

Her husband was at length convinced that she had received the letter as she had affirmed, and was outwardly reconciled ;—but jealousy is a distemper seldom to be totally eradicated, and her having preserved this letter, and the reading it again were circumstances he could not forgive. He behaved to her with such cruelty, that in half a year, from a state of florid health, she became pale and meagre. Philander, who, I really believe, loved her to distraction, took this opportunity of renewing his addresses to her; her husband's barbarity drove her into his arms, and one evening she made her escape with him. The day after I heard this news, I received from her the following letter :

My

“ My dear papa,

“ I am not insensible of my guilt ;—but to resist the tender passion of Philander was no longer in my power ; and the good-natured world, when they oppose to this the cruellest treatment from an injurious husband, to whom duty, and not love, had joined me, will perhaps pity your poor Fanny.

“ But, alas ! these are trifling considerations. The anger of the best of fathers, and the concern which he may suffer on my account, are the objects of my terror. Nor can I bear the thoughts of never seeing you more.—Believe me, it is this apprehension alone which stands between me and happiness, and was the last and hardest struggle I had to overcome. I will, therefore, hope that I may be forgiven by him, that I may again be blest by paying my duty to the kindest, tenderest of fathers : for in that hope consists my being, &c.”

I will make but one remark on this letter, which is, ~~that~~ she never upbraids me with having undone her.—If you think my story may be of use to the public, by cautioning parents from thwarting the affections of such children as are capable of having any, it is at your service.

ON

ON PATIENCE.

HAIL, thou sure friend to man ! how great
thy pow'r,

How vast, extensive in the stricken hour
Of keen adversity : when faithless friends
Forfake the wretched, then thy pow'r is seen
To calm the woe of agonizing want.
For ah ! how wretched must it be to him,
Who many years has liv'd in ease and pleasure,
In his old age to feel the cruel pangs
Of want and misery, and when he expects
Content and comfort, then to be depriv'd
Of all those blessings which he long has known ;
And by misfortune instantly be hurl'd
From friends, from affluence, content and joy.
What ! when the good man feels th' afflicting pains
Of gout, the stone, and rheumatism, or the pangs
Of that affliction, which above the rest
Tortures convulsive, then what other hope
Can give relief but Thee, thou sov'reign balm
Of all our woes, we hope that time will give,
That ease we ardent wish for and expect
With ten-fold eagerness.

Then, O my God ! whate'er may be my lot,
Whate'er I suffer, or whate'er I feel,
O grant me Patience ! let me not repine

If

If grief strikes deep, but let me look around,
 And I shall find companions in my woe
 Than me far more afflicted. 'Tis a truth
 Full well established and beyond dispute,
 Howe'er wretched, and whate'er the cause,
 Another and another still you'll find
 With greater reason, greater cause for woe.
 As such let's study still to be resign'd ;
 What'er our MAKER's pleasure and his will,
 Let's still look forward with a chearful hope,
 Nor discontented murmur at our fate.

THE ALARMS OF MATRIMONY :

A MORAL TALE.

OF the numberless pairs who are every day
 (almost every hour) rushing into the marriage-
 state, flattered by various views, and stimulated
 by various motives, there are none who are more
 likely to wish themselves released from their con-
 jugal engagements, than those who are instigated
 by avarice to tie themselves for life in the bands
 of Hymen. Mercenary marriages generally prove
 unhappy ones ; how, indeed, should felicity be
 expected from an union which has not mutual
 affection

affection for its basis? Without that foundation the strongest bands are too weak to keep the contracted couple faithful to their nuptial vows. We are particularly shocked to see old fellows, past the hey-day of their blood, selecting mates from the youthful parts of the fair sex ; and still more so, to see a fine healthy handsome creature, throwing herself into the arms of a man old enough to be her grandfather, merely for the sake of triumphing over her companions by the splendor of her appearance, and to make them ready to burst with envy by the insolence of exultation. Such a woman, so married, sometimes gives her envying friends a high treat by the infringement of her matrimonial vows, by not only alarming her grey-headed husband, but by actually placing him in a condition, which is, though extremely fashionable, sufficient to render him, if he is a man of feeling, extremely wretched.

In a pleasant and polite city of France, not many miles from Paris, lived, about half a century ago, a gentleman with considerable possessions in the province, of which that city was the capital, of so studious a disposition, that he was never happy but when poring over his books. In consequence of his violent passion for literature, he had a large library, and as he was a man of
taste

taste, as well as a man of letters, it contained a number of the best written volumes in his own language, with a no small collection, equally well chosen, wrote by the most celebrated authors of various other nations.

In his library *Monf. Peliffon* spent the happiest moments of his life ; but nobody envied him the felicity which he felt from his literary attachments, as he discovered no small selfishness by them, never imparting what he read, never appearing desirous of increasing his knowledge by the communication of his ideas. By that selfishness he certainly excluded himself from a variety of acquisitions, which might have rendered his literary prospects more extensive ; which might have at once enlarged and embellished his mind. Like a Quaker, all his light was within, and none of his friends were benefited by his internal illuminations. In how unamiable a point of view does the man of erudition appear when he thus, keeping his learned stores locked up in his own mind, broods over them with the wretched satisfaction of a miser, hanging over his coffers.

With this selfish attachment to books, *Monf. Peliffon* conversed little with men, and still less with women : transported with the society of
the

the dead (if I may hazard the expression) he had scarce any relish for the conversation of the living; and, indeed, by spending the greatest part of his time in reading, he became gradually as unfit as he was unwilling to converse, so that when he came into company (and he could not always avoid mixing with the world,) he looked like a "statute dropped from its pedestal," and talked with as much embarrassment as if he had been a savage just brought from his native wood, without the smallest marks of civilization about him; as awkward in his deportment, and as much at a loss for words.

By many this learned gentleman was laughed at for his uncouthness and singularity; by many shunned from the strong operation of disgust; by few he was pitied for habits which he had contracted by living in a kind of solitude, and for his inability to set himself off to advantage, from the adhesion of them. Such a man may as well attempt to change his skin, as to make himself an agreeable companion.

It will not be supposed by the readers of this sketch of Monf. Pelisson's character, that he was a man of gallantry. During the course of those years, indeed, when most men, if they are susceptible

ceptible of tender impressions, feel their hearts softened by their interviews with the fair sex; Monf. Peliffon was too much engaged with his Cleopatras and Octavias, his Arrias and his Portias, his Cornelias, Terentias, and Calpurnias, and other illustrious women of antiquity, to think of any living female, though he might have, with little trouble, discovered women who would not have disgraced the ladies above-mentioned with their acquaintance.

Monf. Peliffon having wasted the prime of his life among his books, having arrived within a few months of his grand climacteric, was seized one day (being overheated by a passage in Ovid's Art of Love,) with a violent—a preposterous desire to have a connection with a fair one.

When the passion of love gets into an old man's head, it allows him as little quiet as it does a young one, though the sensations which it excites cannot be supposed to operate with equal force. Monf. Peliffon was so much disturbed by his amorous sensations, that he was determined to look out for a female companion immediately, and to commit two mistakes of the first magnitude—to take a wife to his bosom, and to marry a young woman. Accordingly he applied to a

R

married

married lady of his acquaintance, who would, he imagined, without laughing at him, assist him in arriving at the summit of his wishes.

The lady to whom Monf. Peliffon applied for a wife, was a Madame Bourdieu, very happily united with a merchant of reputation, and in affluent circumstances. She was a sensible, conversible, easy, good-natured woman ; friendly and facetious. No woman loved humour better than Madame Bourdieu, and no woman ever saw the ridiculous sooner in her own sex, or in the other ; however, not having the least spark of malevolence in her disposition, she never took a delight in exposing the weaknesses of her friends, and of making herself merry at their expence. When Monf. Peliffon, therefore, opened his mind to her with regard to his matrimonial design, and intreated her to recommend him to a young lady well brought up, with a good understanding, and a good temper, (he was entirely easy about fortune, having enough for both,) she was ready to laugh out at his proposal and request ; but having really a regard for him, and pitying a propensity which could not but lead him into a “ sea of troubles,” she endeavoured to dissuade him from his intended nuptials, and (touching with great delicacy upon his advanced age,) advised him,

him, in the most friendly manner, to give up all thoughts of an hymenial connection.

Monf. Peliffon heard his friendly monitrefs with patience, but not with pleasure. He did not interrupt her in the midft of her diffuafives and admonitions, but as foon as fhe had closed her answer, he convinced her, by his immediate reply to it, that fhe had fpent her breath, and exhausted her reasoning and elocution to no purpofe. He was like Sir Wilful Witwood—he would do it : he would marry. “ It is refolved, Madam, I cannot live any longer without a wife—a young wife ; and if you will not recommend one to me, I muft apply to fomebody elfe.”

Madame Bourdieu was too polite to affront her wrong-headed friend, by telling him that fhe could not think of perfuading any young lady to facrifice herfelf by marrying a man at his time of life, for the fake of his money, not conceiving that any thing but intereft could poffibly induce a girl to be tied to him : fhe, therefore, only affured him, that there was no young woman among her acquaintance who would fuit him ; adding, “ that if he fhould find the wife he wifhed for, he ought to have a very mean opinion of her principles, as he might fafely conclude, fhe would marry him

him under the influence of the most mercenary motives."

Monf. Peliffon, not a little displeased with Madame Bourdieu's refusing to be an agent for him, in the execution of his matrimonial commission, took his leave of her, without being sufficiently affected by the end of her speech to relinquish his nuptial pursuits. From her he went to another lady, with whom he was intimately acquainted, and delivered the same request. From this lady he met with a different reception, a reception more agreeable to his taste, and more favourable to his desires.

Madame Soubliere, instead of endeavouring to damp his amorous flame, added fuel to it, by telling him, that she knew a very handsome girl who would suit him to a hair, and who would think herself honoured by an alliance with him. "She is well born, continued Madame Soubliere, and she has been well educated; her person's striking, her sense is solid, and her parts are bright.—She has a very small fortune.—

"Oh! Madam," exclaimed the amorous philosopher, with an eagerness which did not at all fit graceful upon a forehead ploughed with wrinkles,

"No

"No matter for fortune; I want no money; I have enough of it for us both. Therefore, dear Madam, introduce me to this charming creature as soon as you can. I shall be on the rack of impatience till you bring me to an interview with her."

Madame Soubliere, like an artful woman, now threw a few obstacles in the antiquated lover's way, which would serve, she imagined to render him still more eager to see the lady whom she had recommended to him; and she was not mistaken: he soon, with redoubled alacrity, removed all the objections she had started; and upon his growing extravagantly pressing, she promised to let him see Mademoiselle Mureau at her house in the afternoon. Animated by this assurance, he left her with the most grateful acknowledgments, and when he got home, dressed himself with a precision to which he had not, even in his youngest days, attended, and in a manner which made him look older than he really was: attempting to appear with all the gaiety of youth in his apparel, the ravages which time had made in his face were doubly conspicuous.

Monf. Peliffon having dressed himself in the most youthful stile, went to Madame Soubliere's,
and

and there met the lady who was destined to be his wife.

Mademoiselle Mureau having been properly tutored by her friend, was thoroughly prepared to display all her charms, *dans tout leur jour*, in order to strike the old bachelor at first sight ; and she made such good use of her tongue, when she found that her eyes had been successfully employed, that when she (suddenly recollecting an engagement in another place) quitted the room, she left her uncommon admirer absolutely enchanted.

Mons. Pelisson, the moment Mademoiselle Mureau had left the room, told the lady who had spoke to him in her favour, that she had given him the highest pleasure, and that he would, with her permission, wait on her the next day. His request was readily complied with : accordingly he made his appearance at the same place, in order to enjoy a second interview with his future bride.

In his second interview with the lady who had struck him so much in his first, he was still more delighted with her person, her behaviour, and her conversation ; and before he took leave of her, he found an opportunity to make his addresses to her

her in form, which were received with a secret approbation. From that time his visits to Madame Soubliere's were frequent.

The frequent visits of this singular gentleman to a lady who was noted for match-making, occasioned no small speculation among the few friends with whom he associated, by way of relaxing his mind when he was tired with reading. They could not help wondering at the new appearance which he made *en galant homme*, being now more studious of his dress than he had ever been; but they did not know how to believe that he was going to be married. However, they were soon well assured that he was actually upon the point of entering into a matrimonial connection, and were unanimously of an opinion, when they heard the name of the lady pitched upon for his wife, that he would, in a little while after his wedding-day, severely condemn himself for his precipitation.

In the midst of his preparations for that day, Monf. Peliffon received a visit from one of his most intimate friends, just arrived from a rural excursion, and was accosted by him in the following manner :

“ Bless

“ Bless me ! my dear Peliffon, you do not look the man I left here some weeks ago. I left you almost buried among your books : I find you in a dress very unlike that of a philosopher, and much more like that of a man of the world. What, I beseech you, has produced this striking change, not only in your appearance, but in your looks ? You have not the same learned face you had when I was with you before I set out upon my little tour ; there is not that hardness in your features which I then observed in them. What can so much have altered the expression in them ? Did I not know that you bid defiance to the fair sex, and all their charms, I should imagine that some artful female has put all philosophical ideas to the rout, and filled your bosom with the tenderest sensations.”

Monf. Peliffon having heard his friend's effusions with great patience, could not now refrain from interrupting him—“ Ah, my dear Janelle,” said he, with a forcible pressure of the hand, “ I am not the same man I was when you saw me some time ago ; I have a new set of sensations, and a new train of reflections. I am transformed into a new creature ; this great transformation has been produced by Love.”

At

At the moment the word *love* was articulated, Monf. Janelle burft into a violent fit of laughter. As foon as he was in a condition to get out his words, he replied, “ Love! impoffible! *you in love?* My grave, learned, ftudious Peliffon in love? You certainly joke, you can never be in earneft:—In love !”

“ I am not at all furprized at your aftonifhment upon this occafion,” faid Monf. Peliffon, “ as you furely had no reafon to fuppofe that I fhould ever have been, with my ftrong paffion for literature, feized with a paffion for women; but fo it is: finding myfelf no longer able to live without a female companion, and not chufing, upon many accounts, a difhonourable connection, I made enquiries among fome of my female friends for a wife, and have difcovered, in Mademoifelle Mureau, the very woman formed to make me the happieft of men.”

At the mention of Mademoifelle Mureau’s name, Monf. Janelle was more inclined to pity his friend, than to laugh at him: of all the girls whom he knew, he looked upon her as the moft unfit to render an old man tolerably happy in the marriage-ftate; and therefore endeavoured, with all the warmth of language which his friend-

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ship excited, and more warmth of temper than was welcome, to dissuade him from marrying Mademoiselle Mureau ; making use of, at the same time, what he thought unanswerable arguments, to give strength to his dissuasions.

Young men in love are seldom to be reasoned with: old men never: Monf. Peliffon heard all that his friend urged against his union with Mademoiselle Mureau, without being in the least affected by it; and on being close pushed, declared, at length, that he would leave the room, if any thing more was said upon the subject.

Monf. Janelle now perceiving that he had no hopes of saving his deluded friend from a marriage which could not, according to his sentiments with regard to the lady in question, be productive of any felicity to him, retired, but not without entreating him with additional earnestness, to consider very seriously upon the step he was going to take; and closed his entreaties with the following line and a half from Virgil, which have been often quoted upon other occasions :

“ Facilis descensus averni; sed revocare gradum,
Hoc opus, hic labor est.”———

Monf.

Monf. Peliffon was not at all forry to be left by himfelf, after having had his ears attacked in a manner highly difagreeable to them. When he had recovered a little from the agitation of fpirits into which his friend's arguments, perfuafions, and entreaties had thrown him, he repaired to the houfe which contained the bright object of his wifhes, and with her converfation, foon forgot all Janelle had been driving into his head.

In a few days after this reftoring vifit, this ill-matched, ill-fuited couple, Monf. Peliffon and Mademoifelle Mureau, were indiffolubly united. When the marriage ceremony was performed, the wrinkled bridegroom carried his blooming bride home in triumph; and while he fat grinning by her in his carriage, envied not the fineft young fellow in France, with the fineft girl in his poffeffion, fo thoroughly fatisfied was he with his nuptial choice.

From marriages fo disproportionate, from marriages between Januarys and Mays, between pairs with fenfations as oppofite as the firft and laft feafon of the year, what felicity can be expected? Is it poffible for a man in the winter of life to be a proper companion for a woman in her fpring? Can an Helena look upon Neftor with the eyes of love?

Love? But it is needless to carry the contrast any farther. Monf. Peliffon, heated with a false fire, caught from the inflammatory pages of the poet Sulmo, felt his ardors weaker and weaker from the day of marriage, and, in a short time, called himself a thousand fools for having been misled by an ignis fat^{us}, a deceitful flame, into the hymenial circle, from which he wished most sincerely to remove himself; but he was fast bound by an adamantine chain, and was condemned like a gally slave, to that circle for life.

Madame Peliffon having gained her point by marrying her antiquated lover, did not deem it necessary to keep on the mask which she had made use of during the *mollia tempora fandi*, the soft season of courtship. In short, she became so extravagant a wife, and alarmed her husband to such a degree by her behaviour to the men, who now flocked to the house with her female friends, a numerous corps, that he had scarce any rest night or day. Often would he fly to his literary apartments to enjoy some peace with his beloved books, with his silent companions, when his ears had been almost stunned by the conversation of his loquacious ones; but in vain: they pursued him into his library, tossed about his ancients with a provoking wildness, and rallied him to death

death for poring over works of musty fellows, who had been for centuries in their grave.

It is not easy to describe the numerous interruptions which *Monf. Peliffon* met with to his domestic happiness, as a philosopher strongly addicted to letters; nor is it less difficult to paint the disquietudes which he endured as a man: as a man yoked with a woman who had married him entirely for his money; who had no relish for any intellectual pleasures, but a high taste for all the bodily diversions of the age; who was indeed never happy but in a croud, at once admiring and admired; and who was determined to live with as much spirit as any woman in the kingdom.

Among the fashionable pleasures of the age, to which *Madame Peliffon* was violently attached, gaming had a considerable share of her attention; and as she, in general, was successful, she was naturally tempted to raise supplies for her pocket expences from the tables of chance. One night, however, by a run of ill-luck, she not only lost all the money she had about her, but much more than she possibly could advance without drawing upon her husband; and as he had, in a generous fit,

fit, given her a large sum that very day, she knew not how to ask him so soon for an addition to it. In this dilemma she requested the gentleman who had laid her so heavily under contribution (who had, indeed, won her money in a very unfair manner) to stay a few days for the discharge of her debts. He readily consented, but with a proviso, that if she did not, within a month, settle with him in a pecuniary way, she should, upon the payment of his winnings afterwards, treat him with a personal *douceur*. To this proviso the lady willingly subscribed, not doubting but that she should, before the expiration of the stipulated time, wheedle her old man out of the sum she wanted, and save her reputation.

When Dufort, the successful gamester, made the above proposal to Madame Pelisson, he little thought that he should, in a few nights, be stripped himself by the superior address of his opponents. In this reduced condition, he wrote a line, to inform her of his loss, and to press her for the immediate payment of the money she owed him. Not receiving a satisfactory answer from her, he resented her behaviour so much, that he resolved to go himself to Mons. Pelisson directly, and insist upon his discharging his wife's debt.

Mons.

Monf. Peliffon feeing a very fmart young fellow introduced to him one morning, while he was intently reading in his night-gown and cap, fstarted, and was juft going to afk him what his bufinefs was, as he had not feen him before, when his lady, having obferved Dufort from her own apartment, came running into the room, and arrefted his attention by appearing before him in a very fignificant attitude ; laying her finger upon her lip, as if fhe wifhed him to be filent with regard to tranfactions between them, and looking at him, at the fame time, as if fhe had fomething to communicate which would give him fatisfaction.

Dufort, in confequence of thefe pantomimical hints (though he was hard preffed for cash) determined not to blab ; and accordingly addreffed Monf. Peliffon in a ftyle different from that which he had intended to adopt. Inftead of acquainting him with the demands he had upon his wife, he made a number of apologies for having miftaken the houfe, and bowing profoundly, retired, directing an answer, fufficiently expreffive, to the lady of the houfe with his eyes.

The fudden appearance of this ftranger, his fubfequent behaviour, and his extraordinary departure, very much alarmed the old gentleman, who,

who, before this incident, had discovered strong marks of a jealous disposition. From this moment he suspected his wife of having an intrigue with him : and, in consequence of his encreased apprehensions, watched her more narrowly than ever ; but, in spite of all his vigilance, she gave him the slip one evening, and eloped with Dufort : to his additional mortification, she carried away with her things of value enough to convince him that she had no design to return.

ANECDOTE

OF

M. DE VIELLEVILLE.

FRANCIS the FIRST having appointed this French Nobleman Captain of a Regiment of which he had been Lieutenant, sent for him to announce his promotion to him. Vielleville humbly thanked his Majesty for the honour he had conferred on him, but begged to decline it, as he said he “ had done nothing as yet worthy of it.” His Sovereign replied, “ Why, Sir, I am very much mistaken, then ; for I thought if you
had

you had been five hundred miles off, that you would have galloped night and day to ask this rank of me, and now I offer it to you myself, you refuse it. I cannot tell, I am sure, on what other occasion you can expect that I should give it to you." "Sire," replied Vielleville, "on the day of battle, when I shall have done something to deserve it; but if I accept of the honour your Majesty intends for me at this instant, all my companions would ridicule me for accepting it, and and suppose that it was given me in consideration of my being the near relation of the officer who last held it. I assure your Majesty, I had rather die than obtain rank by any other favour than by that of service.

Copy of a Letter from GEO. GRANVILLE, afterwards LORD LANDSDOWN, written to his Father about a Month before the PRINCE of ORANGE landed.

"MAR, near DONCASTER,
October 6th, 1688.

"To the Honourable Barnard Granville, at the Earl of Bathe's, St. James's.

"SIR,

"Your having no prospect of obtaining a commission for me, can no way alter or cool my desire
T. fire

fire at this important juncture to venture my life, in some manner or other, for my King and my country.

“ I cannot bear living under the reproach of lying obscure and idle in a country retirement, when every man who has the least sense of honour should be preparing for the field.

“ You may remember, Sir, with what reluctance I submitted to your commands upon Monmouth's rebellion, when no importunity could prevail with you to permit me to leave the academy; I was too young to be hazarded; but, give me leave to say, it is glorious at any age to die for one's country, and the sooner the nobler the sacrifice.

“ I am now older by three years. My uncle Bathe was not so old when he was left among the slain at the battle of Newbury; nor You yourself, Sir, when you made your escape from your tutors, to join your brother at the defence of Scilly.

“ The same cause is now come round about again. The King has been misled; let those who have misled him be answerable for it. Nobody
can

can deny but he is sacred in his own person, and it is every honest man's duty to defend it.

“ You are pleased to say, it is yet doubtful if the Hollanders are rash enough to make such an attempt ; but be that as it may, I beg leave to insist upon it, that I may be presented to his Majesty, as one whose utmost ambition it is to devote his life to his service, and my country's, after the example of all my ancestors.

“ The gentry assembled at York, to agree upon the choice of representatives for the county, have prepared an address, to assure his Majesty, they are ready to sacrifice their lives and fortunes for him upon this and all other occasions ; but at the same time they humbly beseech him to give them such magistrates as may be agreeable to the laws of the land ; for, at present, there is no authority to which they can legally submit.

“ They have been beating up for volunteers at York, and the towns adjacent, to supply the regiments at Hull ; but nobody will lift.

“ By what I can hear, every body wishes well to the King ; but they would be glad if his Ministers were hanged.

“ The

“ The winds continue so contrary, that no landing can be so soon as was apprehended ; therefore I may hope, with your leave and assistance, to be in readiness before any action can begin. I beseech you, Sir, most humbly and most earnestly, to add this one act of indulgence more to so many other testimonies which I have constantly received of your goodness ; and be pleased to believe me always with the utmost duty and submission, Sir,

“ Your most dutiful Son,

And most obedient servant,

GEO. GRANVILLE.”

THE VANITY

OF

WISHING FOR OLD AGE.

ENLARGE my life with multitude of days,
In health and sickness, thus the suppliant
prays ;
Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know
That life protracted—is protracted woe.
Time hovers o’er, impatient to destroy,
And shuts up all the passages of joy ;

In

In vain the gifts their bounteous seasons pour,
 The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flower ;
 With listless eyes the dotard views the store,
 He views and wonders that they please no more.
 Now pall the tasteless meats and joyless wines,
 And luxury with sighs her slave resigns.
 Approach ye minstrels, try the soothing strain,
 And yield the tuneful lenitives of pain,
 No sound, alas ! would touch th' impervious ear,
 Tho' dancing mountains witness Orpheus near.
 No lute nor lyre his feeble power attend,
 Nor sweeter music of a virtuous friend ;
 But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,
 Perversely grave, or positively wrong.
 The still returning tale, and ling'ring jest,
 Perplex the fawning niece and pamper'd guest ;
 While growing hopes scarce awe the gath'ring
 sneer,

And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear ;
 The watchful guests still hint the last offence,
 The daughter's petulance—the son's expence,
 Improve his heady rage with treach'rous skill,
 And mould his passions till they make his will.
 Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,
 Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade ;
 But unextinguish'd av'rice still remains,
 And dreaded losses aggravate his pains ;

He

He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
 His bonds of debts and mortgages of lands :
 Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
 Unlocks his gold and counts it till he dies.
 But grant the virtues of a temp'rate prime,
 Blest with an age exempt from scorn or crime,
 An age that melts in unperceiv'd decay,
 And glides in modest innocence away ;
 Whose peaceful day benevolence endears,
 Whose night congratulating conscience cheers,
 The gen'ral fav'rite as the gen'ral friend,
 Such age there is, and who would wish its end ?
 Yet ev'n on this her load misfortune flings,
 To press the weary minutes' flagging wings ;
 New sorrow rises as the day returns,
 A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.
 Now kindred merit fills the fable bier,
 Now lacerated friendship claims a tear ;
 Year chafes year, decay pursues decay,
 Still drops some joy from with'ring life away :
 New forms arise, and diff'rent views engage,
 Superfluous lags the vet'ran on the stage,
 Till pitying Nature signs the last release,
 And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE

OF

VOLTAIRE.

VOLTAIRE, during his last visit at Paris, was fatigued by the congratulations of people of all ranks. A young Author, of middling talents and measureless vanity, thought it his duty to do homage to the Nestor of literature. Being introduced to the Philosopher, he began his complimentary address in these words;—“Great man! to day, I salute you as Homer; to morrow, I will salute you as Sophocles; next day, as Plato.”—He would have proceeded, but Voltaire interrupting him, said, “Little man! I am very old—could you not pay all your visits in one day?”

HISTORY OF AMELIA;

OR,

MALEVOLENCE DEFEATED.

MRS. Winifred Wormwood was the daughter of a rustic merchant, who, by the happy union of many lucrative trades, amassed an enormous

mous fortune. His family consisted of three girls, and Winifred was the eldest: long before she was twenty, she was surrounded with lovers, some probably attracted by the splendid prospect of her expected portion, and others truly captivated by her personal graces; for her person was elegant, and her elegance was enlivened with peculiar vivacity. Mr. Wormwood was commonly called a kind parent, and an honest man; and he might deserve, indeed, those honourable appellations, if it were not a profanation of language to apply them to a narrow and a selfish spirit. He indulged his daughters in many expensive amusements, because it flattered his pride; but his heart was engrossed by the profits of his extensive traffic: he turned, with the most repulsive asperity, from every proposal that could lead him to diminish his capital, and thought his daughters unreasonable, if they wished for any permanent satisfaction above that of seeing their father increase in opulence and splendour. His two younger children, who inherited from their deceased mother a tender delicacy of frame, languished and died at an early period of life, and the death of one of them was imputed, with great probability, to a severe disappointment in her first affection. The more sprightly Winifred, whose heart was a perfect stranger to genuine love, surmounted the mortification of seeing

many

many suitors discarded ; and, by the insatiable avarice of her father, she was naturally led into habits of artifice and intrigue. Possessing an uncommon share of very shrewd and piercing wit, with the most profound hypocrisy, she contrived to please, and to blind her plodding old parent, who perpetually harangued on the discretion of his daughter, and believed her a miracle of reserve and prudence, at the very time when she was suspected of such conduct as would have disqualified her, had it ever been proved, for the rank she now holds in this Essay. She was said to have amused herself with a great variety of amorous adventures, which eluded the observation of her father ; but of the many lovers, who sighed to her in secret, not one could tempt her into marriage ; and, to the surprise of the public, the rich heiress of Mr. Wormwood reached the age of thirty-seven, without changing her name.

Just as she arrived at this mature season of life, the opulent old gentleman took his leave of a world, in which he had acted a busy part, pleased with the idea of leaving a large fortune, as a monument of his industry, but wanting the superior satisfaction, which a more generous parent would probably have derived from the happy establishment of a daughter. He gained, how-

ever, from the hypocrisy of Winifred, what he could not claim from her affection, the honour of being lamented with a profusion of tears. She distinguished herself by displaying all the delicate gradations of filial sorrow; but recovered, at a proper time, all the natural gaiety of her temper, which she had now the full opportunity of indulging, being mistress of a magnificent mansion, within a mile of a populous town, and enabled to enliven it with all the arts of luxury, by inheriting such accumulated wealth, as would safely support the utmost efforts of provincial splendor. Miss Wormwood now expected to see every bachelor of figure and consequence a suppliant at her feet: she promised to herself no little entertainment in sporting with their addresses, without the fear of suffering from a tyrannical husband, as she had learned caution from her father, and had privately resolved not to trust any man with her money; a resolution the more discreet, as she had much to apprehend, and very little to learn from so dangerous a master! The good-natured town, in whose environs the rich Winifred resided, very kindly pointed out to her no less than twenty lively beaux for her choice; but, to the shame or the honour of those gentlemen, they were too honest to make any advances. The report of her youthful frolics, and the dread of her sarcastic wit, had
more

more power to repel, than her person and her wealth had to attract. Passing her fiftieth year, she acquired the serious name of Mistress, without the dignity of a wife, and without receiving a single offer of marriage from the period in which she became the possessor of so opulent a fortune.

Whether this mortifying disappointment had given a peculiar asperity to her temper, or whether malevolence was the earlier characteristic of her mind, I will not pretend to determine; but it is certain, that from this autumnal, or rather wintry season of her life, Mrs. Wormwood made it her chief occupation to amuse herself with the most subtle devices of malicious ingenuity, and to frustrate every promising scheme of affection and delight, which she discovered in the wide circle of her acquaintance. She seemed to be tormented with an incessant dread, that youth and beauty might secure to themselves that happiness, which she found wit and fortune were unable to bestow; hence she watched, with the most piercing eye, all the lovely young women of her neighbourhood, and often insinuated herself into the confidence of many, that she might penetrate all the secrets of their love, and privately blast its success. She was enabled to render herself intimate with the young and the lovely, by the opulent splendor in
which

which she lived, and by the bewitching vivacity of her conversation. Her talents of this kind were, indeed, extraordinary; her mind was never polished or enriched by literature, as Mr. Wormwood set little value on any books, excepting those of his counting-house; and the earlier years of his daughter were too much engaged by duplicity and intrigue, to leave her either leisure or inclination for a voluntary attachment to more improving studies. She read very little, and was acquainted with no language but her own; yet a brilliant understanding, and an uncommon portion of ready wit supplied her with a more alluring fund of conversation, than learning could bestow. She chiefly recommended herself to the young and inexperienced, by the insinuating charm of the most lively ridicule, and by the art of seasoning her discourse with wanton inuendos of so subtle a nature, that gravity knew not how to object to them. She had the singular faculty of throwing such a soft and dubious twilight over the most licentious images, that they captivated curiosity and attention, without exciting either fear or disgust. Her malevolence was perpetually disguised under the mask of gaiety, and she completely possessed that plausibility of malice, so difficult to attain, and so forcibly recommended in the words of Lady Macbeth:

“ Bear

“ Bear welcome in your eye,
“ Your hand, your tongue ; look like the innocent
“ flower,
“ But be the serpent under it !

With what success she practised this dangerous lesson, the reader may learn from the following adventure.—

It was the custom of Mrs. Wormwood to profess the most friendly solicitude for female youth, and the highest admiration of beauty; she wished to be considered as their patroness, because such an idea afforded her the fairest opportunities of secretly mortifying their insufferable presumption. With a peculiar refinement in malice, she first encouraged, and afterwards defeated, those amusing matrimonial projects, which the young and beautiful are so apt to entertain. The highest gratification, which her ingenious malignity could devise, consisted in torturing some lovely inexperienced girl, by playing upon the tender passions of an open and unsuspecting heart.

Accident threw within her reach a most tempting subject for such fiend-like diversion, in the person of Amelia Nevil, the daughter of a brave and accomplished officer, who closing a laborious
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and honourable life in very indigent circumstances, had left his unfortunate child to the care of his maiden sister. The aunt of Amelia was such an Old Maid as might alone suffice to rescue the sisterhood from ridicule and contempt. She had been attached, in her early days, to a gallant youth, who unhappily lost his own life in preserving that of his dear friend, her brother: she devoted herself to his memory with the most tender, unaffected, and invariable attachment; refusing several advantageous offers of marriage, though her income was so narrow, that necessity obliged her to convert her whole fortune into an annuity, just before the calamitous event happened, which made her the only guardian of the poor Amelia. This lovely, but unfortunate girl was turned of fourteen on the death of her father. She found, in the house of his sister, the most friendly asylum; and a relation, whose heart and mind made her most able and willing to form the character of this engaging orphan, who appeared to be as highly favoured by nature, as she was persecuted by fortune. The beauty of Amelia was so striking, and the charms of her lively understanding began to display themselves in so enchanting a manner, that her affectionate aunt could not bear the idea of placing her in any lower order of life: she gave her the education
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of a gentlewoman, in the flattering and generous hope, that her various attractions might supply the absolute want of fortune, and that she should enjoy the delight of seeing her dear Amelia, happily settled in marriage, before her death exposed her lovely ward to that poverty, which was her only inheritance.—Heaven disposed it otherwise. This amiable woman, after having acted the part of a most affectionate parent to her indigent niece, died before Amelia attained the age of twenty. The poor girl was now apparently destitute of every resource; and exposed to penury, with a heart bleeding for the loss of a most indulgent protector. A widow lady of her acquaintance very kindly afforded her a refuge in the first moments of her distress, and proposed to two of her opulent friends, that Amelia should reside with them by turns, dividing her year between them, and passing four months with each. As soon as Mrs. Wormwood was informed of this event, as she delighted in those ostentatious acts of apparent beneficence, which are falsely called charity, she desired to be admitted among the voluntary guardians of the poor Amelia. To this proposal all the parties assented, and it was settled, that Amelia should pass the last quarter of every year, as long as she remained single, under the roof of Mrs. Wormwood. This lovely orphan had a sensibility

sibility of heart, which rendered her extremely grateful for the protection she received, but which made her severely feel all the miseries of dependance. Her beauty attracted a multitude of admirers, many of whom, presuming on her poverty, treated her with a licentious levity, which always wounded her ingenuous pride. Her person, her mind, her manners, were universally commended by the men; but no one thought of making her his wife. "Amelia," they cried, "is an enchanting creature; but who, in these times, can afford to marry a pretty, proud girl, supported by charity?" Though this prudential question was never uttered in the presence of Amelia, she began to perceive its influence, and suffered a painful dread of proving a perpetual burden to those friends, by whose generosity she subsisted; she wished a thousand times, that her affectionate aunt, instead of cultivating her mind with such dangerous refinement, had placed her in any station of life where she might have maintained herself by her own manual labour: she sometimes entertained a project of making some attempt for this purpose; and she once thought of changing her name, and of trying to support herself as an actress on one of the public theatres; but this idea, which her honest pride had suggested, was effectually suppressed by her modesty; and she continued to waste the most precious

precious time of her youth, under the mortification of perpetually wishing to change her mode of life, and of not knowing how to effect it. Almost two years had now elapsed since the death of her aunt, and without any prospect of marriage: she was now in her second period of residence with Mrs. Wormwood. Amelia's understanding was by no means inferior to her other endowments; she began to penetrate all the artful disguise, and to gain a perfect and very painful insight into the real character of her present hostess. This lady had remarked, that when Miss Nevil resided with her, her house was much more frequented by gentlemen, than at any other season. This, indeed, was true; and it unluckily happened, that these visitors often forgot to applaud the smart sayings of Mrs. Wormwood, in contemplating the sweet countenance of Amelia; a circumstance fully sufficient to awaken, in the neglected wit, the most bitter envy, hatred, and malice. In truth, Mrs. Wormwood detested her lovely guest with the most implacable virulence; but she had the singular art of disguising her detestation in the language of flattery: she understood the truth of Pope's maxim, "*He hurts me most who lavishly commends;*" and she therefore made use of lavish commendation, as an instrument of malevolence towards Amelia; she insulted the taste and ridiculed the choice

of every new married man; and declared herself convinced that he was a fool, because he had not chosen that most lovely young woman.

To more than one gentleman she said, You must marry Amelia; and, as few men chuse to be driven into wedlock, some offers were possibly prevented by the treacherous vehemence of her praise. Her malice, however, was not sufficiently gratified by observing that Amelia had no prospect of marriage. To indulge her malignity, she resolved to amuse this unhappy girl with the hopes of such a joyous event, and then to turn, on a sudden, all these splendid hopes into mockery and delusion. Accident led her to pitch on Mr. Nelson, as a person whose name she might with the greatest safety employ, as the instrument of her insidious design, and with the greater chance of success, as she observed that Amelia had conceived for him a particular regard.

Mr. Nelson was a gentleman, who, having met with very singular events, had contracted a great, but very amiable singularity of character: he was placed, early in life, in a very lucrative commercial situation, and was on the point of settling happily in marriage with a very beautiful young lady, when
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the house, in which she resided, was consumed by fire. Great part of her family, and among them the destined bride, was buried in the ruins.

Mr. Nelson, in losing the object of his ardent affection, by so sudden a calamity, lost for some time the use of his reason; and when his health and senses returned, he still continued under the oppression of the profoundest melancholy, till his fond devotion to the memory of her whom he had lost in so severe a manner, suggested to his fancy a singular plan of benevolence, in the prosecution of which, he recovered a great portion of his former spirits. This plan consisted in searching for female objects of charity, whose distresses had been occasioned by fire. As his fortune was very ample, and his own private expences very moderate, he was able to relieve many unfortunate persons in this condition; and his affectionate imagination delighted itself with the idea, that in these uncommon acts of beneficence, he was guided by the influence of that lovely angel, whose mortal beauty had perished in the flames.

Mr. Nelson frequently visited a married sister, who was settled in the town where Mrs. Wormwood resided. There was also in the same town, an amiable elderly widow, for whom he had a particular

particular esteem. This lady, whose name was Melford, had been left in very scanty circumstances on the death of her husband, and, residing at that time in London, she had been involved in additional distress by that calamity, to which the attentive charity of Mr. Nelson was for ever directed: he more than repaired the loss which she sustained by fire, and assisted in settling her in the neighbourhood of his sister.

Mrs. Melford had been intimate with the aunt of Amelia, and was still the most valuable friend of that lovely orphan, who paid her frequent visits, though she never resided under her roof. Mr. Nelson had often seen Amelia at the house of Mrs. Melford, which led him to treat her with particular politeness, whenever he visited Mrs. Wormwood; a circumstance on which the latter founded her ungenerous project. She perfectly knew all the singular private history of Mr. Nelson, and firmly believed, like all the rest of his acquaintance, that no attractions could ever tempt him to marry; but she thought it possible to make Amelia conceive the hope, that her beauty had melted his resolution; and nothing she supposed, could more effectually mortify her guest, than to find herself derided for so vain an expectation.

Mrs.

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Mrs. Wormwood began, therefore, to insinuate, in the most artful manner, that Mr. Nelson was very particular in his civilities to Amelia ; magnified all his amiable qualities, and expressed the greatest pleasure in the prospect of so delightful a match. These petty artifices, however, had no effect on the natural modesty and diffidence of Amelia ; she saw nothing that authorized such an idea in the usual politeness of a well-bred man of thirty-seven ; she pitied the misfortune, she admired the elegant and engaging, though serious manners, and she revered the virtues of Mr. Nelson ; but, supposing his mind to be entirely engrossed, as it really was, by his singular charitable pursuits, she entertained not a thought of engaging his affection.

Mrs. Wormwood was determined to play off her favourite engine of malignity, in a counterfeited letter. She had acquired, in her youth, the very dangerous talent of forging any hand that she pleased ; and her passion for mischief had afforded her much practice in this treacherous art. Having previously, and secretly engaged Mr. Nelson to drink tea with her, she wrote a billet to Amelia, in the name of his hand. The billet said, that he designed himself the pleasure of passing that afternoon, at the house of Mrs. Wormwood, and requested the favour of a private conference with

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Miss Nevil in the course of the evening, intimating, in the most delicate and doubtful terms, an ardent desire of becoming her husband. Mrs. Wormwood contrived that Amelia should not receive this billet till just before dinner time, that she might not shew it to her friend and confidant Mrs. Melford, and, by her means, detect its fallacy before the hour of her intended humiliation arrived.

Amelia blushed on reading the note, and in the first surprise of unsuspecting innocence, gave it to the vigilant Mrs. Wormwood ; who burst into vehement expressions of delight, congratulated her blushing guest on the full success of her charms, and triumphed in her own prophetic discernment. They sat down to dinner, but poor Amelia could hardly swallow a morsel ; her mind was in a tumultuous agitation of pleasure and amazement. The malicious impostor, enjoying her confusion, allowed her no time to compose her hurried spirits in the solitude of her chamber. Some female visitors arrived to tea ; and, at length, Mr. Nelson entered the room. Amelia trembled and blushed as he approached her ; but she was a little relieved from her embarrassment by the business of the tea-table, over which she presided. Amelia was naturally graceful in every thing she did, but
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the present agitation of her mind gave a temporary awkwardness to all her motions : she committed many little blunders in the management of the tea-table ; a cup fell from her trembling hand, and was broken ; but the politeness of Mr. Nelson led him to say so many kind and graceful things to her on these petty incidents, that, instead of increasing her distress, they produced an opposite effect, and the tumult of her bosom gradually subsided into a calm and composed delight. She ventured to meet the eyes of Mr. Nelson, and thought them expressive of that tenderness which promised a happy end to all her misfortunes. At the idea of exchanging misery and dependence for comfort and honour, as the wife of so amiable a man, her heart expanded with the most innocent and grateful joy. This appeared in her countenance, and gave such an exquisite radiance to all her features, that she looked a thousand times more beautiful than ever. Mrs. Wormwood saw this improvement of her charms, and, sickening at the sight, determined to reduce the splendor of such insufferable beauty, and hastily to terminate the triumph of her deluded guest. She began with a few malicious and sarcastic remarks on the vanity of beautiful young women, and the hopes which they frequently entertained of an imaginary lover ; but finding these
 remarks

remarks produced not the effect she intended, she took an opportunity of whispering in the ear of Amelia, and begged her not to harbour any vain expectations, for the billet she had received was a counterfeit, and a mere piece of pleasantry. Amelia shuddered, and turned pale: surprise, disappointment, and indignation, conspired to overwhelm her. She exerted her utmost power to conceal her emotions; but the conflict in her bosom was too violent to be disguised. The tears which she vainly endeavoured to suppress, burst forth, and she was obliged to quit the room in very visible disorder. Mr. Nelson expressed his concern; but he was checked in his benevolent enquiries by the caution of Mrs. Wormwood, who said, on the occasion, that Miss Nevil was a very amiable girl, but she had some peculiarities of temper, and was apt to put a wrong construction on the innocent pleasantry of her friends.

Mr. Nelson observing that Amelia did not return, and hoping that his departure might contribute to restore the interrupted harmony of the house, took an early leave of Mrs. Wormwood; who immediately flew to the chamber of Amelia, to exult, like a fiend, over that lovely victim of her successful malignity. She found not the person, whom she was so eager to insult. Amelia
had,

indeed, retired to her chamber, and passed there a very miserable half hour, much hurt by the treacherous cruelty of Mrs. Wormwood ; and still more wounded by reflections on her own credulity, which she condemned with that excess of severity so natural to a delicate mind, in arraigning itself. She would have flown for immediate consolation to her friend, Mrs. Melford, but she had reason to believe that lady engaged on a visit, and she therefore resolved to take a solitary walk for the purpose of composing her spirits ; but neither solitude nor exercise could restore her tranquillity ; and, as it grew late in the evening, she hastened to Mrs. Melford's, in hopes of now finding her returned. Her worthy old confidant was, indeed, in her little parlour alone, when Amelia entered the room. The eyes of this lovely girl immediately betrayed her distress ; and the old lady, with her usual tenderness, exclaimed, " Good heaven ! my dear child, for what have you been crying ? " " Because," replied Amelia, in a broken voice, and bursting into a fresh shower of tears, " because I am a fool." Mrs. Melford began to be most seriously alarmed, and, expressing her maternal solicitude in the kindest manner, Amelia produced the fatal paper.— " There," says she, " is a letter in the name of your excellent friend, Mr. Nelson ; it is a forgery

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of

of Mrs. Wormwood's, and I have been such an idiot as to believe it real."

The affectionate Mrs. Melford, who, in her first alarm, had apprehended a much heavier calamity, was herself greatly comforted in discovering the truth, and said many kind things to console her young friend. "Do not fancy," replied Amelia, "that I am foolishly in love with Mr. Nelson, though I think him the most pleasing, as well as the most excellent of men; and though I confess to you, that I should certainly think it a blessed lot to find a refuge from the misery of my present dependence in the arms of so benevolent and so generous a protector."—"Those arms are now opened to receive you," said a voice that was heard before the speaker appeared. Amelia started at the sound, and her surprise was not a little increased in seeing Mr. Nelson himself, who entering the room from an adjoining apartment, embraced the lovely orphan in a transport of tenderness and delight. Amelia, alive to all the feelings of genuine modesty, was for some minutes more painfully distressed by this surprise, than she had been by her past mortification. She was ready to sink into the earth, at the idea of having betrayed her secret to the man, from whom she would have laboured most to conceal it. In the first

first tumult of this delicate confusion, she sinks into a chair, and hides her face in her handkerchief. Nelson, with a mixture of respect and love, being afraid of increasing her distress, seizes one of her hands, and continues to kiss it without uttering a word. The good Mrs. Melford, almost as much astonished, but less painfully confused than Amelia, beholds this unexpected scene with that kind of joy which is much more disposed to weep than to speak: and, while this little party is thus absorbed in silence, let me hasten to relate the incidents which produced their situation. Mr. Nelson had observed the sarcastic manner of Mrs. Wormwood towards Amelia, and, as soon as he had ended his uncomfortable visit, he hastened to the worthy Mrs. Melford, to give her some little account of what had passed, and to concert with her some happier plan for the support of this amiable insulted orphan. "I am acquainted," said he, "with some brave and wealthy officers, who have served with the father of Miss Nevil, and often speak of him with respect; I am sure I can raise among them a subscription for the maintenance of this tender unfortunate girl: we will procure for her an annuity, that shall enable her to escape from such malignant patronage, to have a little home of her own, and to support

support a servant." Mrs. Melford was transported with this idea; and, recollecting all her own obligations to this benevolent man, wept, and extolled his generosity; and, suddenly seeing Amelia at some distance, through a bow window, which commanded the street in which she lived, "Thank heaven!" she cried, "here comes my poor child, to hear and bless you for the extent of your goodness." Nelson, who delighted most in doing good by stealth, immediately extorted from the good old lady a promise of secrecy: it was the best part of his plan, that Amelia should never know the persons to whom she was to owe her independence. "I am still afraid of you, my worthy old friend," said Nelson; "your countenance or manner will, I know, betray me, if Miss Nevil sees me here to night." "Well," said the delighted old lady, "I will humour your delicacy; Amelia will, probably, not stay with me ten minutes; you may amuse yourself, for that time, in my spacious garden: I will not say you are here; and, as soon as the good girl returns home, I will come and impart to you the particulars of her recent vexation." "Admirably settled!" cried Nelson; and he immediately retreated into a little back room, which led, through a glass door, into a long slip of ground, embellished with the sweetest and the least expensive flowers, which afforded
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a favourite occupation and amusement to Mrs. Melford. Nelson, after taking a few turns in this diminutive garden, finding himself rather chilled by the air of the evening, retreated again into the little room he had passed, intending to wait there till Amelia departed; but the partition between the parlours being extremely slight, he overheard the tender confession of Amelia, and was hurried towards her by an irresistible impulse, in the manner already described.

Mrs. Melford was the first who recovered from the kind of trance, into which our little party had been thrown by their general surprise; and she enabled the tender pair, in the prospect of whose union her warm heart exulted, to regain that easy and joyous possession of their faculties, which they lost for some little time in their mutual embarrassment. The applause of her friend, and the adoration of her lover, soon taught the diffident Amelia to think less severely of herself. The warm-hearted Mrs. Melford declared, that these occurrences were the work of Heaven. "That," replied the affectionate Nelson, "I am most willing to allow; but you must grant, that Heaven has produced our present happiness by the blind agency of a fiend; and, as our dear Amelia has too gentle a spirit to rejoice in beholding the malignity of a
devil

devil converted into the torment of its possessor, I must beg, that she may not return, even for a single night, to the house of Mrs. Wormwood."

Amelia pleaded her sense of past obligations, and wished to take a peaceful leave of her patroness; but she submitted to the urgent intreaties of Nelson, and remained for a few weeks under the roof of Mrs. Melford, when she was united at the altar to the man of her heart. Nelson had the double delight of rewarding the affection of an angel, and of punishing the malevolence of a fiend. He announced, in person, to Mrs. Wormwood his intended marriage with Amelia, on the very night when that treacherous Old Maid had amused herself with the hope of deriding her guest, whose return she was eagerly expecting, in the moment Nelson arrived to say, that Amelia would return no more.

The surprise and mortification of Mrs. Wormwood arose almost to frenzy; she racked her malicious and inventive brain for expedients to defeat the match, and circulated a report for that purpose, which decency will not allow me to explain. Her artifice was detected and despised. Amelia was not only married, but the most admired, the most beloved, and the happiest of human beings;

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an event which preyed so incessantly on the spirits of Mrs. Wormwood, that she fell into a rapid decline, and ended, in a few months, her mischievous and unhappy life, a memorable example, that the most artful malignity may sometimes procure for the object of its envy, that very happiness which it labours to prevent.

ANECDOTE OF DR. GREEN.

DR. GREEN, of St. John's College, trying to skate, got a terrible fall backwards.—“Why, Doctor,” said a friend that was near him, “I thought you had understood the business better.”—“O,” replied the Doctor, “I have the theory perfectly; I want nothing but the practice.”—How many of us, in matters of a much higher and more important nature, come under the Doctor's predicament!

SPLEEN.

CURSE on thee Spleen! or liberate, my soul,
 Or I must call on Madness for relief;
 Madness is bliss, compar'd with thy controul
 Of nerveless yearnings, and lean, tearless grief!
 For

For Madnefs sometimes will give ear to mirth;
Yes, I have feen him footh'd into a fmile :
But thou, O Locuft! of the ficklieft birth,
Gangren'd all humours with thy vapoury bile!

Not even Love—and Madnefs fits by Love,
And hears his tale, and fighs, and oft will weep:
Whilft thou, worft horror of the wrath of Jove?
Wouldft dafh him headlong from the wildeft
fleep.

I can no more.—Heav'n fave me! left despair
Drive my poor struggling foul to tax thy care!

THE RASH FATHER,

A MORAL TALE.

MR. Tomlinfon, a worthy and eminent merchant of Bristol, who had raifed an handsome fortune with reputation, would have been an unexceptionable character, if he had not acted in a very unfatherly manner, by having taken a preposterous averfion to his eldeft fon, becaufe he would not facrifice himfelf to a woman every way difagreeable to him for the fake of her money. In the laft converfation between George and his
father,

father upon the subject on which they frequently debated with mutual warmth, (though George, during his warmest objections to the lady in question, did not behave disrespectfully) the latter talked to him in the following peremptory strain:

“ Well, George, since you so obstinately refuse to marry Miss Hodges, though you might make your fortune by making her your wife, for she is over head and ears in love with you, and has no relations to controul her, I will have nothing more to say to you: therefore you may go where you please, for under this roof, young man, you shall not sleep another night.”

George was thunderstruck at the concluding words of his father's speech, not in the least imagining that he *would*, or that he *could*, have carried his resentment so far against him. He was rooted to the floor, unable, for *some* moments, to stir or to speak; but he was soon roused from his stupor by his father's voice, who re-addressed him with still louder tones—

“ Why do you stand thus stupified with your mouth open like an idiot?—I speak plain enough, don't I?—You understand me, don't you?—I tell you, George, again, that if you will not consent

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to

to marry Hannah Hodges, you may take yourself away as soon as you please!"

George made no reply, but bowed obsequiously, and moved towards the door.

Mr. Tomlinson, provoked at his silence, which he considered as a confirmation of his disobedience, told him, just as he was shutting the door, "that he was a d—d perverse fellow, and would, one time or other, repent of his folly.

George, without returning an answer, quitted the house directly, and went to a gentleman in a different quarter of the city, from whom he had received, on his father's account, as well as in consequence of his own good behaviour, many flattering civilities.

Soon after his departure, Harry, his younger brother, who had been absent a few days on his father's business, arrived.—When he had acquainted him with the transactions in which he had been engaged, he naturally enquired after his brother.

"Your brother," said Mr. Tomlinson, reddening with rage, "is an undutiful dog, and I have given

given him up to his own inventions. I have nothing more to do with him: he has thought proper to refuse Hannah Hodges, and till he can bring himself to put twenty thousand pounds in his pocket by marrying a girl who doats upon him, I shall disclaim him for my son."

Harry, shocked at that speech, begged him to recal his words, and to take his brother into favour again; but to no purpose did he give the strongest proofs of his fraternal affection. His father was inexorable, and left the room determined to disinherit an amiable son, because he would not render himself wretched for life, by submitting to his unreasonable—not to say cruel—commands.

The gentleman to whom George repaired, on being ejected from his father's house, received him with his usual politeness, was greatly concerned to hear of his old friend's unjust and injurious behaviour, and kindly undertook to produce a reconciliation between them.

"As you are not unacquainted, Sir, with my father's inflexibility, when he has once set his heart on a thing, you cannot, I imagine, have any hopes of his receiving me again into his favour,
but

but upon his own terms, to which I can, by no means subscribe, because I cannot possibly think of giving my hand to a woman whom I behold with the highest disgust, in order to enrich myself with her fortune.—Honour and conscience both forbid me to act in so base, so mercenary a manner.”

“I approve of your sentiments, George,” replied Mr. Hoskins, “and will not, you may be assured, desire you to act in opposition from them; but, notwithstanding what you have said, I am sanguine enough to believe that I shall be a successful negotiator between you and your father: I will, at least, do my best endeavours, and if those endeavours succeed not according to my wishes, I will try to put you into a way to subsist genteelly, though driven from the protection of him who, under the influence of a contemptible passion, shamefully overlooks the merit of so worthy a son. In the mean time,” added he, “you shall be accommodated at my house.”

George, whose bosom glowed with gratitude while Mr. Hoskins spoke the above words, with an earnestness which evinced the sincerity of his friendship, poured out the acknowledgments which immediately occurred to him.

Mr.

Mr. Hoskins, who was a man not given to falsify his promises, went the very next day to Mr. Tomlinson, and talked seriously over the affair which had occasioned his visit to him. "I am both surprised and concerned, my old friend," said he, "to find that you have treated your son George with so much unkindness, with so much injustice, and were I to add cruelty, I should not make use of too strong an expression.—I always thought that you had too great a regard for George to render him miserable."

"Why, so I have," replied he, hastily interrupting him, "I don't want to make him miserable; I want to make him happy."

"You have not discovered such a desire, let me tell you though, by turning him out of doors, because he will not marry the girl whom *you* have pitched upon, against his inclination."

"Inclination!—What signifies inclination? Prudence should always give place to inclination. Hannah Hodges is a good sort of a girl, and has twenty thousand pounds at her own command.—She is not handsome, indeed; but what of that? There's no necessity for beauty in a wife; beauty does a great deal more harm than good in the world.—

world.—But that's neither here nor there.—George has shewn himself a refractory puppy, and so I have sent him off to follow his inclination, since he is so devilish fond of it."

Mr. Hoskins, though he was not disposed to controvert some of the positions in his friend's speech, was so extremely dissatisfied with it upon the whole, that he could not help re-attacking him with all the powers of argument and persuasion he was master of; but Mr. Tomlinson remained unshaken by them, and positively refused to take his ejected son under his roof again without the required submission.—Unable, therefore, to gain his point, Mr. Hoskins returned to his young friend, and, after having thrown out a few severe reflections against his father, which his unpaternal behaviour had extorted from him, he renewed his generous assurances.

A privateer, in which Mr. Hoskins had a considerable share, being to sail soon on a cruize against the French, he asked George if he had a mind to put himself in fortune's way, by hazarding his person against the enemies of his country.

George, who was a patriotic youth, fired immediately at hearing these enemies mentioned;
and

and Mr. Hoskins ventured to recommend him to the Captain as a young man who would do him no discredit when his courage was called upon.

In less than a fortnight after the sailing of the privateer in which George was on board, Miss Hodges met with so smart a shock to her finances by the sudden flight of a gentleman to the continent whom she had entrusted with a large part of her fortune, for the sake of more interest than she could have from the funds, that she was reduced to a very strait situation; for she never, indeed, had the sum of which Mr. Tomlinson, misled by appearance, and duped by his credulity, thought her possessed of.

This event opened Mr. Tomlinson's eyes, and he sincerely repented of having proceeded with so much rigour against a son who had not, on any other occasion, proved undutiful.

Harry, seeing his father very much concerned for what he had done, and affected by his very penitential effusions, said, " Pray let me go, Sir, to Mr. Hoskins: perhaps he may have an opportunity soon to let my brother know, some how, of this happy turn; I long to have him acquainted with your returned regard."

" You

" You are an excellent boy, Harry," said Mr. Tomlinson, " for that speech ; but I shall never forgive myself for my rashness.—My poor George may be killed or cast away by this time. However, I will go and talk with my friend Hoskins about this business."—He accordingly went immediately to Mr. Hoskins, who expressed a great deal of satisfaction at his repentance ; and communicated not a little pleasure to him by a piece of news he had just received concerning his privateer. " She has taken a good prize," continued he, " and I expect her home in a short time. Your son, who is a brave boy, went out as happy as he could be under the load of your unkindness ; but he will be quite another thing when he finds you ready to receive him with open arms : and I own, I now wish extremely to see the interview between you, as I am pretty sure that you will bury all your former resentment against him in your first embrace when he comes ashore."

" Ay, that I will, replied, Mr. Tomlinson ; tho' I should be almost ashamed to see him.—However, I will make him all the amends in my power for my past unfatherly behaviour.—In the height of that resentment, which I now remember with the truest contrition, I with a hasty stroke of my pen disinherited him ; but I will, as soon as I get home,

home, erase every word dictated by passion, and substitute others, for which he shall have no reason to revile my memory when I am no more."

With this laudable resolution he left Mr. Hopkins; but just when he came within a few yards of his own door, he fell down in an apoplectic fit, from which he was recovered by the usual remedies administered in such cases; though he died before he could make the intended alteration in his will.

ANECDOTE OF JEANNIN.

JEANNIN was President of the Parliament of Dijon, when Henry the Fourth took possession of Paris.—A rich country Gentleman of Burgundy being much struck with Jeannin's eloquence in the Parliament of that Province, was very anxious to have him for his son-in-law, and waited upon him to tell him of his intention. On his asking him what property he possessed, Jeannin, pointing to his head, and to a small collection of books in the room, said, "In these, Sir, consist all my wealth and all my fortune."

THE FORCE OF CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

A MORAL TALE.

A Very striking proof of conjugal affection must give pleasure to all who are happy themselves in the marriage state, in consequence of it, and who wish to see every couple nuptially connected, in possession of the same felicity; the following tale, containing such a proof—and on the ladies side—will, surely, be read by the fair sex with particular satisfaction; by the British fair too, though the heroine of the story is a foreigner—nay, a Florentine.

Those who have been conversant in writings concerning the Italian nation must remember to have met with severe strictures on the women of Florence, for the licentiousness of their conduct, in consequence of the levity of their principles; and, not improbably, from the warmth of their constitutions, arising from the warmth of their climate. Conjugal infidelity, however, though it may be frequent in such a climate, is not confined to any particular spot. In every part of the peopled globe, matrimonial inconstancy may, undoubtedly, be met with, and even the frozen regions of the north have produced pairs not altogether

gether exempt from that charge which has been so severely pointed against the Florentine fair ones.

Violetta Bellini, with a large share of beauty, had much more wit than falls to the lot of the majority of her sex. With a figure towering to a majestic height, without the assistance of wool and feathers, she was totally free from a certain awkwardness, by which many tall women are distinguished: she was, indeed, finely proportioned throughout, and was so graceful in her motions, that while she looked a Venus, she reminded every classical beholder of that line in Virgil, in which Æneas recognizes his goddess-mother by her graceful step at her departure from him in her smart hunting-dress. With features happily arranged, and rendered doubly attractive by the expression with which they were illuminated, Violetta never failed to allure every man whose heart was susceptible of tender impressions, and seemed to have sufficient power, in a pair of speaking eyes, (in whatever manner she wanted to employ them,) to subdue every heart which she wished to conquer. But Violetta was no coquette. There was only one man in Florence whom she wished to conquer, and that heart she subdued; nor did she, from the day she was indissolubly united
to

to him, give him the least reason to suspect her of any illicit proceeding, injurious to his own honour, and to her reputation. He considered himself, and justly, in possession of a treasure of inestimable value, and the compliments which she received from all his friends upon the felicity of his choice, made him still more satisfied with his purchase; for Violetta not having been so much favoured by fortune as by nature, might have been thrown into the way of very dangerous temptations, if Signor Bellini, a man of opulence, erudition, and taste, with a no small share of moral, as well as literary merit, had not placed her in a sphere of life to which she was not, indeed, born, but in which she appeared to uncommon advantage. Far from being dazzled by the glare of prosperity, far from being intoxicated by her elevation, she behaved with such exquisite propriety upon every occasion, that she drew the highest panegyrics from all those who had eyes to see, judgment to discern, and candour to approve. By those only who envied her exalted state was her behaviour in that state condemned: by them only was her conduct censured, and her character traduced. There is, doubtless, as much truth as poetry—perhaps more—in the following couplet:

“ Envy will merit, like a shade pursue,

“ But, like a shadow, proves the substance true.”

Yet

Yet the malevolence of the envious must always give some pain to the deserving ; and what has not an Italian lady to fear from the malevolence of a rival beauty—if the accounts of Italian jealousy are not the fictions of a fabulist.

Friends in abundance Violetta gained by the propriety of her conduct, but by that very conduct she also made many of her own sex her enemies ; especially those women among her married acquaintance ; who could not bear to behold her superior to them in riches : they were pained by her prosperity, and they were secretly pained too by her happiness, though they affected to despise her for her attachment to one man ; and those who were checked by no moral considerations, availed themselves of every feminine art to blast that reputation which severely reproached them for their deviations from the paths of conjugal virtue.—In every shape they could think of, they attacked her : they left nothing undone, indeed, to shake her fidelity ; but their efforts were as weak as they were wicked ; she rose superior to all the artifices made use of to render her inconstant to the man for whom she felt the sincerest affection ; to the man whom she loved, honoured, and revered.

Such

Such are the principal traits of Violetta's character, and those, who from a review of them, sent themselves prepossessed in her favour, will not be surprised to hear that her husband, while he was as sensible of her intrinsic merit, as he was of the force of her personal attractions, was uxorious to an unusual degree, and never thoroughly convinced of her conjugal fidelity, was seized with that passion which is productive, especially in the hotter climates—of consequences, at once to be dreaded and deplored.

Signor Bellini was, in fact, as fond a husband as had been ever remembered among his amorous countrymen, and every new proof which Violetta gave him of her steady attachment to him, rendered him still more firmly attached to her. In the animated language of true poetry,

They were the happiest pair of human kind;
 The rolling year its varying course perform'd,
 And back return'd again :
 Another, and another smiling came,
 And saw their happiness unchang'd remain ;
 Still in her golden chain,
 Harmonious concord did their wishes bind,
 Their studies, pleasures, tastes the same.

This

This amiable pair, completely happy in themselves, were also feelingly alive to the felicity of others; and were particularly pleased to see any marks of that domestic satisfaction for which they were, themselves, so justly celebrated. There were few couples, indeed, in the circle of their married friends, who could with any propriety, be placed upon a line with them: there were some, however, who seemed to deserve an equal share of admiration for their conjugal love; and an equal share of applause for their connubial conduct.

Among these were the Vivaldis, with whom they interchanged the most friendly visits, upon the most intimate footing; but they had not been long so happily connected before unexpected events divided them from each other. Vivaldi, one day, to his great surprise, as he had no expectation of preferment, though he was highly esteemed by those who directed the government of Florence, received orders to prepare himself to execute an important commission at a distance from his native city; and he was the more flattered by this appointment, not less honourable than lucrative, for while it was calculated to improve his fortune, it paid the highest compliments to his talents for negotiation. The adieus between
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the Bellinis and the Vivaldis, when the separating hour arrived, were more than friendly—they were affectionate ; but the latter would not have been mentioned at all in this story, had they not, by their journey from Florence, given rise to those adventures in which the former were engaged, and therefore eventually laid the foundation of them.

In a few months after his departure from Florence, Vivaldi received dispatches which occasioned his removal to Genoa, and he conformed to them with his usual alacrity ; but he paid dear for his compliance with them ; not that he appeared to less advantage there than he had done at other places ; but he, unfortunately, fell in with some of the Noblesse, who carried licentiousness as far as it would go in every respect, and by associating too frequently with them, he not only found his fortune, but his constitution injured. By gambling he made deplorable breaches in his finances ; and by drinking he brought himself into so alarming a state, that the fond, the faithful companion of his life began to be apprehensive of the most fatal consequences. Her apprehensions were but too well grounded : her feelings occasioned by them were hardly to be supported. In this unhappy state, in a place where she had

no

no people about her of either sex whom she could venture to call her friends, in the most eligible, in the exalted sense of the word, she naturally turned her thoughts to that city in which she was born and educated, and as naturally wished for the society of those of whose friendship, free from all interested views, she had received the strongest and most endearing proofs. Among her friends in this agreeable line the Bellinis were first in her esteem. To her amiable Violetta, therefore, Louisa wrote a very affectionate, but distressful epistle, in which she earnestly requested her, after having painted in the most forcible colours, the approaching dissolution of her dearest Camillo, to prevail on Signor Bellini to set out with her, immediately, for Genoa, as she was situated in a manner sufficient to excite pity in the most obdurate breast; surrounded by persons on whom she could have no dependence, and severely pained every hour in the day, by the hasty strides which the only man in the world for whom she herself wished to live, made to the confines of the grave. Having dispatched this epistle, (in some parts of which her tears had rendered the letters almost illegible,) she indulged herself with the rational hopes of seeing her Violetta as soon as it was in her power, if nothing had happened previous

to the receipt of it, to make her departure from Florence impracticable.

Violetta could not help weeping over that letter which had been evidently written by the pen of despondence, and sincerely sympathized with her afflicted friend, while she read the passages particularly relating to Camillo's desperate situation. Ludovico's feelings upon this melancholy occasion, were similar to his Violetta's, and he carried her wishes, in consequence of Louisa's letter, into immediate execution, by saying, "We will make preparations for our journey without delay. Grieved as I am on Camillo's account, I am doubly affected by Louisa's distress."

The latter part of this speech, as it expressed the full force of Violetta's sensations, melted her into tears; but she soon dashed them away, and discovered an enchanting eagerness to convey herself to Genoa.

At Genoa they arrived too late to see Camillo, but their arrival was of the utmost service to poor Louisa, who, in her widowed state, appeared in the most pitiable light. While they beheld her in that light, they did every thing which hu-
manity

manity could prompt, which friendship, engendered by affection could suggest, to blunt the edge of a sorrow that was almost insupportable—to whisper peace to her distracted mind.

When Ludovico and his Violetta had happily succeeded by the exertion of their consolatory powers, they had the additional satisfaction to see their own friendly efforts strengthened by the arrival of a lady nearly related to Louisa, who had been several years very happily married to a gentleman settled at Gibraltar, from which place they were come upon a visit; and as these new friends—new to her, as she had not seen them for several years—pressed her to return with them, instead of going back to Florence, she was, at last, as her Florence friends endeavoured to encrease the weight of her Gibraltar ones, prevailed on to comply with their importunate desires, and with the more readiness, as her dear Violetta, and the amiable husband of her heart, promised to visit her as soon as the business which they had to transact, in consequence of some important intelligence from Florence, was finished.

When the business which detained the Bellinis at Genoa, after the departure of the disconsolate Louisa, was adjusted, they made haste to fulfil
their

their promise to her, and were in a few days afterwards, under sail with the most flattering prospects of an expeditious and agreeable passage : expeditious on account of the briskness of a very favourable gale, and agreeable on account of the clearness and serenity of the sky. Of their flattering prospect, however, they were in a short time deprived, not by unpropitious winds or by unpleasant weather, but by the hostile appearance of a Turkish vessel, navigated in the service of piracy, and manned by a set of desperate fellows who were at war with all mankind, and who were particularly delighted with the idea of leading Christians into captivity.

The military appearance which the crew of this vessel made, did not strike any terror into those who conducted the ship in which the Bel-linis were embarked ; but as they were by no means prepared, either from number or weight, to oppose, with any probability of success, they surrendered on the first summons, to prevent the effusion of human blood : in the nautical language, they struck.

By this capture the pirates gained but a small booty. The chief of them, however, the moment he cast his eyes on Violetta, regarded her
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as a jewel, fit for the turban of the Grand Seignior himself, and animated by this idea, determined to pave the way for a favourable reception at Constantinople, by the introduction of his beautiful prisoner into the Seraglio.—With swelling sails and swelling expectations, he returned to the port from which he had sailed, with his prize; and by taking the properest measures he could think of for the attainment of his ends, he arrived at the accomplishment of his desires, soon after his arrival at the metropolis of the Turkish empire.

Amurath, commonly called the amorous, who at that time wore the Turkish diadem, and in whose eyes female beauty was irresistible, received the present which Abdullah had brought for him, with all the raptures of a voluptuous monarch; and not only largely rewarded him for the angelic creature he had put into his possession, but freely pardoned him for all the depredations he had committed upon the sea, without deeming himself accountable to the Porte for his piratical proceedings.

Here, perhaps, and not without reason, the readers of this narrative will enquire after the affectionate, the steady husband of Violetta: they will naturally ask in what manner he was disposed

posed of, when she was conveyed to the capital of the Ottoman empire. As the separation of a husband from a wife, (the fondest husband from the fondest wife) especially as they were both Christians, could be no object in the eyes of an Infidel, who subsisted upon the irregular harvest he made by his naval and unlicensed acquisitions Bellini was, without any ceremony, sold for a slave, and conducted by his new master to a considerable distance from the spot on which he had purchased him. There, though he abhorred duplicity, he did not think he should be guilty of a very immoral action by having recourse to dissimulation, in order to relieve himself from a condition, which was doubly painful to him, as he was divided from all he held dear in this world, from his truly beloved, his tenderest Violetta, to whom it is now time to return.

The reception which Violetta met with from Amurath, on her being presented to him, would have flattered many married women, who, possessed of all her beauty, had no ideas of conjugal honour, no sensations of conjugal love to strengthen their conjugal fidelity: but she, not less attached to her Ludovico, from principle than from passion, was neither delighted by the inflated encomiums he lavished on her personal charms, nor seduced

seduced by the brilliant distinctions which were destined for her, in the true spirit of munificence. She rejected his offers to make her his Sultana; to crown her with flowers, and to invest her with all the prerogatives of a wife—and all for love—connubial love. Firmly devoted to the man to whom she was first united, by the strongest ties, and who had taken fast hold of her grateful heart, by a series of generous actions which sufficiently evinced the ardour of his affection, the purity of his friendship, and the sincerity of his esteem; she was not ashamed to own herself his wife, nor afraid to declare that her conjugal vows should never be infringed.

Amurath, not a little piqued by the refusals which he little expected, imagining that he had not only exhibited an irresistible temptation to female vanity and female pride, but that he had made a considerable deviation from the dignity of a Sultan, by soliciting the hand of a slave, dismissed her with a disdainful air, and accompanied that dismissal with a mandate, by which he informed her, that he should in a few hours, visit her in order to claim a full submission to his will, without deeming it necessary to pay any regard to those vows which were, in her opinion, binding enough to exclude her from a throne.

With

With

With this sentence of dismissal Violetta retired with decency, after having heard the mandate with which it was accompanied, without dread. She retired to the apartment allotted her, guarded by proper officers belonging to the Seraglio, and employed her time in striking out expedients to preserve herself from violation, till she could either prevail on the Sultan to postpone the indulgence of his voluptuousness, or find out some methods to elude the execution of his licentious designs by a removal from her prison—for in that light she considered the apartment which she occupied. To gain these important points she too had now recourse to hypocrisy, imagining, that the concealment of her plans was the most likely way to render them successful. Agreeably to this mode of acting, she received Amurath, on her second interview with him, in a manner which charmed him to such a degree, that he began to repent of the harshness with which he had dismissed her, even condescended to apologize for the sternness of his behaviour. His eyes and his heart were both softened by love, and he approached her, like the most enraptured votary of Venus, in order to feast upon her beauties, with all the extatic joy of a disciple of Mahomet. Had she been of the same inflammable disposition, she would have, certainly, forgotten all her conjugal

jugal protestations, and received his transports with reciprocal delight. But Violetta had been cast in another mould: she was chaste as "unfused snow; chaste as the icicle that hangs on Diana's temple." At the very moment therefore, that she allured him by the lustre of her charms, she checked him by the dignity in her manner; and when she found that he, recovering from his awe-struck situation, began to be powerfully moved by the spirit of sensuality, she contrived to amuse him in so sentimental a style, that all the voluptuary died away in his bosom, and she had the satisfaction to see him retire from her, revering that virtue which he came, in the character of a royal libertine, to destroy.

His virtuous impressions, however, not being very deep, Amurath soon felt himself under the direction of his old propensities, and whenever he was actuated by them, he repaired to the apartments of his new charmer, who, fortunately, from the fertility of her invention, had the art of "talking him from his purpose," from day to day, and began to conceive hopes that she might in time bring him even to release her from her captivity: yet when such flattering ideas rolled in her mind, she often corrected herself, saying, "To what purpose should I wish for my liberty

in a state of separation from the only man in the world who can make liberty a blessing to me? Were I in a state of unlimited freedom at this very instant I could not be happy without my dearest Ludovico.

While she was, one day, reasoning with herself in this manner, one of her female attendants in her interest, put a letter into her hand with a secrecy which sufficiently informed her that its contents were of importance to her. She opened it with precipitation—she read it with pleasure, with rapture—for it came from her lord, her husband, her Ludovico, who having made his escape from his master, had, after many fruitless enquiries, discovered the spot which contained his matchless Violetta, and had found means, properly disguised, to bribe one of the officers belonging to the Seraglio, (who seemed the most ready to favour his designs) to deliver a letter to her.

In consequence of the animating contents of her unexpected epistle, Violetta, with her trusty servant, set out at the appointed hour, to meet her Ludovico at the appointed place. They met; and their interview was not to be described: but while they were exchanging their souls; overflowing
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ing with the felicity of the moment, they were suddenly interrupted by the intrusion of a couple of eunuchs, who, dragging them from their endearments, conveyed them both to the Sultan. Amurath, as soon they appeared before him, reproached Violetta in the keenest terms, for preferring the embraces of a Christian slave to his, and then told him, in similar language, that he would immediately sacrifice him to his resentment.

Ludovico, undaunted by this menace, replied, that he was not afraid to die; that he was not afraid of any mode of death which he could think of in the plenitude of his wrath; adding, that he was prepared to lay down his own life for the preservation of her's, on whose account he had ventured within the walls of his Seraglio.

“ She shall die too,” cried Amurath, with impetuous accents, “ She shall die a thousand deaths.”

Struck with his threats, tremendously articulated, Ludovico now fell prostrate at the feet of the furious Sultan, and implored him to recal his last words.—“ Behold her beauty, “ said he, casting his petitioning eyes towards Violetta. “ Can
you

you doom that graceful form to death? Cannot that lovely face, cannot those streaming tears, move you to"—He was going to add, "compassion," but he had no occasion. Amurath having fixed his eyes upon Violetta, at that instant, and feeling a sudden fit of tenderness come over him, stopped him short. "No she shall not die: but thou shalt be punished in the most exemplary manner, for having dared to attempt the seduction of such an angel, and for the arrogance of thy behaviour on being detected, Away with him." Here Violetta, who stood by the Sultan bathed in tears looking down to the prostrate suppliant before him, full of pity, full of affection, could not help exclaiming, "O mighty Sultan! let not thy cruel sentence be carried into execution. The man against whom thy anger is levelled is my—husband. We were united by the strongest ties, and knew not the pangs of separation, till one of thy lawless subjects, by making us his prisoners, divided us in a way the most mortifying to, and deeply lamented by us both. Thou hast received forcible proofs of my fidelity to him, and from the high opinion I have of his conjugal faith I cannot entertain the slightest doubt of his fidelity to me. Illustrious as thou art by the brilliancy of thy station, thou hast it now in thy power to shine with redoubled splendor, by restoring us to freedom,

dom, and thou mayest be assured, that we shall never cease to bless the hand by whom that freedom was conferred. But if one of us must die to glut thy revenge, let me be the victim. Save, O save my love, my lord, my husband!"

As this speech was pronounced with all the strength of emphasis, and all the graces of elocution, Amurath, who had listened with the utmost attention to the delivery of it, was moved by the sentiments which it contained—melted by the pathos with which it was articulated.—After a short pause, during which he appeared to be greatly agitated, he said, in a softened tone, "Fair Christian, thou hast conquered! thy conjugal virtue stamps excellence upon thy character, and thou deservest all that happiness for which thou hast so pathetically pleaded. I restore thee to thy husband's arms. Live both bright patterns to those who are united by the same ties; but whenever ye think of the man to whom ye are indebted for the restoration of your felicity, remember what a sacrifice to self-denial has been made in order to promote your happiness."

In consequence of this speech, which did no small honour to the magnificent speaker, Ludovico and Violetta were permitted to act, in every respect,

respect, agreeably to their wishes. Soon after this permission they returned to Florence without any more separations; the recollection of their past distresses frequently served to give new spirits to the uninterrupted series of domestic delights which succeeded them; and they often remembered, with gratitude, the man to whom they were indebted for the restoration of their felicity.

BON MOT OF MR. QUIN.

A Young fellow, who fancied himself possessed of talents sufficient to cut a figure on the stage in comedy, offered himself to the manager of Covent-Garden theatre, who desired him to give a specimen of his abilities before Mr. Quin. After he had rehearsed a speech or two, in a wretched manner, Quin asked him, with a contemptuous sneer, whether he had ever done any part in tragedy. The young fellow answered, that he had done the part of Abel in the Alchymist. "You mistake, boy," replied Quin, "it was the part of Cain you acted, for I am sure you murdered Abel."

POPE.

P O P E.

“ **A**S Mr. POPE,” says Richardson, “and myself were one day considering the works of St. Evremond, he asked me how I liked that way of writing in which prose and verse were mixed together. I said, I liked it well, for that off-hand occasional productions. Why,” replied he, “I have some thoughts of turning out some sketches I have by me of various accidents and reflections in this manner.” Pope, like many other affectedly delicate persons, professed to be fond of certain dishes merely on account of their rarity. A Nobleman, a friend of his, who wished to correct this disgusting failing in him, made his cook dress up a rabbit, trussed up as a foreign bird, to which he gave some fine name, and seasoned it with something extremely flavoured. The bard ate of it very heartily, and expressed his relish of the taste of the supposed dainty; and was not a little displeased, when his friend told him the trick he had put upon him.

CATHA.

CATHARINE I. EMPRESS OF RUSSIA,

AND

WIFE OF PETER THE GREAT.

CATHARINE was the natural daughter of a country girl, and was born at Ringin, a small village near Dorpt, in Livonia. According to her own account she was born April 5, 1689. Count Rozin, a Swedish Lieutenant-Colonel, owned the village, and, according to the custom of the country, supported both the mother and the child. When three years old, she lost her mother, and also Count Rozin, on which the parish clerk took her into his house. Soon after Gluck, the Lutheran Minister of Marienburgh, took her, and employed her in attending his children — Wurmb says she was a pattern of virtue, which contradicts the report that she had been a common woman in Livonia. In 1701, in the 13th year of her age, (others say in the 18th) she espoused a Swedish dragoon, who was with her but a few days at most. When Bauer, the Russian General, took Marienburgh, he was smitten with her youth and beauty, and took her to superintend his house. She was supposed to be his mistress.

mistress. Soon after Prince Menzikof was struck with her attractions; he took her into his family, and she lived with him until 1704. In her 17th year she became mistress of Peter the Great; he first saw her as she was carrying some dishes through Menzikof's hall; and at the close of the entertainment, when he and the company were intoxicated, she was recommended to him; and won so much upon his affections, that he espoused her the 29th of May, 1711, at Jewerof, in Poland, in presence of General Bruce, and on the 20th of February, 1712, the marriage was publicly solemnized, with great pomp, at Peterburgh.

Her influence continued undiminished until a short time before the death of that Emperor, when some circumstances happened which occasioned such a coolness between them, as would probably have ended in a total rupture, if his death had not fortunately intervened. The original cause of this misunderstanding arose from the following discovery of a secret connection between Catharine and her first Chamberlain, whose name was Mons. The Emperor, who was suspicious of this connection, quitted Petersburgh under pretence of removing to a villa for a few days, but privately returned to his winter palace in the capital. From thence he occasionally sent one of his confi-

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dential pages with a complimentary message to the Empress, as if he had been in the country, and with secret orders to observe her motions. From the page's information, the Emperor, on the third night surprised Catharine in an arbour of the garden with her favourite Mons ; while his sister Madam Balke, who was first Lady of the Bed-chamber to the Empress, was in company with a page, upon the watch without the arbour.

Peter, whose violent temper was inflamed by this discovery, struck Catharine with his cane, as well as the page who endeavoured to prevent him from entering the arbour, and then retired without uttering a single word either to Mons or his sister. A few days after this transaction, these persons were taken into custody, and Mons was carried to the winter palace, where no one had admission to him but Peter, who himself brought his provisions. A report was at the same time circulated, that they were imprisoned for having received bribes, and making their influence over the Empress subservient to their own mercenary views. Mons being examined by Peter, in the presence of Major-General Ushakof, and threatened with torture, confessed the corruption which was laid to his charge. He was beheaded ; his sister received five strokes of the knout, and was banished
into

into Siberia ; two of her sons, who were Chamberlains, were also degraded, and sent as common foldiers among the Russian troops in Persia. On the day subsequent to the execution of the sentence, Peter conveyed Catharine in an open carriage under the gallows, to which was nailed the head of Mons: the Empress, without changing colour at this dreadful sight, exclaimed, " What a pity it is, that there is so much corruption among courtiers !"

This event happened in the latter end of the year 1724, and as it was soon followed by Peter's death, and as Catharine, upon her accession, recalled Madam Balke, is has been suspected that she shortened the days of her husband by poison. But, notwithstanding the critical situation for Catharine in which he died, and her subsequent elevation, yet this charge is totally destitute of the least shadow of proof ; for the circumstances of Peter's disorder were too well known, and the peculiar symptoms of his last illness, sufficiently account for his death, without the necessity of recurring to poison.

AN

AN HEROIC ARCHBISHOP.

THE Dutch, in the year 1624, sent a squadron of ships of force which sailed to the Bay of All Saints, where they no sooner arrived than discovering the consternation of the inhabitants, they landed, and with little difficulty made themselves masters of St. Salvador, the capital of Brazil. Don Diego de Mendoza, the Portuguese Governor, not having courage to defend the place, fled; but Michael Texeira, the Archbishop, who was of one of the best families in Portugal, notwithstanding his being in years, summoned all the Clergy and Monks about him, and representing the necessity they were under of laying aside their clerical function, prevailed on them to take up arms; and though deserted by the Governor, the soldiers, and the inhabitants, they for some time made a very gallant defence, and at last retreated to a neighbouring town, where, after acting the part of soldiers, they turned pioneers; and, under the conduct of the Archbishop, fortified the place, and gave the enemy as much trouble as if they had been the most regular troops. By taking this town the Dutch not only acquired immense plunder; but became masters of the largest and best peopled districts in the whole country,

country, and seemed in a fair way of making, in a short time, a complete conquest of the whole colony; which they would probably have done, had it not been for the heroic Archbishop, who assumed the title of Captain-General; an office which he said came to him from heaven, in the legible characters of public necessity. The news of this misfortune soon reached Portugal, when it threw the city of Lisbon, and the whole kingdom, into confusion, which was increased by the suspicions of the Nobility that the Spanish Ministry were not much displeased at this event, as it would lessen the wealth and power of the Grandees of Portugal, who had great part of their estates in Brazil. But Philip IV. sent orders to Portugal to equip a fleet to recover St. Salvador, and at the same time wrote a letter with his own hand to the Nobility, desiring their assistance on this occasion. A fleet was soon prepared of near forty sail, with land forces.

The Dutch being in possession of St. Salvador, and the adjacent country, began very rashly to extend themselves on every side, either from a contempt of the Portuguese, or an insatiate thirst of plunder. The heroic Archbishop, however,

soon

soon convinced them of their mistake ; he had now assembled 1500 men, and with those not only cut off most of their parties, but at last, forcing them to take shelter in the town, blocked them up, and reduced them to great distress ; which he had no sooner done, than he resigned his command, declaring that his own commission expired with that necessity which had forced him to take it up. Things were in this situation when the united fleets of Spain and Portugal arrived in the Bay of All Saints. The Commander, Don Emanuel de Menesiez, immediately landed 4000 men, and joined the army before St. Salvador. The Dutch Governor was, however, resolved to defend it to the last extremity ; but the garrison mutinying, forced him to surrender ; so the Spanish and Portuguese Commanders, with their fleets, rode in triumph. And the worthy Archbishop received the thanks of his King and Country for his signal services.

The

The PERFECTION of HAPPINESS consists in RESIGNATION to PROVIDENCE, and the LOVE of GOD and MAN.

SEE the whole blifs Heav'n could on all beſtow!
Which who but feels can taſte, but thinks
can know ;
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad muſt miſs; the good untaught will find;
Slave to no ſect, who takes no private road,
But look thro' nature up to nature's God :
Pursues that chain which links th' immense de-
ſign ;
Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine ;
Sees that no being any blifs can know,
But touches ſome above and ſome below ;
Learns, from this union of the riſing whole,
The firſt laſt purpoſe of the human ſoul ;
And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,
All end in Love of God and Love of Man.
For him, alone, hopes leaſt from goal to goal,
And opens ſtill, and opens on his ſoul ;
'Till lengthen'd on to faith, and unconfin'd,
It pours the blifs that fills up all the mind.
He ſees why nature plants in man alone
Hope of known blifs, and faith in blifs unknown :
(Nature,

(Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
 Are giv'n in vain, but what they seek they find,)
 Wife is her present; she connects in this
 His greatest virtue with his greatest bliss;
 At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
 And strongest motive to assist the rest.
 Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
 Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.
 Is this too little for thy boundless heart?
 Extend it; let thy enemies have part:
 Grasp the whole world of reason, life, and sense,
 In one close system of benevolence:
 Happier as kinder, in whatever degree,
 And height of bliss, but height of charity.
 God loves from whole to parts; but common soul
 Must rise from individual to the whole.
 Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
 As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
 The centre mov'd, a circle strait succeeds,
 Another still, and still another spreads;
 Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;
 His country next, and next all human race;
 Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
 Take ev'ry creature, and in ev'ry kind;
 Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
 And Heav'n behold its image in his breast.

RE.

REFLECTIONS

ON

THE DECLINE OF FILIAL PIETY IN ENGLAND.

GRATITUDE is a quality of so bewitching a nature, that we generally look upon it as a complication of all the virtues, and suppose that no man can be destitute of any other, who is happily in possession of this; yet amiable soever as it is universally considered, perhaps there is no excellence in the catalogue so little studied, or for which in general we entertain so unaccountable a contempt.

In former ages, an attention to the dictates of gratitude was reckoned an indispensable part of our duty, and nothing was looked upon in a more detestable light than an insensibility of favours, or an unworthy return where we had been in the least obliged; one particular species of gratitude was held inviolably sacred, and the Romans were so religiously punctual in the performance of it, that they put the offender's life in the power of his benefactor, wherever they saw it transgressed.

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The instance where the Romans punished the want of gratitude with such severity, was the breach or neglect of that tenderness and affection which was indispensibly due to a father from a son. That sensible people judiciously considered, that if a man could behave with ingratitude to a parent that had endued him with no less a blessing than his very existence, he must be dead to every sense of obligations from any other quarter; and fancied, that a person capable of bursting through the most sacred ordinances of nature, was capable of bursting through the most sacred of society too; from this principle, in the early ages of this celebrated republic, a father was invested with an absolute authority over the lives of his children; and he that was not a good son, was universally looked upon as a bad member of society.

Though we are perhaps the only nation in Europe who retain any part of the Roman freedom, yet perhaps we are the only one which does not retain a glimmer of its exalted sentiments in this respect; for with us, so small a portion of gratitude as we still continue to keep up, a parent is the only person in the world to whom we think it utterly unnecessary to be shewn; as if he who is entitled to the greatest share, should be the only
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one denied a mark of it all.—Nay, to so preposterous a length is the general opinion hurried away in this point, that a man who lends us a single guinea to riot in excess and sensuality, shall receive much greater instances of our gratitude, than an indulgent parent who toils during a whole life for our welfare, and makes a comfortable establishment for us and our posterity.

It is a received notion among the generality of people, that a son is no way obliged to his father for any tokens of affection which he may receive, because the old gentleman finds a particular satisfaction in providing for his happiness, and is sufficiently repaid if he sees his solicitude attended with the desired effects.—Alas! what sentiments are we to entertain of people who reason in any manner like this? Does it follow, that because a parent finds a pleasure in the performance of his duty, that a son should think himself exempted from the necessary prosecution of his? The very pleasure which is here pleaded as a sufficient reward for the affection of the father, is to the last degree an aggravation of ingratitude in the son, and instead of palliating the breach of his filial affection, leaves him without a possibility of excuse; for surely those who take a pleasure in the
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promotion of our happiness must be doubly entitled to our gratitude, and we ought to feel a glow of veneration arising from a consciousness of their motives, as much as from the actual benefits themselves.

For my own part, I am perfectly of opinion with the primitive Romans, that an ungrateful son can never make a good man, the ties subsisting between father and child are of a nature so inconceivably delicate, that he, who is capable of bursting them asunder, is incapable of being bound either by gratitude or honour to any body else.—It is incredible to think the numberless hours of anxiety a parent must endure before he can rear a son to maturity.—It is incredible to think after he has even brought him to years of discretion, how unceasingly solicitous he is lest some unforeseen calamity should blast the harvest of his happiness, and cut him unrelentingly off: and what does a parent require for all this? What does he demand for the gifts of life, education, and fortune, which he has so liberally bestowed; but that the son will pay a little attention to his own interest, and treat the hand to which he is so eminently obliged, with tenderness and respect.?

From

From the foregoing cursory reflections, if filial ingratitude should of all other crimes appear the most odious, let me address myself to the bosoms of our youth, and for their own sakes, request they will immediately shake it off; lest in their own old age, providence might be pleased to make them know, in the emphatic language of the poet:

—How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is,
To have a disobedient child.

FALLACIOUSNESS *of that* GENEROSITY *and*
FRIENDSHIP *which are supposed to reside in the*
SOCIETY *of* MEN *of* PLEASURE *and* DISSIPATION.

CHARACTER AND STORY OF FLAVILLUS.

AMONG the apologies for irregularity and dissipation, none are of more pernicious tendency than those which are drawn from the good qualities with which that irregularity and dissipation are supposed to be generally accompanied. The warmth and openness of noble minds,

minds, it is said, are apt to lead them into extravagancies which the cold and the unfeeling can easily criticise, and may plausibly condemn. But in the same minds reside the virtues of magnanimity, disinterestedness, benevolence, and friendship, in a degree to which the tame and the selfish, who boast of the prudence and propriety of their conduct, can never aspire. The first resemble a luxuriant tree, which, amidst its wild and wandering shoots, is yet productive of the richest fruit; the others, like a dry and barren stock, put forth a few regular but stunted branches, which require no pruning indeed, but from which no profit is to be reaped.

It might be worth while to enquire into the justice of this account, to the truth of which the young and the gay are apt implicitly to assent; but the young and the gay have too much vivacity to reason, and as little inclination as leisure for enquiry: yet some of them who knew Flavillus, may listen for a moment while I tell them his story. 'Tis the last time they will be troubled with his name, or his misfortune!

Flavillus was the heir of an estate which was once reckoned very considerable. It descended to him burdened with a good deal of debt, and with

with a variety of incumbrances; but still Flavillus was held to have succeeded to a great possession, his nominal rent roll being a large one. At an early period of life, he entered into the army; but he soon quitted a profession where, in point of wealth, the prospects were not alluring; and where, in point of station, he had not patience to wait for the usual steps of advancement. Flavillus, both while he was in the army, and after he quitted it, was accounted one of the most agreeable and most accomplished men that was any where to be met with. Nor was this reputation undeserved. Having had a complete university education, he had all the learning of a philosopher, without any of that pedantry which often attends it; and having mixed a good deal in the world, he had all the ease of a man of fashion, without any of that flippancy which mere men of fashion are apt to acquire. Flavillus, from those qualities, became the darling of society: his company was universally courted; and it was considered as a high recommendation to any party of pleasure, that he was to be one of the number. Possessed of an indolence which unfitted him for business, having quitted the army, the only profession he ever had the least inclination to cultivate; and too negligent to think of retrieving the incumbrances on his estate by economy

mony and schemes of prudence, Flavillus gave himself completely up to the pleasure of society, and allowed himself to be captivated by the popularity which his manners secured him, and by the general good-will with which he was constantly received.

It is easy to conjecture the effects of such a course of life on the circumstances of Flavillus. The debts and incumbrances on his estate were allowed to remain, and the expence he was led into added much to their amount. At first Flavillus felt a good deal of uneasiness on this ground ; he made some feeble efforts to retrench his expence, and to mix less in expensive society ; to dress more plainly, to give up public places, to go no more to taverns, to lose no more money at play. But these better resolutions sunk under his love of pleasure, and his temptations to habitual indulgence. He became, at length, afraid to think of his circumstances, and the very despair which that occasioned made him plunge more deeply into dissipation. Painfully conscious as he was of much mispent time and mispent fortune, he durst not look into the account of either. The deeper, however, he plunged into dissipation, the fonder of him did his companions become. The circle of his acquaintance indeed came to be in
some

some measure changed. At an early period of his life, his company was select; at a later period he became less nice about his friends; but still Flavillus was accounted one of the finest fellows in the world. His bottle companions were ever loud in his praise; at the midnight riot his name was never mentioned without the highest panegyric, without the warmest professions of friendship, confirmed by the most sacred oaths, and accompanied with the most endearing expressions of delight. Amidst the vociferations of merriment, and the jollity of debauch, to have listened to the sounds which then were uttered, one would have thought that the Goddess of Friendship herself had descended upon earth, and was animating the voices of the companions of Flavillus.

With all this, Flavillus was far from being happy. Superior to the companions he now lived with, he could not always avoid reflecting on the nothingness of his situation; and though he was afraid to think upon it, he could not help at times foreseeing that the means of his extravagance must draw to a close. His spirit on some occasions rose within him, and he formed unavailing plans to retrieve his situation, and act worthy of himself; but he had proceeded too far to

be able easily to retract ; he had sunk in his own esteem, and what was worse, was accustomed to feel that he had done so. In this state he remained for some time, the voice of reason and of right becoming more and more feeble, and the influence of present gratification strengthening with every fresh indulgence.

Matters, however, at length came to a crisis. Upon applying to his man of business, who had, without effect, made repeated remonstrances against his expensive course of life, he was told that there was no more money to be had ; that his creditors, who had all ready had much patience, were now become too clamorous to be any longer flattered or amused ; in short, he was informed in plain language, that without discharging his debts a jail must be the consequence.

Flavillus's mind was no longer what it had been. At a former period, had he foreseen such an event, it is hard to say what would have been the consequence. Now he stooped to the misery of his situation. The very night before he received this decisive intelligence he had been engaged in a debauch, which lasted from dinner till morning ; he had parted with his companions amidst the loudest acclamations of social joy and social affection ;

fection ; the next night they had resolved to repeat their bliss, and reiterate their enjoyment. At this second meeting Flavillus ventured to mention his situation. I will spare my readers an account of the mortifying indifference with which his story was received. 'Twere indeed but to repeat what has always happened, and has often been told. Flavillus found that from those friends whom he had frequently heard boast of the warmth and generosity of their souls, when compared with the meaner and colder minds of the dull, the plodding, and the sober ; from those men with whom he used to set the table in a roar, with whom he had a thousand times come under the most sacred bonds of attachment, and who had a thousand times sworn they could not live without him ; from all of them was he obliged to receive, in different terms, the same mortifying reply, that they could not afford him the smallest relief or assistance.

A gentleman, whom I shall here call Marcus, who had known Flavillus in his younger days, who knew his good qualities, his accomplishments, so worthy of a better fate, who had often mourned over him, but who, from indignation at the dissipated course he had followed, had avoided his company, heard accidentally of this
incident

incident in his life. In the most delicate manner in the world, without his so much as knowing from whom the relief came, Flavillus was relieved, and, by this gentleman's bounty, was freed from the impending horrors of a jail.

But Flavillus, though ruined by dissipation, had not yet fully attained either its apathy or its meanness. The generosity of Marcus, though it relieved his present distress, shewed him at once the station he had lost, and that to which he was reduced. His body, which his former course of life had enfeebled, was too weak to support the agitation of his mind. He retired to a little country village, where he might equally avoid the neglect of those companions by whom his former follies had been shared, and the reproach or the pity of those by whom he had been censured or shunned. Here he lived on a small pension which the same benevolent interposition procured him, till a lingering nervous disorder put a period to his sufferings. 'Twas but a few weeks ago I assisted at his funeral. There I saw one or two of his former associates, who had taken the trouble to attend, who, after a few inquiries after the cause of his death, and a few common place regrets, that so agreeable and good hearted a fellow should have been so unfortunate,

fortunate, made an appointment for a supper in the evening. Marcus put a plain stone over his grave. I never look on it without the mortifying reflection, with how many virtues it might have been inscribed! without lamenting, that so excellent natural abilities as those of Flavillus, so much improved by education, and so susceptible of farther improvement, should have been lost to every worthy and valuable purpose, lost in a course of frivolous or criminal dissipation, amidst companions, without attachment to friendship, amidst pleasures that afforded so little real happiness or enjoyment.

TO CONTENT.

I.

O! Heaven descended sweet Content,
 Give me to share thy lasting joys!
 For all the blessings heaven has sent,
 Without thy charms the bosom cloy.

II.

Gold proves a load, and honours vain,
 Soft pleasure in a moment flies;
 New objects spring to cause us pain,
 And all is woe beneath the skies.

Unsettled

III.

Unsettled mortals, weak and blind,
Repine at God's all perfect plan ;
And weigh the works he has design'd,
By the weak scale of erring man.

IV.

But all who own just reason's sway,
Have funds of pleasure in their breast ;
Tho' others rise more great than they,
Content can make them truly blest.

V.

It flies the circle of a crown,
And high ambition's lofty dame ;
It slumbers not on beds of down,
Nor in the cloister's fullen gloom.

VI.

The hero seeks it thro' the field,
Where death and mingl'd horrors reign ;
But farther off it is beheld,
When slaughter strews the bloody plain.

VII.

When own'd the son of Lybian Jove ;
And crown'd with spoils of India won,
No joys could Alexander prove,
But wept because his wars were done.

And

VIII.

And he who since, with victor hand,
From India's genius tore the crown,
And brought new laurels to his land,
To deck the shrine of high renown.

IX.

Sweet peace no more illumines his breast,
Pale horrors shake his troubled soul ;
Revenge uprears her dreadful crest,
And round his couch the furies howl.

X.

Th' ambitious soul whose soaring pride,
To power's high pinnacle aspires ;
Who bids bright fame his chariot guide,
And reach the goal of his desires ;

XI.

Content with him no league can hold,
Her fordid friendship he disdains ;
He strives like Lucifer of old,
Regardless of his bosom pains :

XII.

The miser hugs his shining store,
The thief that robs his soul of rest ;
He counts it and still sighs for more,
And lives despis'd and dies unblest.

That

XIII.

That man whose only god is gain,
Must never hope sweet peace to find ;
His days will pass in care and pain,
And sharp despair oppresses his mind.

XIV.

The libertine through every maze
Of lawless pleasure freely roves ;
Where Bacchus his wild power displays,
Or in soft scenes of guilty loves.

XV.

But oh ! how soon the vision flies,
And harlot-pleasure stands confessed ;
A painted cheat in fair disguise,
To tempt the weak unguarded breast.

XVI.

The lover thinks his Delia's charms
Can give him lasting true delight ;
But when she meets his longing arms,
No more those beauties charm his sight.

XVII.

Possession cloy the thoughtless pair,
Too soon their soft endearments cease ;
Love tries no more his am'rous care,
And with him flies domestic peace.

Th'

XVIII.

Th' aspiring poet by his song,
Hopes to enjoy content and fame ;
But Envy, with her ranc'rous fame,
On ev'ry side attacks his name.

XIX.

With critics, an unfeeling train,
The war perpetual he must wage ;
Dull ignorance his works will stain,
And folly tear the laurell'd page.

XX.

Tho' all the muses grace his strain,
And fame bestow the laurel crown ;
Neglected by the wealthy train,
He's left to starve on vain renown.

XXI.

Thus mortals cheated by a shade,
Fly from the real home-found good ;
Pursue the bliss by fancy made,
Which faster flies when fast pursu'd.

XXII.

But true content alone is found,
Within the wise man's virtuous breast ;
That doth its lowly wishes bound,
And sets each jarring thought at rest.

xxiii.

On the tempestuous sea of care,
 While nobler ships are ceaseless tofs'd ;
 A gentle gale his skiff doth bear,
 Along the calm and pleasant coast.

STORY OF ROSALIE.

THE fair but unfortunate ROSALIE was the daughter of reputable, though not illustrious parents, her father being, at the time of her birth, a considerable merchant at Bourdeaux. But the misfortunes which were fated to attend her through life, seemed to commence even with her existence ; for in a few years from that æra, her father beheld the fruits of his honest industry dissipated by a succession of unavoidable losses, and became at length a bankrupt. The only consolation that remained to her afflicted parents, was this their darling daughter : when gazing on her, they forgot their sorrows, but lamented the want of riches for her sake only. Rosalie deserved their love ; she discovered so many charms both of mind and person, that Mons. Domerval, her father, willingly sacrificed the little remnant
 of

of his broken fortune to the bestowing an education on her, more suitable to her genius and merit, than to the rank which she then held in life.

Joined to her other amiable qualities, Rosalie was possessed of the most refined sensibility and delicate sentiment, which exalts the heart it warms above its fellows, and is yet, perhaps, more prejudicial than serviceable to the female sex; as the very softness it inspires contributes but to render them unsuspecting, and of course an easier prey to the arts of seduction.

Death deprived the unhappy Rosalie of both her parents before she had reached her sixteenth year. Left without friends or fortune, a maiden aunt of her mother's, who was tolerably rich, took this lovely orphan to her care.

It may not be improper here to give a slight sketch of Mademoiselle Mezirac's character.—She was one of those narrow-minded souls who are incapable of feeling for any creature but themselves; who mistake their dislike of human kind for an abhorrence of vice, and justify their spleen and ill-temper to their wretched dependants, as arising from their want of virtue. She boasted
of

of her never having loved any human being : she considered marriage as a gross attachment, and looked upon a state of celibacy as a state of perfection. Added to these perverse qualities, she was censorious, avaricious, and an outrageous bigot. Notwithstanding the hatefulness of her disposition, as she was known to be rich, she was visited by persons of the best rank in the village where she lived, and was particularly intimate with a neighbouring widow lady, of the name of Montalmant, who had a son about two years older than Rosalie. This youth soon distinguished our fair orphan, and became so assiduous in his visits to Mademoiselle Mezirac, that he never suffered his mother to go there without him.

Women are quick-sighted in love, and Rosalie soon discovered the cause of Montalmant's attention to her aunt ; but for a long time their eyes only declared the mutual affection which had taken possession of their youthful hearts. At length Montalmant dared to write, and Rosalie to receive the fullest and tenderest declaration of his passion. She had now found an object on whom she could bestow that vast fund of sensibility which was treasured in her heart ; she poured it all forth into her lover's bosom, while her own received, almost in the same instant, the opposite passions
of

of love and hate. Her aunt's severity, which she had hitherto borne with patience, rendered her now detestable; and she determined to deceive her, without considering that she was at the same time deceiving herself. The young people eluded the vigilance of their parents; they had many stolen interviews, and the too tender Rosalie sacrificed that honour, which she had 'till then held dearer than her life, to her fondness for the no less enamoured Montalmant.

In a few days after she had been guilty of this fatal error, she received the following billet from her lover:

"I am compelled to obey my mother; she has discovered all, and refuses absolutely to consent to our marriage. By her authority I am hurried from this place, and obliged to renounce my love; nay, even my hope, as there is a match concluded for me, which must throw me into the arms of another."

Rosalie had not power to finish this shocking adieu; she sunk upon the earth, as if she had been blasted by lightning, and continued senseless for a considerable time. No words can describe the state of her mind, when her sorrows
and

and her senses returned together. She called upon her husband, her lover, her Montalmant ! Nor could she believe that he was really fled, 'till she went to the house where his mother had resided, and was informed that the whole family had quitted it on the preceding night, without letting any person know whither they were gone.

The unhappy Rosalie, loaded with the reproaches of her own mind, abandoned by her lover, without a friend to whom she could reveal her grief, lamented in secret, and vainly thought she had reached the summit of affliction. But, alas ! her present sufferings were but like the foundation from whence the superstructure of her future miseries must arise. It was not enough that she should blush in secret, or humble herself before the Almighty for her crime : public contempt and infamy awaited her ; for the unhappy orphan soon perceived that she was likely to become a mother. Death was the sole resource which now seemed left ; her fame was dearer to her than life, and she determined to hide her sorrows and her shame together within the silent grave. But that true friend which flies not the afflicted, but stretches forth a pitying hand to raise the wretch oppressed with crimes and sorrows, opposed the fatal purpose. Religion forbade suicide, and
stopped

stopped her trembling hand. She bowed, adored, and suffered.

If any event of Rosalie's life could be deemed fortunate, Mademoiselle Mezirac's being confined to her bed at this particular crisis was so. Rosalie was too ill to quit her's: this screened her from the prying eyes of her aunt, and every other person; and in the fullness of time she brought forth a lovely boy. Though she had not much attendance from her aunt's service during her illness, and though her chamber was retired from the rest of the family, she knew it would be impossible to conceal her infant there: at midnight, therefore, she stole softly down stairs with him in her arms, and conveyed him to a little decayed summer-house at the end of the garden, and deposited her precious charge upon some clean straw.

To this spot she retired as often as she could, unseen, to nourish and attend her helpless child. Reflection soon convinced her that he could not long remain there undiscovered. Maternal tenderness at length triumphed over the fear of shame: she went to the curate of the parish, Monsieur Freminville, threw herself at his feet, confessed her crime, and implored his protection
for

for the innocent effect of her's and Motalmant's
guilt.

This good, this pious man, calmed her wild transports, approved her penitence, and received her child, whom he immediately put to nurse, without revealing its unhappy mother's shame. Rosalie's mind now became a little calmer ; her health returned of course, though sorrow's deepest traits were not effaced either from her heart or face. Mademoiselle Mezirac, during her illness, had, in the height of her zeal for her own recovery, devoted her niece, as her bigotry conceived, to God ; and as soon as her health was established, she communicated her pious resolution to Rosalie, and bid her prepare immediately to pass the rest of her days in a convent. In vain the devoted victim knelt, wept, and prayed before her, and as vainly assured her she had no call to that avocation. She would not even listen to her pleading, and allowed her but eight days to take her leave of the world, and all that it contained.

Rosalie again flew to her venerable friend and benefactor, again poured forth her sorrows in his humane and pious bosom. He promised her to use his utmost power of persuasion with her aunt to dissuade her from her cruel purpose. He kept his

his promise: but the obdurate Mezirac, so far from being softened by his eloquence, flew into the most outrageous passion, both against him and her niece, and treated him with the most opprobrious language. Not content with having insulted, she resolved to injure him still farther; and wrote to the bishop of the diocese, representing him as a debauched and wicked man, who had at that time a bastard child, nursed even in the face of the whole parish, as she had heard it whispered. Mademoiselle Mezirac's affected piety had gained her so great a reputation for sanctity, that the bishop, without enquiring farther, immediately dismissed Freminville from his cure, with the most ignominious reproof.

This was, of all that she had felt, the severest wound to the generous heart of Rosalie; and setting at naught even the fear of infamy, she hastened to clear the innocence of Freminville; and prostrating herself at the bishop's feet, confessed herself the mother of the child, and avowed her obligation to the good and virtuous Freminville. The bishop was affected by the nobleness of her conduct; said he would give Freminville another cure, for his was disposed of; and also would use his authority with her aunt, to prevent Rosalie from being forced into a convent. But,

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alas!

alas! this gleam of hope soon vanished; the bishop had been long in a bad state of health; he was seized with a paralytic stroke in the night; and expired on the following day.

Deprived of every resource, the almost distracted Rosalie wandered into a public garden, where the people of condition in the village used to walk: it was at that time full of company; but her disturbed imagination prevented her from taking notice of any object that surrounded her, till chance directed her eyes to a little wooden bridge which was over a deep piece of water, the floor of which was decayed by time. At that instant she beheld the woman who nursed her child with him in her arms, crossing the bridge: a plank gave way, and they both fell in together. The feelings of a mother were not to be suppressed; she screamed aloud; *O save my child from perishing!* and rushing madly into the water, caught him in her arms, still crying out, *O my child!* All the people in the garden ran to her assistance: she was dragged out more dead than alive, and fainted the moment she was brought to land. The whole village was now in an uproar: the cause soon reached Mademoiselle Mezirac's ears; she flew amongst the rest to gaze on her now dishonoured niece, whom she found clasping her infant

infant to her bosom, and chafing his chilled limbs. Mezirac darted towards her, and would have torn her and her child piece-meal, had she not been prevented by the humanity of the spectators. But though her hands were restrained, her tongue was free; she loaded her with the most pointed abuse, and declared that Freminville was the father of the child.

Rosalie again rising superior to her sex, nay, to herself, still pressing her infant to her heart, declared aloud her amour with Montalmant, and the humane and pious part which Freminville had acted towards her.

From that hour her aunt abandoned Rosalie to want and wretchedness; the short-lived commiseration which her extraordinary accident had occasioned, expired with the surprise; and she had now no other means of support for herself and infant, but what she could procure from hands weakened by sorrow, and unused to labour; yet still she felt much more for the distress which she had brought on the good curate, than that which she herself most patiently endured. In about two years the iron-hearted Mezirac expired, bequeathing her whole fortune to the convent where she meant to bury her niece, refusing even to forgive her with her latest breath.

Worn

Worn out with continual sorrow, the unfortunate Rosalie fell into so languid a state of health that she was no longer able to assist in supporting herself or child. Freminville's resources were also at an end; that good, that ministering angel, had long since parted with every thing he possessed, which could contribute to the relief of the wretched Rosalie and her lovely boy. Yet the pious father still continued to enforce that humble resignation to the dispensations of providence, that would entitle her to happiness hereafter; however, for wise ends, denied her here. His admonitions were not lost upon his penitent, she owned her chastisement was just, and only prayed for blessings on her son.

At length the hour of her release approached: the pious curate administered the last sacraments; that over, she clasped her child close to her dying bosom, bathed him with tears, and covered him with kisses. "These are the last (said she) that I shall ever give him. But thou best, most generous of friends! If you should ever learn what is become of——. Alas! I should forget him— But he is the father of my hapless orphan—If you should ever here that Montalmant lives—Why, O gracious Heaven! will not this fatal passion quit my troubled heart, while yet one quivering pulse remains

remains to beat!"—At these words she sunk upon the pillow; the paleness of death spread fast over her countenance. Her lovely boy, shocked at the sudden change, gave a loud cry, and sprang to catch his mother in his arms.

At this instant a young man, with the utmost precipitation, threw open the chamber door, and exclaimed, "Where is she! Where is Mademoiselle Domerval!" "You see her there before you, (said the priest,) she is just now expiring." "Expiring! (said the youth,) It must not be;" and rushing towards the bed, "O my dear Rosalie!" was all that he could utter, and sunk down senseless by her. "O Heavens! you are Montalmant," cried out Freminville. This sound seemed to recal the parting spirit of Rosalie; she opened wide her eyes, and sighed out, "Tis Montalmant!" "Yes, my adorable Rosalie! (he replied,) but O! in what a state do I now see you.

"I die content, (said she,) having seen you. But are you married? Is it another's husband I embrace?" "O, no!" he answered her quick. "Behold your son, (said she,) let him remind you of his mother's fondness." "My son! (said he, and caught him in his arms.) My mother is
no

no more, (added Montalmant;) I now am free; you are and ever were, the only object of my love. I flew with transport to repair the ills you have suffered, and offer you my hand and fortune; my heart has ever been your own, nor shall it ever wander from you; if you should die, the grave unites us both. But try, my love, try to recover, for this cherub's sake, for this beloved boy!" Physicians were immediately sent for, and every aid employed for Rosalie's recovery, which for some weeks remained doubtful. At length, the peace of mind which she now experienced, joined to her youth and naturally good constitution, prevailed; and as soon as she was able to quit her bed, the worthy Freminville had the satisfaction of uniting her in marriage to the husband of her heart, and rendering them both completely happy.

Montalmant settled a handsome provision upon the preserver of his wife and child; and Rosalie's gratitude continued undiminished to the last hour of her benefactor's life. The latter part of her own was as singularly exemplary in goodness, as the beginning had been in misfortunes.

AM.

AMBITION:

AN ALLEGORY.

PHILEMON lived in the midst of a forest, the
 asylum of tranquillity and peace: fretful
 inquietude; remorse, and grief, kept a respectful
 distance; nor dared to approach within his retreat:
 Ambition only flattered herself with hopes of
 being introduced.

Philemon, favoured of the gods, offered them
 pure victims, a lamb, and a ram, which he
 sacrificed by turns, attested the gratitude he felt
 for their unlimited goodness. The earth sub-
 missive to his labour, produced in abundance
 whatever was necessary for his subsistence. He
 fled from cities, and never repaired thither but to
 exchange fruit for the grain, when he wanted to
 sow a field that was cultivated by his labour.

After these excursions, his cot was dearer to
 him than before. The ebony, gold, and ivory,
 destined to embellish the palaces of the great,
 did not display their magnificence in the habita-
 tion of our philosopher. Nature had been at the
 whole expence in furnishing his moveables, and
 had provided for his defence.

A double

A double row of trees concealed his retreat from the traveller. A clear rivulet ran murmuring to bring him its waves, and forming many meanders, lengthened his stay in this delightful place. Philemon drank of its streams; with them he watered his flowers; and from an arbour, in which he was accustomed to give loose to his reflections, traced with his eye their wandering course.

Here he enjoyed a happy life : he had no false friend, no perfidious mistress, no unfaithful servants. His heart had hitherto been undisturbed by his passions. The gods had bestowed this blessing as the recompence of his piety : but his zeal began to relax, and from the moment he perceived that his life was too uniform, he complained of his destiny.

Disquiet seized upon him: his little inclosure was open to his desires. Ambition entered into this retreat, which she had hitherto found inaccessible : and having gained the possession of his new habitation, she went in search of chimerical projects, received them into her retinue, and brought them into Philemon's cottage, who was soon infected by the contagion of their company. The offended gods withdrew their influence ; he
was

was parched up with the thirst of riches. Ambition spurred on his desires, filled him with wishes, and engaged him to entreat the gods to be propitious to plans of fortune, little meditated, and which he had traced but in opposition to their will.

Philemon had neglected his sacrifices; he now renewed them with more fervour than ever. The choicest of his flocks bled on the altars.

One day, in the folly of his thoughts, he besought the gods to change to a river the rivulet which watered his retreat; and that a little boat, which he had launched into the stream, might be transformed to a ship richly laden. A clap of thunder followed his prayer: he took this for a happy omen; and, certain that the heavens would grant his request, he boldly entered the boat, and, hastening to meet his punishment, waited in full security for the effect of his petitions. As the moment approached, in which Philemon was to have them granted, Ambition abandoned to his misfortune her credulous disciple.

The rivers swelled, the torrents poured from the tops of the neighbouring mountains, and

there united their foaming streams. The new river no sooner appeared, than it tore up all before it. The little boat changed miraculously into a large vessel, was raised by the waters, and carried away with rapidity. However happy Philemon might fancy himself in that moment, (for the ship in which he was placed was filled with treasure) at a distance he saw with regret the ruin of that dear cottage in which he had lived for more than twenty-years, whilst all his days slid on in peace and serenity.

The river discharging itself into the sea, carried with it Philemon and his ship. Exposed on the vast ocean, and having lost sight of land, he recovered from his folly: he recollected that he had forgot to supplicate the gods, happily to conduct his vessel to some port: but it was now too late; he invoked in vain the deities who had formerly been his protectors; for he had justly merited their anger.

The sea grew enraged, its billows swelled: a horrible tempest assailed the vessel on all sides; a furious wave cast it against a rock, the ship split, and the sea swallowed up the riches it had contained.

Philemon,

Philemon, after having for a long time struggled against this imperious element, was cast on a desert coast; when exhausted with fatigue, before he expired he confessed himself worthy of the death he suffered, for the indiscretion of his prayers.

Let us leave the gods, the arbiters of our lot. Man, alas! is more dear to them than he is to himself. Let prudence regulate our wishes; otherwise we shall have reason to fear we shall become, like Philemon, the victims of our rashness.

REMARKABLE INSTANCE

OF

FORTITUDE AND POLICY.

ABOUT the year of the world 3520, Zopyrus, a leading man in the Court of Darius, fearing that the siege against Babylon, which had been continued nineteen months, would at length fail, had recourse to the following stratagem: He cut off his nose and ears, covered his whole body with wounds,

wounds, and in this situation repaired to Darius ; who, amazed at his appearance, demanded from whom he had received such barbarous treatment. He said his wounds were the work of his own hands, and that his design was to expose himself to the people of Babylon, as an evidence of the tyranny of Darius ; to whom, by such conduct, he hoped to render very material service.—He went to Babylon, his wounds gave confirmation to what he said respecting Darius, and the people entertained no doubt of his steady attachments to their cause. He obtained the command of a party of troops, and led them against the Persians, whom he appeared to repulse, as the matter had been concerted with Darius. In gratitude for the imaginary service, he was appointed to the care of the walls, and he soon after gave admittance to the army of Darius, who would not have been able to reduce the city, either by assault or famine, which now submitted to him without conditions.

THE

THE REMARKABLE STORY OF GIOTTO,
 AN ITALIAN PAINTER,
 AND HIS CRUCIFIX.

IT was a cruel and inhuman caprice of an Italian Painter, (I think his name was Giotto) who designed to draw a crucifix to the life, wheedled a poor man to suffer himself to be bound to the cross an hour, at the end of which he should be released again, and receive a considerable gratuity for his pains. But instead of this, as soon as he had him fast on the cross, he stabbed him dead, and then fell to drawing. He was esteemed the greatest master in all Italy at that time; and having this advantage of a dead man hanging on a cross before him, there's no question but he made a matchless piece of work on't.

As soon as he had finished his picture, he carried it to the Pope, who was astonished, as at a prodigy of art, highly extolling the exquisiteness of the features and limbs, the languishing pale deadness of the face, the unaffected sinking of the head: In a word, he had drawn to life, not only that privation of sense and motion, which
 we

we call death, but also the very want of the least vital symptom. This is better understood than expressed: every body knows, that it is a master-piece to represent a passion or a thought well and natural. Much greater is it to describe the total absence of these interior faculties, so as to distinguish the figure of a dead man from one that is only asleep.

Yet all this, and much more, could the Pope discern in the admirable draught which Giotto presented him. And he liked it so well, that he resolved to place it over the altar of his own chapel. Giotto told him, since he liked the copy so well, he would shew him the original, if he pleased.

What dost thou mean by the original, said the Pope? Wilt thou shew me JESUS CHRIST on the Cross in his own person? No, replied Giotto; but I'll shew your Holiness the original from whence I drew this, if you will absolve me from all punishment. The good old Father, suspecting something extraordinary from the painter's thus capitulating with him, promised on his word to pardon him; which Giotto believing, immediately told him where it was; and attending him to the place, as soon as they were entered, he
drew

drew a curtain back which hung before the dead man on the cross, and told the Pope what he had done.

The Holy Father, extremely troubled at so inhuman and barbarous an action, repealed his promise, and told the painter he should surely be put to an exemplary death.

Giotto seemed resigned to the sentence pronounced unto him, and only begged leave to finish the picture before he died, which was granted him. In the mean while, a guard was set upon him to prevent his escape. As soon as the Pope had caused the picture to be delivered into his hands, he takes a brush, and dipping it into a sort of stuff he had ready for that purpose, daubs the picture all over with it, so that nothing now could be seen of the crucifix; for it was quite effaced in all outward appearance.

This made the Pope stark mad; he stamped, foamed, and raved like one in a frenzy. He swore the painter should suffer the most cruel death that could be invented, unless he drew another full as good as the former, for if but the least grace was missing, he would not pardon him; but if he would produce an exact parallel, he
should

should not only give him his life, but an ample reward in money.

The painter, as he had reason, desired it under the Pope's signet, that he might not be in danger of a second repeal; which was granted him. And then he took a wet sponge, and wiped off all the varnish he had daubed on the picture, and the crucifix appeared the same in all respects as it was before. The Pope, who looked upon this as a great secret, being ignorant of the arts which the painters use, was ravished at the strange metamorphosis; and to reward the painter's treble ingenuity, he absolved him from all his sins, and the punishment due to them; ordering moreover, his steward to cover the picture with gold, as a farther gratuity for the painter. And they say, this crucifix is the original, by which the most famous crucifixes in Europe are drawn.

BENEFICENCE.

MAN is naturally a beneficent creature. The greatest pleasure wealth can afford, is that of doing good. All men of estates are in effect

effect but trustees for the benefit of the distressed, and will be so reckoned when they are to give an account. Defer not charities till death: he that doth so, is rather liberal of another man's substance than of his own.

Reckon upon benefits well placed as a treasure that is laid up, and account thyself the richer for that which thou givest a worthy person. It is part of a charitable man's epitaph, "What I possessed, is left to others; what I gave away, remains with me." Do good with what thou hast, or it will do thee no good. Men of the noblest dispositions think themselves happiest when others share with them in their happiness. It is better to be of the number of those who need relief, than of those who want hearts to give it. No object is more pleasing to the eye, than the sight of a man whom you have obliged; nor any music so agreeable to the ear, as the voice of one that owns you for his benefactor.

THE MASTER AND SLAVE:

AN EASTERN APOLOGUE.

A MIDST the intoxication of his anger, Ufbek swore he would put an innocent slave to
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death.

death. Already his murdering hand, waving over the victim a menacing scymeter, was going to besprinkle the dust with his blood: "strike, inhuman master, gratify thy fury," said the slave, bending under the destructive steel. "Thou mayest deprive me of life: use thy power; but think that, by making of me a sacrifice, avenging remorse will rob thee of the two greatest sweets of thy existence, esteem of thyself, and peace of mind."—Usbek at length acknowledged the horror of the intended deed: "Live," replied he, "I am now sensible that happiness ends where crime begins."

ANECDOTE

or

Gaſten, Marquis de Renty.

THIS illustrious nobleman was a foldier and a Christian, and had a peculiar felicity in reconciling the seeming opposition betwixt two different characters. He had a command in the French army, and had the misfortune to receive a challenge from a person of distinction in the same service. The Marquis returned for answer
by

by the person that brought the challenge, that he was ready to convince the gentleman that he was in the wrong, and if he could not satisfy him, he was ready to ask his pardon. The other, not satisfied with this answer, insisted upon his meeting him with his sword, to which he sent this answer: "That he was resolved not to do it, since God and the King had forbidden it; otherwise he would have him know that all the endeavours he had used to pacify him did not proceed from any fear of him, but of ALMIGHTY GOD, and his displeasure; that he should go every day about his usual business; and if he did assault him, he would make him repent it." The angry man not able to provoke him to a duel, and meeting him one day by chance, drew his sword and attacked him, who soon wounded and disarmed both him and his second, with the assistance of a servant that attended him; but then did this truly Christian Nobleman show the difference betwixt a brutish and Christian courage, for he led them to his tent, refreshed them with wine and cordials, caused their wounds to be dressed, and their swords to be restored to them; then dismissed them with Christian and friendly advice, and was never heard to mention the affair afterwards to his nearest friends. It was an usual saying of his, "That there was more true courage and generosity in bearing

bearing and forgiving an injury for the love of God, than in requiting it with another: in suffering rather than revenging ; because the thing was much more difficult : that bulls and bears had courage enough, but it was a brutish courage ; whereas our's should be such as should become reasonable creatures and Christians."

FRIENDSHIP INCOMPATIBLE WITH A DIS-
PARITY OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

INTERESTING STORY

or

TWO JEWISH SOLDIERS.

I Know few subjects more written upon and less understood than that of friendship ; to follow the dictates of some, this virtue, instead of being the assuager of pain, becomes the source of every inconvenience. Such speculatists, by expecting too much from friendship, dissolve the connection ; and by drawing the bands too closely, at length break them. Almost all our romance and novel-writers are of this kind ; they persuade us to friendships which we find it impossible to sustain

sustain to the last ; so that this sweetner of life under proper regulations, is by their means rendered inaccessible or uneasy.

It is certain, the best method to cultivate this virtue, is by letting it in some measure make itself. A similitude of minds or studies, and even sometimes a diversity of pursuits, will produce all the pleasures that arise from it. The current of tenderness widens as it proceeds, and two men imperceptibly find their hearts warm with good-nature for each other, when they were at first only in pursuit of mirth or relaxation. Friendship is like a debt of honour, the moment it is talked of it loses its real name, and assumes the more ungrateful form of obligation.

From hence we find that those who regularly undertake to cultivate friendship, find ingratitude generally repays their endeavours. That circle of beings which dependance gathers round us is almost ever unfriendly ; they secretly wish the terms of their connection more nearly equal, and where they even have the most virtue, are prepared to reserve all their affections for their patron only in the hour of his decline. Increasing the obligations which are laid upon such minds only increases their burthen ; they feel themselves unable

able to repay the immensity of their debt, and their bankrupt hearts are taught a latent resentment at the hand that is stretched out with offers of service and relief.

Plautinus was a man who thought that every good was to be bought by riches, and as he was possessed of great wealth, and had a mind naturally formed for virtue, he resolved to gather a circle of the best men round him. Among the number of his dependants was Musidorus, with a mind just as fond of virtue, yet not less proud than his patron. His circumstances, however, were such as forced him to stoop to the good offices of his superior, and he saw himself daily among a number of others loaded with benefits, and protestations of friendship. These in the usual course of the world he thought it prudent to accept, but while he gave his esteem he could not give his heart. A want of affection breaks out in the most trifling instances, and Plautinus had skill enough to observe the minutest actions of the man he wished to make his friend. In these he ever found his aim disappointed, for Musidorus claimed an exchange of hearts, which Plautinus, soliciting by a variety of other claims, could never think of bestowing. It may be easily supposed that the reserve of our poor proud man was soon constrained

constrained into ingratitude, and such indeed, in the common acceptation of the word, it was. Wherever Musidorus appeared, he was remarked as the *ungrateful man*; he had accepted favours it was said, and still had the insolence to pretend to independance. The event however justified his conduct. Plautinus, by misplacing liberality, at length became poor, and it was then that Musidorus first thought of making a friend of him. He flew to the man of fallen fortune with an offer of all he had; wrought under his direction with assiduity; and by uniting their talents, both were at length placed in that station of life from which one of them had formerly fallen.

To this story, taken from modern life, I shall add one more taken from a Greek writer of antiquity. Two Jewish soldiers in the times Vespasian had made many campaigns together, and a participation of danger at length bred an union of hearts. They were remarked throughout the whole army as the two friendly brothers; they felt, and fought for each other. Their friendship might have continued without interruption till death, had not the good fortune of the one alarmed the pride of the other, which was in his promotion to be a General under the famous John; who headed a particular party of the Jewish malecontents.

malcontents. From this moment their former love was converted into the most inveterate enmity. They attached themselves to opposite factions, and fought each others lives in the conflict of adverse party. In this manner they continued for more than two years, vowing mutual revenge, and animated with an unconquerable spirit of aversion. At length, however the party of the Jews, to which the mean soldier belonged, joining with the Romans, it became victorious, and drove John with all his adherents into the temple.

History has given us more than one picture of the dreadful conflagration of that superb edifice. The Roman soldiers were gathered round it ; the whole temple was in flames, and thousands were seen burning alive within its circuit. It was in this situation of things that the now successful soldier saw his former friend upon the battlements of the highest tower, looking round with horror, and just ready to be consumed with flames. All his former tenderness now therefore returned ; he saw the man of his bosom just going to perish ; and unable to withstand the impulse, he ran spreading his arms, and crying out to his friend, to leap down from the top, and find safety with him. The friend from above heard and obeyed,
and

and casting himself from the top of the tower into his fellow soldier's arms, both fell a sacrifice on the spot; one being crushed to death by the weight of his companion, and the other being dashed to pieces by the greatness of his fall.

THE MAGNANIMITY

OF

A ROMAN SENATOR.

WHEN Vespasian commanded a Senator to give his voice against the interest of his country, and threatened him with immediate death if he spoke on the other side, the Roman, conscious that the attempt to serve a people was in his power, though the event was ever so uncertain, answered with a smile,—“Did I ever tell you that I was immortal?—My virtue is in my own disposal, my life in your's; do you what you will, I shall do what I ought: and if I fall in the service of my country, I shall have more triumph in my death, than you in all your laurels.”

AN ANECDOTE

AS a press-gang was lately patrolling round Smithfield, London, they laid hold of a man tolerably dressed, who pleaded that being a gentleman he was not liable to be impressed. This occasioned a tolerable joke from one of the sailors, who directly answered, "Then you are the very man we want ; for we have pressed a d——d number of blackguards, and are curfiedly distressed for a gentleman to teach them manners."

THE WORLD.

THE WORLD may be thus defined ; it is a vast theatre, on which mankind are the actors ; chance composes the piece, fortune distributes the parts, the women distribute refreshment to the actors, and the unfortunate are the scene-drawers and candle-snuffers.

The world polishes more than it instructs. To be a spectator one must not be in the bustle of the
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the world, but at a certain distance; as to observe a regiment march, one must be on a line when they file off, not in the ranks.

With a little share of understanding, and a great deal of the world, a man will shine more than with a great understanding, and a little of the world:—and to acquire this custom, there must be a certain mode of carriage, without which he will never be able to cultivate acquaintance in those societies where the best company of all ranks meet.

Without a fortune, let man's merit be ever so great, he will be deprived of the means of mixing with people of fashion, of being acquainted with their manners, or assuming their style; in a word, to judge of men of a certain rank, their virtues, their vices, their follies.

Riches put a young man forward in the world early; by their means he will be able to display his talents, to excel in all manner of exercises, to learn languages, to travel; in fine, to have the necessary leisure to devote himself to whatever art or science he pleases.

But

But the men of the world exaggerate their encomiums on the *ton* diffused among them. They will confidently say, there is no taste, penetration, or wit, but in their circles. From those exclusive pretensions, they imagine themselves entitled to guess at the career of every man who appears amongst them.

The wretch who expires on a scaffold, has not been guilty of so many disorders in society as another who lives in the fashionable world. This man is a debauchee, a slanderer, a cheat ;—he is possessed of every vice on which the law cannot lay hold ;—he does not commit murder on the high-way ; but he distills in every house the poison of an invenomed tongue, he blasts every one's reputation, he ridicules every virtue, he scatters disorder among brethren, married people and friends. When driven from one quarter, he goes to another, and carries the same spirit with him. His wickedness is the result of reflection ; he makes it his study. But he can only be punished with contempt ; and contempt in a great city is like the infected air they breathe ;—they accustom themselves to it.

THE

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT!

AN ODE.

ATTEMPTED IN ENGLISH SAPPIC.

I.

WHEN the fierce north wind, with his airy
forces,
Rears up the Baltic to a foaming fury;
And the red lightning, with a storm of hail comes
Rushing amain down,

II.

How the poor sailors stand amaz'd and tremble!
While the hoarse thunder, like a bloody trumpet,
Roars a loud onset to the gaping waters,
Quick to devour them.

III.

Such shall the noise be, and the wild disorder,
(If things eternal may be like the earthly,)
Such the dire terror when the great archangel
Shakes the Creation;

IV.

Tears the strong pillars of the vault of heaven,
Breaks up old marble, the repose of princes;
See the the graves open, and the bones arising,
Flames all around 'em.

Hark,

V.

Hark, the shrill outcries of the guilty wretches!
Lively bright horror, and amazing anguish,
Stare thro' their eye-lids, while the living worm lies
Gnawing within them.

VI.

Thoughts, like old vultures, pray upon their
heart-strings,
And the smart twinges, when their eye beholds the
Lofty Judge frowning, and a flood of vengeance
Rolling afore him.

VII.

Hopeless immortals! how they scream and shiver,
While the devils push them to the pit wide-yawning
Hideous and gloomy to receive them headlong
Down to the center.

VIII.

Stop here, my fancy: (all away, ye horrid
Doleful ideas) come, arise to Jesus,
How he sits god-like! and the faints around him
Thron'd yet adoring!

IX.

O may I fit there when he comes triumphant,
Dooming the nations! then ascend to glory,
While our hosannas all along the passage
Shout the REDEEMER.

THE

THE FEAR OF GOD.

THE fear of God is a necessary consequence of a view of his power. One cannot contemplate in idea the greatness of this Being, which every thing proclaims, without feeling a dread, compounded of respect and fear. One cannot know oneself surrounded with the presence of the Almighty God, without profound emotion; that is to say, without being at once amazed with the immensity of his attributes, and the meanness of our own being. We are as it were annihilated before this God, terrible and strong, notwithstanding the visible testimonies of his goodness and clemency.—This power, which nothing can resist, makes us shudder; and it is probably to be rid of this inward fear, the atheist proudly shakes off the yoke: like the children, he shuts his eyes in the presence of this open eye on nature, and thinks he is not seen.

But at the aspect of this hand that upholds worlds, this ear that is open to every sigh of the wretched, a secret dread invades the soul; then one must deny the Godhead, not to shudder before it.

Every

Every adorer will then exclaim with David, "In admiring thy works, I am made to fear thee O God!" This is not the fear of the slave or the guilty; it is the impossibility of contemplating without fear, without astonishment, without dread, the immensity, the glory, and the power of him who created the universe.

The ancient writers bear the impression of this precious and salutary blending of fear and respect manifested in man, not only when the God of thunder displays his vengeance, but even when he signalizes his bounties. The writer's colouring breathe every sentiment of a Majesty, whose splendour he cannot bear, even in its mildest aspect.

There is, then, in the heart of man, an inseparable union of fear and respect due to the Divinity, which has raised temples, and ordained expiations all over the face of the earth. That is the universal tenet.

But is God really hid? It is the blind or stupid eye that first pronounced this senseless word. The Divinity is always present around us; we see his footsteps every where. What mark so visible, as the extent and beauty of the creation;
than

than the spark of life which flashes every instant, or the light of reason which shines on the countenance of man!—Nothing is wanting to enlighten us, but a heart; if it has sensation, it elevates itself to the good and majestic Being that formed it. It is inflamed, it is affected, it adores, and nothing is comparable to the ecstasy this mild and sublime contemplation of the author of nature excites.

Considering him as the preserver of beings, and lavishing to each one a proportion of pleasure, the Supreme Being is still more adorable than under that of Creator: beneficence claims a greater right to our homage than grandeur.

Only think, mortal! thy head is a hundred times more wonderful than the sun: it knows not itself, and thou dost; it knows not what it is, and thou has measured it: it enlightens the universe with material fire, and thou canst aspire to a more elevated rank. The planets are absolutely blind instruments; and thou art allowed to know the springs nature uses. Thou knowest how to employ thyself; thou feelest thy independence of mind and servitude of body; thou feelest thy strength and weakness; thou knowest thy rank in the universal system.

M m

And

And wouldst thou not be struck with Newton's system, when he sees in each star a sun balancing the planets; when he perceives the order that proportions their motions to the distance of their centers; when the universe, thus enlarged, has discovered to them, that the mind which unravelled those sublime relations is more august and less perishable than even those suns, which, notwithstanding their pomp and splendor, are merely material, and have no idea of where they are placed.

ON CONTENTMENT AND AVARICE.

CONTENTMENT to the mind is as light to the eye; as the latter discloses every pleasing object to the intellectual powers, so does the former every agreeable idea to the soul; though it does not immediately bring riches to mankind, it does equally the same, by banishing the desire of them; if it cannot directly remove the disquietudes arising from a man's mind, body, or fortune, it makes him easy under them; it destroys all inordinate ambition in a state, and becomes its support against the most dangerous attacks, while the

the lust of riches, like the frequent decays of a magnificent structure, foretels its final ruin ; in man it prevents every tendency to corruption, with respect to the community in which he is placed ; it dissipates care, melancholy, and anxiety, from its possessor ; sweetens his conversation, makes him fit for society, and gives a perpetual serenity to all his thoughts. Behold that sordid animal the *gamester*, ever anxious of enriching himself, yet ever contemplating his own misery ; all his schemes are laid for the oppression of the poor, yet ever terminate in his own ruin : view him in adversity ; who pities him ? In poverty ; who honours him ? Or in any state of life ? who regards him ? *Fortune* is his goddess—*De Moivre*, his guide, and the lust of avarice edges him on to his base employments ; while the dice are rattling his heart is throbbing ; and the very next throw either plunges him into a gulph of misery, or hurries him into an unpremeditated rage of distraction ; life is a continued series of uneasiness to him ; when he walks, he treads upon briars, and his seat is a seat of thorns ; his days are days of despair, and his years years of pain ; *hope* and *fear*, those two noble faculties of the soul, cultivated in man for the sublime ends of religion, are prostituted to his villainy ; and, if ill luck succeeds, his abandoned soul sinks by his own curses ; peace
and

and tranquillity are as far banished from his mind, as honesty and fidelity from his heart ; his breast is made subservient to the tortures of suspense, and continually racked by the fiercest extremes. How miserable then must that man be, who is thus enslaved by his lucrative appetite ? Fire and sword are slow engines of destruction, compared to the havoc this fatal disturber creates in a man's body and fortune ; yet such is his disposition ; that the warmest sollicitations, even from his dearest friends, cannot withhold him from his engagements with his fickle idol ; he rather treats them as his enemies, who propose so deadly a task ; friendship is bartered for self-interest, and all the powerful lust of gold mars every Christian office : how insusceptible of remorse is the gamester's breast, when he robs a distressed family of its support, or snatches the bread from the teeth of the hungry ? O thou monster of nature ! How inglorious are thy conquests ! Is the eye that sees all things blind to thy inhumanity ? Vengeance is spreading her net wide for thee, and will overtake thee in the midst of thy barbarity. O *Avarice* ! thou vilest muckworm, what wickedness dost thou create in mankind ! How art thou courted by poor, unthinking mortals, for thy deformity ! What a train of evils are under thy command ! Destruction bounds
from

from every part of thee swifter than the arrow from the archer's breast, and like a base ingrate as thou art, thou sheddest unheeded bane on those that protect thee, bankruptcy to the tradesmen, and poverty to the men of affluence, are the rewards thou procurest : whether thou appearest in church or state, in city or in court, yet vice is ever attendant on thee, and the nation that harbours thee sacrifices her liberty to its pursuits, the statesman when he becomes thy votary, proves false to his country ; and every glowing passion for the public welfare is chilled in its embryo by the over-ruling power of self-interest ; *Justice* herself is staggered by thy enormities, her sword is blunted by thy outrages ; when she calls in feeble accents, for assistance, her faithless patrons are deaf to all her entreaties, till at length we see vice riding triumphant, spreading her banner as she goes, virtue and religion retiring at the appearance of it, and sad desolation, with all her gloomy attendants, advancing, at a distance, to embrace us.

HUMAN NATURE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the degeneracy and meanness that is crept into human nature, there

there is a thousand actions in which it breaks through its original corruption, and shews what it once was, and what it will be hereafter. We may consider the soul of man, as the ruin of a glorious pile of building ; where, amidst the heaps of rubbish, you meet with noble fragments of sculpture, broken pillars and obelisks, and a magnificence in confusion. Virtue and wisdom are continually employed in clearing the ruins, removing these disorderly heaps, recovering the noble piles that lie buried under them, and adjusting them as well as possible, according to their ancient symmetry and beauty. A happy education, conversation with the finest spirits, looking abroad into the works of nature, and observations upon mankind, are the greatest assistances to this necessary and glorious work. But even among those who have never had the happiness of any of these advantages, there are sometimes such exertions of the greatness that is natural to the mind of man, as shew capacities and abilities that need only those accidental helps to fetch them out, and shew them in a proper light. A plebeian soul is still the ruin of this glorious edifice, though encumbered with all its rubbish.

Discourses of religion and morality, and reflections upon human nature, are the best means we
can

can make use of to improve our minds, and gain a true knowledge of ourselves; and consequently to recover our souls out of the vice, ignorance, and prejudice which naturally cleave to them.

There is nothing which favours and falls in with the natural greatness and dignity of human nature, so much as religion; which does not only promise the entire refinement of the mind, but the glorifying of the body, and the immortality of both.

It is with the mind as with the will and appetites; for, as after we have tried a thousand pleasures, and turned from one enjoyment to another, we find no rest to our desires, till we at last fix them upon the Sovereign Good; so in pursuit of knowledge, we meet with no tolerable satisfaction to our minds, till after we are weary with tracing other methods, we turn them upon the one supreme and unerring truth. And were there no other use of human learning, there is this in it, that by its many defects, it brings us to a sense of our weakness, and makes us readily, and with greater willingness submit to revelation. It is according to nature to be merciful; for no man, that has not divested himself of humanity can
be

be hard-hearted to others, without feeling a pain in himself.

The wise and good will ever be loved and honoured as the glory of human nature.

PRUDENCE.

WHAT is Prudence? 'tis a blessing
Scarcely known, so few possessing :
'Tis the Virtues' bright attendant ;
Nay 'tis more—'tis their defendant,—
Heaven's best gift, wou'd females use it,
Ne'er regain'd—if once they lose it.
The test of judgment, taste, and sense,
To folly only an offence.
'Tis a virgin soft of feature,
Form'd to please with great good-nature ;
Chearful—easy—young, and wise,
Superior far to art's disguise :—
Grave or gay—polite yet true—
Dearest madam—just like you !

AN

AN ALLEGORICAL HISTORY

OF

REST AND LABOUR.

IN the early ages of the world, as is well known to those who are versed in ancient traditions, when innocence was yet untainted, and simplicity unadulterated, mankind was happy in the enjoyment of continual pleasure, and constant plenty, under the protection of REST; a gentle divinity, who required of her worshippers neither altars nor sacrifices, and whose rites were only performed by prostrations upon turfs of flowers in shades of jasmine and myrtle, or by dances on the banks of rivers flowing with milk and nectar.

Under this easy government the first generations breathed the fragrance of perpetual spring; eat the fruits, which, without culture, fell ripe into their hands, and slept under bowers arched by nature, with the birds singing over their heads, and the beasts sporting about them. But by degrees they began to lose their original integrity; each, though there was more than enough for all, was desirous of appropriating part to himself. Then entered violence and fraud, and theft, and

N n

rapine.

rapine. Soon after pride and envy broke into the world, and brought with them a new standard of wealth ; for men, who till then thought themselves rich when they wanted nothing, now rated their demands, not by the calls of nature, but by the plenty of others ; and began to consider themselves as poor when they beheld their own possessions exceeded by those of their neighbours. Now only one could be happy, because only one could have most, and that one was always in danger, lest the same arts by which he had supplanted others should be practised upon himself.

Amidst the prevalence of this corruption, the state of the earth was changed ; the year was divided into seasons ; part of the ground became barren, and the rest yielded only berries, acorns, and herbs. The summer and autumn indeed furnished a coarse and inelegant sufficiency, but winter was without any relief ; FAMINE, with a thousand diseases, which the inclemency of the air invited into the upper regions, made havoc among men, and there appeared to be danger lest they should be destroyed before they were reformed.

To oppose the devastations of FAMINE, who scattered the ground every where with carcases,

LABOUR

LABOUR came down upon earth. LABOUR was the son of NECESSITY, the nurseling of HOPE, and pupil of ART; he had the strength of his mother, the spirit of his nurse, and the dexterity of his governess. His face was wrinkled with the wind, and swarthy with the sun; he had the implements of husbandry in one hand, with which he turned up the earth; in the other he had the tools of architecture, and raised walls and towers at his pleasure. He called out with a rough voice, "Mortals! see here the power to whom you are consigned, and from whom you are to hope for all your pleasures, and all your safety. You have long languished under the dominion of REST, an impotent and deceitful goddess, who can neither protect nor relieve you, but resigns you to the first attacks of either FAMINE or DISEASE, and suffers her shades to be invaded by every enemy, and destroyed by every accident.

"Awake, therefore, to the call of LABOUR.
 "I will teach you to remedy the sterility of the earth, and the severity of the sky; I will compel summer to find provisions for the winter;
 "I will force the waters to give you their fish, the air its fowls, and the forest the beasts; I will teach you to pierce the bowels of the earth,
 "and

“ and bring out from the caverns of the mountains metals which shall give strength to your hands, and security to your bodies, by which you may be covered from the assaults of the fiercest beasts, and with which you shall fell the oak, and divide the rocks, and subject all nature to your use and pleasure.”

Encouraged by this magnificent invitation, the inhabitants of the globe considered LABOUR as their only friend, and hastened to his command. He led them out to the fields and mountains, and shewed them how to open mines, to level hills, to drain marshes, and change the course of rivers. The face of things was immediately transformed ; the land was covered with towns and villages, encompassed with fields of corn, and plantations of fruit-trees ; and nothing was seen but heaps of grain, and baskets of fruit, full tables, and crowded storehouses.

Thus LABOUR and his followers added every hour new acquisitions to their conquests, and saw FAMINE gradually dispossessed of his dominions ; till at last, amidst their jollity and triumphs, they were depressed and amazed by the approach of LASSITUDE, who was known by her sunk eyes and dejected countenance. She came forward
trembling

trembling and groaning : at every groan the hearts of all those that beheld her lost their courage, their nerves slackened, their hands shook, and the instruments of labour fell from their grasp.

Shocked with this horrid phantom they reflected with regret on their easy compliance with the sollicitations of LABOUR, and began to wish again the golden hours which they remembered to have passed under the reign of REST, whom they resolved again to visit, and to whom they intended to dedicate the remaining part of their lives. REST had not left the world ; they quickly found her, and to atone for their former desertion, invited her to the enjoyment of those acquisitions which LABOUR had procured them.

REST, therefore, took leave of the groves and vallies which she had hitherto inhabited, and entered into palaces, reposed herself in alcoves, and slumbered away the winter upon beds of down, and the summer in artificial grottos with cascades playing before her. There was indeed, always something wanting to complete her felicity, and she could never lull her returning fugitives to that serenity, which they knew before their engagements with LABOUR : nor was her
dominion

OF THESE THREE CONSUMERS, HE WAS THIRSTED
 BY DISEASE, AND LUSTRE, THOUGH HE ALWAYS
 HAD UPON HIM A SILENT FEAR, BY WHICH HIS
 INTEREST WAS A SILENT DEFENDER, WHILE IT SEEMED
 TO BE PROTECTED. THE TWO HIS ENEMIES, HOW-
 EVER, TOOK FOR VAINLY WITHIN THEIR CON-
 GRESSION, AND AS HE LUSTRE DENIED HIS CHARGE,
 AND IN DISEASE TO SEIZE UPON HIS WORKSHOPS.
 REST THEN FLEW AWAY, AND LEFT THE PLACE TO THE
 USURPERS; WHO EMPLOYED ALL THEIR ARTS TO FORTIFY
 THEMSELVES IN THEIR POSSESSION, AND TO STRENGTHEN
 THE INTEREST OF EACH OTHER.

REST had not always the same enemy: in some
 places she escaped the incursions of DISEASE;
 but had her residence invaded by a more slow and
 subtle intruder; for very frequently, when every
 thing was composed and quiet, when there was
 neither pain within, nor danger without, when
 every flower was in bloom, and every gale freighted
 with perfumes, SATIETY would enter with a
 languishing and repining look, and throw herself
 upon the couch placed and adorned for the ac-
 commodation of REST. No sooner was she seated
 than a general gloom spread itself on every side,
 the groves immediately lost their verdure, and
 their inhabitants desisted from their melody, the
 breeze sunk in sighs, and the flowers contracted
 their

their leaves and shut up their odours. Nothing was seen on every side but multitudes wandering about they knew not whither, in quest they knew not of what; no voice was heard but of complaints that mentioned no pain, and murmurs that could tell no misfortune.

REST had now lost her authority. Her followers again began to treat her with contempt; some of them united themselves more closely to LUXURY, who promised by her arts to drive SATIETY away; and others that were more wise, or had more fortitude, went back again to LABOUR, by whom indeed they were protected from SATIETY, but delivered up in time to LASSITUDE, and forced by her to the bowers of REST.

Thus REST and LABOUR equally perceived their reign of short duration and uncertain tenure, and their empire liable to inroads from those who were alike enemies to both. They each found their subjects unfaithful; and ready to desert them upon every opportunity. LABOUR saw the riches which he had given always carried away as an offering to REST, and REST found her votaries in every exigence flying from her to beg help of LABOUR. They, therefore, at last determined upon an interview, in which they
agreed

agreed to divide the world between them, and govern it alternately, allotting the dominion of the day to one, and that of the night to the other and promised to guard the frontiers of each other, so that whenever hostilities were attempted, SATIETY should be interrupted by LABOUR, and LASSITUDE expelled by REST. Thus the ancient quarrel was appeased, and as hatred is often succeeded by its contrary, REST afterward became pregnant by LABOUR, and was delivered of HEALTH, a benevolent goddess, who consolidated the union of her parents, and contributed to the regular vicissitudes of their reign, by dispensing her gifts to those only who shared their lives in just proportions between REST and LABOUR.

A WISE SAYING OF A BISHOP.

A BISHOP in King Charles the Second's reign, eminent for piety and good works, often made use of the following saying : *Serve God and be chearful.*—The due observance of which, he said, would preserve a person both from presumption and from despair.

ME-

MEMOIRS OF PRINCE EUGENE.

THIS great General was a man of letters : he was intended for the church, and was known at the Court of France by the name of the Abbe de la Savoie. Having made too free in a letter with some of Louis the Fourteenth's gallantries, he fled out of France and served as a volunteer in the Emperor's service in Hungary against the Turks, where he soon distinguished himself by his talents for the military art. He was presented by the Emperor with a regiment, and a few years afterwards made Commander in Chief of his armies. Louvois, the insolent War Minister of the insolent Louis XIV. had written to him to tell him that he must never think of returning to his country : his reply was, *Eugene entrera un jour en France en depit de Louvois et de Louis.*" In all his military expeditions he carried with him *Thomas à Kempis de Imitatione*. He seemed to be of the opinion of the great Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, "that a good Christian always made a good foldier." Being constantly busy, he held the passion of love very cheap, as a mere amusement, that served only to enlarge the power of women, and abridge

O o

that

that of men. He used to say, "*Les amoureux sont dans la société que ce les fanatiques sont en religion.*"

The Prince was observed to be one day very pensive, and on being asked by his favourite Aid-de-Camp on what he was meditating so deeply; "My good friend," replied he, "I am thinking that if Alexander the Great had been obliged to wait for the approbation of the Deputies of Holland before he attacked the enemy, how impossible it would have been for him to have made half the conquests that he did."

This great General lived to a good old age, and being *tam Mercario quam Marti*, "as much a Scholar as a Soldier," amused himself with making a fine collection of books, pictures, and prints, which are now in the Emperor's collection at Vienna. The celebrated Cardinal Passioni, then Nuncio at Vienna, preached his funeral sermon, from this grand and well appropriated text of scripture:

"Alexander, son of Philip the Macedonian, made many wars, took many strong holds, went through the ends of the earth, took spoils of
many

many nations: the earth was quiet before him. After these things he fell sick and perceived that he should die."—*Maccabees*.

A HUMOROUS ANECDOTE.

IN the reign of King Charles the Second, a sailor having received his pay, resorted to a house of ill-fame in Wapping, where he lay all night, and had his whole substance taken from him. In the morning he vowed revenge against the first he met with, possessed of cash; and accordingly, overtaking a gentleman in Stepney-fields, related to him his mishap, and insisted on the gentleman's making good the loss; who for some time expostulated with him concerning the atrocity of his behaviour, but to no purpose: he was resolute, and the other, through fear of worse consequences, delivered his purse, but soon after had him taken up, examined, and committed to Newgate; from whence he sent, by a sailor, the following humorous epistle to the King:

"KING CHARLES,

"One of thy subjects, the other night, robbed me of forty pounds, for which I robbed another
of

of the same sum, who inhumanly has sent me to Newgate, and swears I shall be hanged, therefore, for thy own sake, save my life, or thou wilt lose one of the best seamen in thy navy.

Thine,

JACK SKIFFTON."

His Majesty, on the receipt thereof, immediately wrote as follows :

" JACK SKIFFTON,

" For this time I'll save thee from the gallows ; but if, hereafter, thou art ever guilty of the like, I'll have thee hanged, though the best seaman in my navy.

Thine,

CHARLES REX."

ANECDOTE.

ONE Tetzal, a Dominican, and a retailer of indulgences, had picked up a vast sum at Leipfic. A gentleman of that city, who had no veneration for such superstitions, went to Tetzal, and asked him if he could sell him an indulgence before hand for a certain crime, which he would
not

not specify, and which he intended to commit? Tetzel said, " Yes, provided they could agree upon the price." The bargain was struck, the money paid, and the absolution delivered in due form. Soon after this, the gentleman knowing that Tetzel was going from Leipzig well loaded with cash, way-laid him, robbed him, and cud-gelled him; and told him at parting, that this was the crime for which he had purchased an absolution.

ELEGY,

WRITTEN IN A CHURCH-YARD.

WHAT tho' no marble here, with polish'd
pride,
Proclaims some god-like hero's hapless end;
Who liv'd rever'd, was pitied when he died,
Of worth the stay, of innocence the friend?

II.

Beneath these humble grassy turfs may lie,
More sacred dust than splendid tombs contain;
Whose spirits rise to purest bliss on high,
Which pompous epitaphs demand in vain.

Th

III.

The truly good require no marble's aid,
No gilded characters to mark their fame ;
Their virtues smile at death's oblivious shade,
For future ages still their virtues name.

IV.

Ah ! what avails it to the guilty great,
That flatterers their monuments adorn ?
Say not, false marble, all deplore their fate,
When all their fleeting honours view with scorn.

V.

Say not, beneath this marble is contain'd
A man who for his country nobly fell,
If guiltless blood his boasted laurels stain'd,
And widows' tears the tyrant's fury tell.

VI.

The blazing lightning and the howling blast,
Shall strip thee of thy varnish'd tale of woe ;
Not e'en thy form, proud monument, shall last,
But with thy hero's ashes be laid low.

VII.

Where are the mighty conquerors of the world,
At whose approach the trembling host grew pale ?
Who at their foes resistless vengeance hurl'd,
While loud was heard applause's thund'ring tale.
Thou,

VIII.

Thou, lowly grave on which I now recline,
Lament not that they are not buried here,
No flatt'ers now would decorate their shrine,
Nor o'er their relics drop a pitying tear.

IX.

Tho' docks and nettles now around thee spread,
If here an *honest heart* dissolves in clay ;
Celestial dews shall angels on thee shed,
And bless thy turf, when sculptur'd stones decay.

X.

The painted flow'rs which grace the verdant plain,
And streams reflecting rays of silver light ;
Now dusky clouds and gloomy shadows stain ;
No smiling landscape decks the robe of night.

XI.

Thus beauty fades when death his awful veil
Around the virgin's blooming graces throw ;
No more her charms the youth's fond heart assail,
But all his dreams of bliss are dash'd with woe.

XII.

Sad sighs the breeze along the waving grass,
I hear the wailings of a plaintive rill ;
Can I my sympathetic tears suppress,
At *Clara's* death, which now my eye-lids fill ?
Sweet

XIII.

Sweet maid, cut off as falls a lovely rose,
Whose blushing leaves unfeeling tempest tear ;
For thee my heart in floods of grief o'erflows ;
On Anglia's plains nonymph appear'd more fair.

XIV.

Ye mournful gales which now around me blow,
O waft my tears to *Clara's* distant tomb ;
And sure the hallow'd spot ye well may know,
For there the sweetest flow'rs of summer bloom.

XV.

Or rather let some *Scraph's* golden wing
The crystal drops to realms of bliss convey ;
And leave them where unfading flow'rets spring,
To glitter on her garlands ever gay.

XVI.

There, where she walks amidst ethereal bow'rs,
If the the pensive hanging drops shall see,
At once she'll pluck the pity-bearing flow'rs,
And know their weeping pendants came from
me.

XVII.

No voice of joy invades this cheerless ground,
But hollow rocks repeat the ocean's roar ;
Of waves successive still I hear the sound,
Which swell, and burst, and die along the shore.

So

XVIII.

So generations rise and swiftly glide,
As rising waves the falling waves controul;
Then learn ye noisy sons of tow'ring pride,
That soon your surgy hopes to peace must roll.

XIX.

But see the rosy morn begins to dawn,
Before her smile the gloomy shadows fly;
Now chearful verdure brightens o'er the lawn,
And soon the golden sun shall glad the sky.

XX.

Bright emblem of that great, important day,
When CHRIST the Sun of Righteousness shall
shine;
With living beams re-animate our clay,
And call the Faithful to his joys divine.

ANECDOTE

OF

BISHOP BONNER.

HENRY VIII. being greatly incensed against
Francis I. King of France, resolved to send
him an Ambassador, who was instructed to use
P p haughty

haughty and threatening language to him. He chose for that purpose Bonner, Bishop of London, in whom he had an entire confidence. But the Bishop representing, that if he spoke in that manner to so high-spirited a Prince as Francis I. it might endanger his life: "Fear not," said the King; "for if the King of France should take away your life, I will cut off the heads of all the French in my power."—"True, Sire," replied Bonner, with a smile; "but I question if any of their heads would fit my shoulders as well as that I have on."

STOCK EXCHANGE ANECDOTE.

TWO country farmers lately passing the Stock Exchange, stopped to enquire what was the occasion of such a noise. The gentleman to whom these men addressed themselves, answered, that it was a Bedlam for mad merchants, who having lost their reason, imagined they were transformed into bulls and bears, and acted accordingly. Pray, Sir, says one of the countrymen, *mout we zee them?* By all means, replied the other, and conducted the farmers to the door, and desired them to walk in. But no sooner did the poor fellows put in their

their heads, than one of them said to the other, *Zoons, Davy, let uz get off—those mad-volks are all loose*; and they took to their heels as fast as their legs would carry them—and went home full of the story of the mad merchants, and their Bedlam near the 'Change.

CONSTANCY IN LOVE.

A TRUE STORY.

AT the Restoration there lived in London a merchant of great wealth, integrity, and capacity, whom we shall call Probus. He was very indulgent to Verus, a young gentleman under his direction, gave him a good education, and, as he grew up, instructed him in every branch of traffic.

Probus had an only daughter, on whom he doated; not without reason, for she seemed to deserve all the kindness Providence had designed for her. His wife died while Emilia was in her cradle; Verus was about two years older, and, from six years of age had been bred up with her.

Their

Their childish intimacy in time improved into love, which they cemented by all the forms that amorous hearts could invent.

Emilia had an aunt immensely rich, who designed her for an only son: she imparted her intentions to Probus, who determined by the future prospect of grandeur, to break through all. He sent Emilia to her aunt's country seat, and, as a guardian, commanded Verus to think of a voyage to the East Indies. Emilia, who suffered from the odious solicitations of her aunt's son, a disagreeable booby, by letter represented her passion for Verus in such moving terms to her father, that he called her to town.

Verus, who had been sent to an uncle of his, vastly rich, in the East Indies, endeared himself so much to the old gentleman, that on his death-bed, he bequeathed him all his wealth, amounting to 40,000*l.* which he turned into money, and sailed for London. During the interval, Probus had laid out a large part of his wealth in houses, which were soon after reduced to ashes, with all his merchandize, by the great fire in 1666. This reduced him to the necessity of keeping a public-house for his bread.

Verus .

Verus arrived from the Indies, and, strolling through the city, by chance put into a coffee-house, (then a new trade in London) and was served with a dish of coffee by a young woman, plain, but neatly dressed, who appeared to be his Emilia. On sight of him she fell into a swoon. Verus took her up: They gazed at each other; Probus wept, and all were silent. At last our traveller spoke thus: "Emilia is still the same to me; she is as fair, and as charming; and, while Providence leaves it in my power, as great a fortune as ever. Do not, (turning to Probus) afflict yourself, Sir: Am not I indebted to you for the care of my education, and even for all I have? Can you believe me ungrateful? No, Sir, I have many obligations that bind me to you; permit me to make all the return in my power, by uniting myself to Emilia, and placing you in the situation from which adverse fortune has reduced you." Probus assented. And Verus and Emilia were for many years examples of virtue and conjugal felicity.

ON

ON THE PLEASURE

ARISING FROM

BENEVOLENT ACTIONS.

THEY that have seen a poor orphan without father or mother, destitute and in distress, and have been a father to the fatherless, in gratitude to their common father, have tasted the sweet fruit of doing good: they that have visited and relieved the widow with the helpless innocents in affliction have partaken of it; and those that from the above principle do effectually relieve their distressed brethren in any manner, are not strangers to it. Celia, who abounds in riches, and Cottilus who lays by part of what he has earned with the labour of his hands, do both of them know the value of it.

Cottilus, hearing of a man, his wife, and five children, in great distress, (the father, by an accident, being disabled from working for support for some time,) has often relished through their mouths this fruit in great perfection. When a week had passed, and his helpless family had mourned for the absence of Cottilus, he appeared; while his fellow-servants were gone to spend their money

money at the ale-house, some to transform the image of God into that of a beast. Cottilus had pleasures of a higher nature. This family of helpless innocents wanted bread: he hastened to their assistance, not unprovided for their relief: he distributed some bread he had brought amongst them, and he tasted with rapture every morsel they swallowed, he found the father almost recovered from his accident, though near perishing for want of necessaries: he gave him a temporary relief, and giving him hopes of more, took his leave. In his way home he was overtaken by Florio; once his fellow-apprentice, but now advanced in life far beyond him. Cottilus was decently dressed, and so not beneath the notice of Florio, who complained how greatly he was disappointed in not getting into the play-house, though he had used his utmost endeavours: that some hundreds had shared the same fate: for his part, he was determined not to carry the money home; and if Cottilus would accompany him to the tavern, he would treat him with a bottle of wine and a supper. Cottilus, full of what he had seen replied, "Would to God all those disappointed of the pleasure they desired this evening, had as great a taste for pleasure of another nature! What objects might they find, in this
time

time of general distress, ready with open arms to receive the superfluous cash they have crowded to part with, but could not gain admittance! Believe me, Sir, I am sensible of your kind invitation though I cannot accept it: give me leave to invite you, in return to the place where I have supped: the money you are determined not to carry home, will be there well laid out; and perhaps you may not greatly regret your late disappointment." They went to this family in distress, when Florio gave them a crown, their manner of receiving it affected him in such a manner, that he gave them a guinea more, and said, when wanted again, Cottilus should come to him; the Father, astonished, said, "After this instance of God's goodness, they should trust in him for ever, hoping never to be so distressed again; that a week's time would give his late perishing family to eat again of the fruit of his own industry, and Florio's generous benevolence might then find greater objects of distress." Florio expressed his great obligation to Cottilus, declaring, that he never tasted such exquisite pleasure before, and said that he would often indulge himself with the repetition of it; adding, he no longer wondered what should make Cottilus, in the situation in life he was in, to appear so perfectly happy.

Had

Had Cottilus been master of ten thousand a year, and spent it all in luxury, could he have experienced a more delicious repast? Who would not, with Cottilus, deny themselves, in some things, to taste often of such pleasant fruit!

ANECDOTE

OF

THEODORE DE SCHOMBERG.

THE day before the battle of Ivry, the German troops which Schomberg commanded, mutinied and refused to fight, if they were not paid the money due to them. Schomberg went to Henry the Fourth with this message, who answered him angrily, "How, Colonel Thifche (a nick-name given to him,) is it the behaviour of a man of honour to demand money, when he should take his orders for fighting?"

The next morning, Henry, recollecting what he had said to Schomberg, went into his tent before the engagement begun, and said to him, "Colonel, this is perhaps the only opportunity I may have. I may be killed in the engagement.—

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It

It is not right that I should carry away with me the honour of a brave Gentleman like you. I declare then/ that I recognize you as a man of worth, and incapable of doing any thing cowardly."

Schömburg, struck with admiration and gratitude at this noble behaviour of Henry, replied to him, " Ah, Sire, in restoring me to that honour which you took away from me, you take away my life ; for I should be unworthy of it, if I did not devote it to your service. If I had a thousand lives, I would lay them all at your feet."

ANECDOTE

OF

CHARLES THE FIFTH,

EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

CHARLES undertook his expedition against Algiers in opposition to the advice of Andrea Doria, who probably augured no good from it, either to the Prince, or to his kingdom. Charles, in answer to Dorea, replied, " You ought to be satisfied with a life of seventy-two years: I ought to be satisfied with having been Emperor two and twenty years: Come, then, if we must die, let us die."

AN-

ANECDOTE

OF

ARMAND DE BIRON.

ARMAND DE BIRON, a Marshal and Master of the Artillery of France, no less liberal than brave, when his Maitre d'Hotel advised him to make a reform in his household, and get rid of some of his supernumerary servants; giving as a reason, that he could do without them; "Perhaps so," replied Biron, "but let me know first, if they can do without me."

THE PRUDENT WIFE.

AT Tunbridge, some years ago; a gentleman, whose name was Hedges, made a very brilliant appearance; he had been married about two years to a young lady of great beauty and large fortune; they had one child, a boy, on whom they bestowed all that affection which they could spare from each other. He knew nothing of gaming, nor seemed to have the least passion for play; but he was unacquainted with his own heart.

He

He began by degrees to bet at the tables for trifling sums, and his soul took fire at the prospect of immediate gain. He was soon surrounded with sharpers, who with calmness lay in ambush for his fortune, and coolly took advantage of the precipitancy of his passions

His lady perceived the ruin of her family approaching, but at first, without being able to form any scheme to prevent it. She advised with her brother, who at that time was possessed of a fellowship in Cambridge. It was easily seen, that whatever passion took the lead in her husband's mind, seemed to be there fixed unalterably; it was determined, therefore, to let him pursue fortune, but previously to take measures to prevent the pursuits being fatal.

Accordingly, every night this gentleman was a constant attendant of the hazard-tables. He understood neither the arts of sharpers, nor even the allowed strokes of a connoisseur, yet he still played. The consequence is obvious. He lost his estate, his equipage, his wife's jewels, and every other moveable that could be parted with, except a repeating watch. His agony upon this occasion was inexpressible. He was even mean enough to ask a gentleman, who sat near him, to lend

lend him a few pieces, in order to turn his fortune; but this prudent gamester, who plainly saw there was no expectations of being repaid, refused to lend a farthing, alledging a former resolution against lending. Hedges was at last furious with the continuance of ill-success, and pulling out his watch, asked if any person in company would set him sixty guineas upon it. The company was silent. He then demanded fifty. Still no answer. He sunk to forty—thirty—twenty. Finding the company still without answering, he cried out, by G—d it shall never go for less, and dashed it against the floor; at the same time attempting to dash out his brains against the marble chimney piece.

This last act of desperation immediately excited the attention of the whole company. They instantly gathered round, and prevented the effects of his passion; and after he again became cool, he was permitted to return home, with fullen discontent, to his wife. Upon his entering her apartment, she received him with her usual tenderness and satisfaction, while he answered her caresses with contempt and severity; his disposition being quite altered with his misfortunes. But, my dear Jemmy, says his wife, perhaps you do not know the news I have to tell you. My
mamma's

ture. Her prudence had the desired effect; he ever after retained a sense of his former follies, and never played for the smallest sums, even for amusement.

A LAW ANECDOTE.

THE glorious uncertainty of the law extends itself over every state where any regular code exists. Ingenuity of counsel in the explanation of periods, and interpretation of meaning, are exercised with as much success in the courts of our Gallic neighbours as in those of our own country. Some time before the abolition of the Jesuits, a gentleman of Paris died, and left all his estates from an only son, then abroad, to that body of religious men, on condition, that on his return, the worthy Fathers should give him whatever they should chuse. When the son came home, he went to the convent, and received but a small share indeed, the wise sons of Loyola *chusing*, to keep the greatest part to themselves. The young gentleman consulted his friends, and all agreed that he was without remedy. At last a Barrister, to whom he happened to mention his case, advised him to sue the convent, and promised to gain him
his

his cause. The gentleman followed his advice, and the suit terminated in his favour through the management of the advocate, who grounded his plea upon this reasoning : The testator, says the ingenious Barrister, has left his son that share of the estate which the Fathers should chuse ; *la partie qui leur plairoit*, are the exprefs words of the will. Now it is plain what part they have chosen, by what they keep to themselves. My client, then, stands upon the words of the will ; let me have, says he, the part they have chosen, and I am satisfied ; it was accordingly awarded him without hesitation. /











